LETTERS,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1710 TO 1742.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
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Dr. SWIFT's CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER LXXII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DRDN May 26th, 1735.

YEW mare aim Ember, a bout Ann our Ah go, Ire it Sum Ann glow Ann Glee, I nim it ay ſhun off Ewers. Butt If here they rare miſt eaks. I few fine day nigh, Eye may Kit mire eak queſt Tom end dumb. They'll aid Eyes Name Lee Mad damn Harry Son, White Whey, Sigh Cann air ray dye Two join new, Sow add Yew Too

Ale even, Ewer Mow Stumble Add my rare

THOUGH MASS SHE RID ANN.

Meath ay two went he Sick'ſt,
Wan thou Sand Say vain Hun dread &c.

Tooth ay Revere End Dock tore Jo Nathan Dray Peer, Gull Liver, Inn They Dane a wry.

LETTER LXXIII.

Lord OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD Mr. DEAN, Dover-ſtreet, June 19, 1735.

I COULD not ſuffer Mr. *Jebb* to paſs into *Ireland* without giving you the trouble of reading a few lines from your humble ſervant, to enquire how you do, and to return you many thanks for your kind remembrances of me in your letters to my good friend Mr. *Pope*. I am much concerned for the account you give in your late letter to him of the ſtate of your own health. I ſhould think that the change of air, and ſeeing ſome of your remaining friends you have

have left in this iſland, would be of ſervice to you, at leaſt to entertain and amuſe you: as for any other agreeable view I cannot pretend to flatter you ſo far as that you muſt expect any; that is over, as I believe you know very well; but as I know you to be a truly good-natured man, I hope you will come over; for I aſſure you it will be an infinite ſatisfaction and pleaſure to your friends to embrace you here. If this motive will not do, I do not know what argument to make uſe of.

I troubled you laſt year with an account of the diſpoſal of my daughter: it has in every point anſwered our expectations and wiſhes. I was in hopes I ſhould have been able to have given you an account that my daughter was ſafely brought to-bed: we expect it every day. My wife is pretty well; deſires your acceptance of her humble ſervice: ſhe, among others, would be very glad to ſee you here. My uncle, the auditor, is in a very ill ſtate of health: I am afraid he cannot laſt very long: his ſon has, this ſpring, put to *Weſtminſter-ſchool* two ſons; he has three more and a daughter. Mr. *Thomas Harley* has had the gout; but he is better, and is at his ſeat in *Hereford-*

ſhire. The duke of *Leeds* is returned from his travels a fine gentleman, and has imported none of the fopperies and fooleries of the countries he has paſt through. My nephew *Robert Hay* travelled with the duke, and is come home untainted, but much improved: he is returned to *Oxford* to follow his ſtudies: he deſigns for holy orders. My two youngeſt nephews are ſtill at *Weſtminſter-ſchool.* Lord *Dupplin* has not yet got an employment; but lives upon hopes and promiſes. My ſiſter lives in *Yorkſhire* with her daughters, as well as ſhe can, conſidering the times, *&c. &c.* Now I aſk your pardon, dear Sir, for ſaying ſo much of family affairs; but as you are a good man, and have always wiſhed my family well, I have ventured to be thus impertinent to give you the ſtate of it. Maſter *Pope* is pretty well: he is under perſecution from *Curl,* who has, by ſome means, (wicked ones moſt certainly) got hold of ſome of *Pope*'s private letters, which he has printed, and threatens more. We are in ſo free a ſtate, that there is no remedy againſt theſe evils.

It is now time to releaſe you from this dull paper: but I muſt aſſure you, what I hope

hope you know already, that I am, with true reſpect and eſteem, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

Pleaſe to be ſo good as to make my compliments to lord *Orrery*.

LETTER LXXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR, June, 1735.

I SUPPOSE you are now angle *ling* with your tack *ling* in a purr *ling* ſtream or pad *ling* and ſay *ling* in a boat, or ſad *ling* your ſtum *ling* horſe with a ſap *ling* in your hands, and ſnare *ling* at your groom, or ſet *ling* your affairs, or tick *ling* your cat, or tat *ling* with your neighbour Price; not always Toy *ling* in your ſchool. This Dryes *ling* weather we in Dub *ling* are glad of a Dump *ling*, and Bab *ling* is our dare *ling*. Pray do not look as cow *ling* at me when I come, but get a fat *ling* for my dinner, or go a fowl *ling* for fill *ling* my belly. I hope none of your Townsfolks are Bub *ling* you: Have you a Bow *ling* Green at Cavan? I

have been ill of my old Ay *ling*, and yet you ſee I am now as crib *ling*. Can you buy me an am *ling* Nag? I am bat *ling* for health, and juſt craw *ling* out. My Breakfaſt is cut *ling* sand ſugar to cure the Curd *ling* of my blood. My new Summer coat is cock *ling* already, and I am call *ling* for my old one. I am cob *ling* my riding ſhoes * and cur *ling* my riding periwig. My maids hens keep ſuch a Cack *ling*, and Chuck *ling*, that I ſcarce know what I write. My mare is juſt foe *ling*, for which my Groom is grumm *ling* and grow *ling*, while the other ſervants are gob *ling* and gut *ling*, and the maids Gigg *ling*, and the dogs how *ling*. My Bung *ling* Taylor was tip *ling* from morning to night. Do you know Drive *ling* Doll with her Drab *ling* tail, and drag *ling* petticoat, and gog *ling* eyes; always gag *ling* like a gooſe, and hob *ling* to the ale-houſe, hand *ling* a Mug and quarry *ling* and ſquab *ling* with Porters, or row *ling* in the kennel? I bought her a muzzle *ling* Pinner,

* As Dr. *Swift* was, on all occaſions, fond of walking, he always wore ſtrong jack ſpatterdaſhes, which he could ſlip off as ſoon as he alighted from his horſe; and, to match theſe ſpatterdaſhes, he had ſhoes ſtrong in proportion, to bear the dirt and weather; but he never wore boots.

Mr.

Mr. Wall walks the ſtreets with his ſtrip *ling* boy, in his ſham *ling* gait, as cuff *ling* for the wall, and juſt *ling* all he meets. I ſaw his wife with her pop *ling* gown, Pill *ling* oranges, and pick *ling* cucumbers. Her eyes are no longer Spark *ling*, you may find her twat *ling* with the neighbours, her noſe trick *ling*, and ſpawl *ling* the floor, and then ſmug *ling* her huſband.

A Lady whoſe underſtanding was ſing *ling* me out as a Wit *ling* or rather a ſuck *ling*, as if ſhe were tick *ling* my fancy, tang *ling* me with queſtions, tell *ling* me many ſtories, her tongue toe *ling* like a clapper; ſays ſhe, an old man's dare *ling* is better than a young man's War *ling*. I liked her dad *ling* and plain deal *ling*: ſhe was as wiſe as a goes *ling* or a duck *ling*, yet ſhe counted upon gull *ling* and grave *ling* me. Her maid was hack *ling* flax and humm *ling* her miſtreſs, and how *ling* in the Iriſh manner: I was fool *ling* and fiddle *ling* and fade *ling* an hour with them. We hear Tiſdall is puſs *ling* the Curates, or mud *ling* in an ale-houſe, or muff *ling* his chops, or rump *ling* his Band, or mum *ling* ſongs, though he be but a mid *ling* verſifyer at beſt, while his wife in her Mac *ling* lace is mull *ling* claret,

to make her huſband Maud *ling*, or mill *ling* chocolate for her breakfaſt, or ruſt *ling* in her ſilks, or net *ling* her ſpouſe, or nurſe *ling* and ſwill *ling* her grandchildren and a year *ling* calf, or oyl *ling* her pimple *ling* face, or ſet *ling* her head dreſs, or ſtif *ling* a f— to a fizz *ling*, or boy *ling* ſowins for ſupper, or pew *ling* for the death of her Kit *ling*, or over rue *ling* the poor Doctor. As to Madame votre femme, I find ſhe has been coup *ling* her daughters; I wiſh ſhe were to live upon a Cod *ling* or a Chit or *ling*. She has as mile *ling* countenance, which is yet better than as well *ling* belly: I wiſh ſhe were to go a bull *ling* and begin with a bill *ling*, and then go to hick *ling*. She hath been long as cram *ling* for power, and would fain be a ſond *ling*, and delights in a Fop *ling*, when ſhe ſhould be fur *ling* her ſails, and fill *ling* her belly, or game *ling* about Cavan, or Gall *ling* her company. Why do not you ſet her a truck *ling* with a vengeance, and uſe her like an under *ling*, and ſtop her ray *ling*, rat *ling* rang *ling* behaviour? I would cure her ram *ling* and rum *ling*; but, you are ſpy *ling* all, by rig *ling* into her favour, and are afraid of ruff *ling* her. I hear you are fell *ling* your

timber

timber at Quilca: you love to have a fee *ling* of money, which is a grove *ling* temper in you, and you are for ſhove *ling* it up like a Lord *ling*, or rather like a Star *ling*. I ſuppoſe now you are vail *ling* your bonnet to every Squire. I wiſh you would grow a world *ling*, and not be ſtrow *ling* abroad, nor always ſhake *ling* yourſelf at home. Can I have ſtable *ling* with you for my horſe? Pray keep plain wholeſome table *ling* for your boys, and employ your maids in teaz *ling* cloth and reel *ling* yarn, and unravle *ling* thread without ſtay *ling* it. Set the boys a race *ling* for diverſion; ſet the ſcullion a rid *ling* the cinders without rife *ling* them. Get ſome ſcrub to teach the young boys their ſpell *ling*, and the cow boy to draw ſmall beer without ſpill *ling* or pall *ling* it: have no more piſs to *ling* lads: Employ yourſelf in nay *ling* your broken ſtools. Whip all the libel *ling* rogues who are loll *ling* out their tongues, and kind *ling* quarrels, and rave eye *ling* their ſchool-fellows, and ſtick *ling* with their ſeniors, and ſnuff *ling* in a Jeer, and ſcraw *ling* on the ſchool walls, and ſcut *ling* to the pye-houſe, and yawl *ling* and yell *ling* to frighten little children, and fowl *ling* the houſe for miſchief ſake, and

grape

grape *ling* with the girls. Pray take care of ſpy *ling* your younger daughters, or ſty *ling* them *Pets* *.

LETTER LXXV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

Ah Miſs cell a knee.

DEAR SIR, Cavan, June 23, 1735.

I RECEIVED your letter with the formidable accounts of your *Lings*, no leſs than 160 in aſh hole, enough to bear down awe hale. What a Change *Ling* was I to prove oak yew by Grove *Ling* in the dark as I did? I ſhould rather have minded the Cop *Ling* of Timber for an old houſe, which I am two reap air. I am now dale *Ling* with a March aunt for boards, a Droll *Ling* Logg or he add. His nay miſs Φῶς *ter*, It hinc. Buy theſe aim to ken his toll a fat *Ling* lamb from our Butt chair. This ſent hence I feris ad I fi culti an dume me quit o ut buy awl it ell ſtudij. Now fora new e ſi

* The term Pet, which is a contraction of the French *Petite*, ſignifies a favourite. It is here marked with a note of reprobation.

ſtyle.

ſtyle. Ἐυ νῶ Ἴνω ἓυρ μῆνιν ἀς τὸ Dye a bleſs Inn Fern ale, bee cauſe ſtand eye *French.* A very good name for ſue chaw help meet.

Mice cool encreaſes and wood faſter, butt that Eye will not a bait of my rates. Eye heave Ralph uſed a bove as core all ray dye. I do not yet hear of Maſter *Lucas* from *Caſtle Shane*, for whom I have agreed, and have kept a room. If you ſee Dr. *Coghill*, perhaps he may reſolve you what I have to depend upon, that I may not refuſe another in his place. I wiſh with all my ſoul you were here before my chickens and ducks outgrow the proper ſeaſon; as for the geeſe, they have ceaſed to be green, and are now old enough to ſee the world, which they do as far as our river will let them ſayle commodiouſly.

Our mutton is the beſt I ever taſted, ſo is our beef, our trouts, our pheaſants, particularly the eels. Dear ſir, I am almoſt perſuaded that the journey hither will not only remove your diſorder, but the good air will alſo get you a ſtomach, and of conſequence new fleſh, and good health. Your little ſtarts to the country from *Dublin*, only make your lungs play quicker, to draw in more of

your city poiſon; whereas being here with me in the midſt of *Arabia Felix*, you draw in nothing but balſamick aromatick air, the meaneſt odour of which is that of our bean bloſſom and lily of the valley. Every one ſwears who looks on my face, that I am grown already ten years younger, and this I am almoſt perſuaded to believe, becauſe I labour more than ever, drink leſs, ſee fewer company, and have abundantly more ſpirits. Mrs. *Sheridan* began her athletic gambols by cuffing and kicking one of the maids; for which I gave the wench money before her miſtreſs, with inſtructions to kick and cuff again; which had the effect intended. We have been quiet ever ſince.

I have almoſt finiſhed a walk of half a mile for you, and now it is ready for a coat of coarſe gravel; for I cannot afford a rolling-ſtone; ſo that my garden walks will require a ſtrong pair of *German* ſhoes. To my great grief I hear that my lord *Orrery* is landed, and I fear will not be in *Dublin* at my *Auguſt* vacation. You are too happy while he is in *Dublin* for me to inveigle you from thence with all the charms of our *Elyſium*. What would I give that ſome necromancer would ſet you both down at *Cavan* upon

upon an eaſy cloud, while my good wine laſts? If you would think it proper to let five dozen of my *Mullan*'s wine come down for yourſelf, I do not think it would be amiſs; for I have a good cool cellar for it. I beſeech you to let me know the day you intend to ſet out, that I may meet you at *Virginia*; and be pleaſed to be there on a *Saturday*.

You give me a great deal of good advice in your letter, for which I return you my hearty thanks, and I wiſh with all my ſoul I could take it as eaſily as you give it; but alas, I muſt ſay as *Taſſo* did in a letter to his friend *Antonio Conſtantini*, Il conſiglio di V. S. è ottimo; ma io conoſco grandiſſima difficoltà nell' eſeguire lo.

Doctor —— was a fool to trouble himſelf about his rampant daughter; for he may be aſſured, although he ſecures her from the preſent lover, ſince the love-fit is upon her, ſhe will try either his butler or coachman. And poor ſprig of *Aſh* I pity. He may now mourn in ſackcloath and *Aſh*es. I ſuppoſe he is ſo much *Aſh*aimed, that he is worn away to *Aſh* add dough: *Veſey*, it ſeems, was *Aſh* Harper, and played him *Aſh* hitten trick. He muſt have been *Aſh* allow fellow,

to

to loſe that beautiful Trollop ſo eaſily; I beg pardon, I ſhould have ſaid ſo Veaſily. If he had been *Aſh* hay rid Ann, he would not have loſt her ſo eaſily.

It is the faſhion here, among all manner of parties, to drink the Drapier's health. The reaſon I give you this caw ſhun is, that you may not Ralph uſe it, when you come among us.

Ibis ſee itch yew tom eak my come Plea meant to Mrs. *Whiteway*, and tell her no one in *Ireland* ſhall be more welcome to my houſe; do not fail to hawl her down with you. I can billet her at a relation's houſe; and ſhe can live and joke with us the beſt of the day. Pray let me know her reſolution, that I may ſettle my mind accordingly.

My next to you ſhall be in verſe, and what you little think of; nor is it to be wondered, becauſe I declare ſolemnly, I am an utter ſtranger to what I intend, either as to meaſure, rhyme, diction or thought. May all happineſs attend you. I am, dear Sir, with all reſpect, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER LXXVI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, July 5th, 1735.

I RECEIVED your two receipts, *i. e.* race eats, or ray ſeats, and as ſoon as I can hear of *Higinbothom*, he ſhall get you the money. The biſhop of *Killmore* has ordered him to get up all he can for him in the firſt place; for you muſt know that the biſhop has my bond for the rent due to him, together with the fine, when I renewed with him the laſt *February*. This made me two hundred and eighty pounds in his debt. —The moment I can raiſe the Devil among the tenants, I will *ſecure your poor* money. At preſent I have not a ſouſe but a guinea and an half, till ſome bird of paſſage brings me ſome. You muſt know that I have lately been be-Sheridan'd. A damnable rogue, one *William Sheridan*, couſin to counſellor *Sheridan*, has run away three-ſcore and ſix pounds in my debt. He was tenant to *Drumcor* and *Bleny-cup*, part of the lands which I ſold you. I writ to counſellor *Callaghan* about him, and he tells me

that

that I muſt eject him legally before I can ſet to another, although I have no diſtreſs on the land, but two acres of growing wheat. The villain keeps within ſix miles of this place, and will not give up his articles. One *Smyth*, a rich graſier, would pay moſt of his arrear to get into the lands now. I ſent to Mr. *Hale* for an ejectment and a writ, but hear nothing of it. I beſeech you to let him have *Sheridan*'s article and *Carter*'s bond, which you have among the papers I gave you, that he may ſhew them to counſellor *Robert Callaghan*; for it was to him I writ. Be pleaſed to ſend me a letter of attorney to receive your rents of *Marahills*, *Drumcor*, and *Bleny-cup*; and to ſet the two latter at forty-two pounds a year, which was the rent payable by that run-away villain. You cannot loſe, but I muſt be content to loſe forty-ſix pounds. Now a pox of all loſſes.——To buſineſs more material.

Eye rage hoiſe X C Dingley tuff Hind mile Order or Eyes top Aſs awe interr inn Dubb Line ann damn well play ſaid two fine dimn inn aſs teat off Mare he meant: All aſs Ice he knot aſs mile inn knack wart her Theſe Quires he rare ſow ſtow eye call. Ann they par Suns ſow dam nab lye inn ſup

port

port able Eye cann knot bay rum. O'er ay Rum (Sea dye two wan) ay rue awe vye car, O raw pray bend Harry, O rack Yew rat. Know ſea ſee, butt adge, uſe't is ſack woe rum. Ho! Rum! Hah! Rum! Ho! Rum! ſay dye.

I have no news from *our parts*, but that my man *Pat* (upon deſiring him to ſilence our dog) ſaid, By my ſoul, Sir, he would bark if his head were cut off. He preſents his humble ſervice to your *Jo*. For God's ſake come as ſoon as you can poſſibly, while our weather and every thing is good. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER LXXVII.

Lord HOWTH to Dr. SWIFT.

Killfane, July 6th, 1735.

I AM very much obliged to my good dean of *St. Patrick*'s for the honour he did me in ſitting for his picture; and have wrote to Dr. *Grattan* to give Mr. *Bindon* ſtrict charge in the finiſhing of it: and when that is done to bring it to his houſe, for fear I

ſhould get a copy inſtead of the original. I am very much concerned at the account you give me of your health, but don't in the leaſt doubt but the change of air would be of ſervice to you, and a moſt hearty welcome you may be ſure of. The archbiſhop of *Caſhel* told me he would wait on you the day after he went to *Dublin*; and does mightily admire he has not ſeen you oftener. I have taken your advice, and kept very good hours ſince I came laſt here. Every ſecond day I am out ſix or ſeven hours an otter hunting. As to reading and working, my wife obſerves your directions: and could wiſh ſhe would do the ſame as to exerciſe. She deſires me to tell you that the liking ſhe has to the Baboon * is out of the true regard ſhe has for you, he being one of your greateſt favourites. Your giant † will uſe her endeavours to make lord *Bacon* a liar, and inſtead of adding two inches to her height, would be very well ſatisfied to part

* The biſhop of *Oſſory* ſo called.

Could you ſee his grim, for a pound to a penny,
You'd ſwear it muſt be the Baboon of *Killkenny*.
Vid. *Swift*'s Poem on the Biſhops.

† Miſs *Rice*, an exceeding tall young lady, and niece to my lord *Howth*.

with

with four. I am very ſorry Mrs. *Acheſon* is ſo much out of order: ſhe is one I have a great regard for; and ſhall deſire the favour of you to give my wife's ſervice and mine to her, and lady *Acheſon*, when you ſee them. I thank God my family and I are very well. Some time this *Summer* I deſign drinking *Balliſpellin* waters for a month. As for news we have no ſuch thing here: only the Baboon has done his viſitation; that is, he goes into the churches and looks about, then aſks the tumbler *Sikes* how long they have been coming? So long, ſays *Sikes*. Aye, replies the Baboon, and we ſhall be as long going back; ſo mounts his horſe and away. Who durſt ſay the church is in danger when we have ſo good biſhops? My wife and all here join in their kind ſervice to the Drapier. I am, good Mr. Dean, your moſt aſſured and affectionate humble ſervant,

HOWTH.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN, Julij 15, 1735.

URIT tome ſum time ago an diam redito anſer it thus. A lac a de mi illinc, ducis in it, is notabit fit ſora de an; it is more fit ſora puppi. I luſit toti. Irritato ripam flet an Dicti toral e ver ibit. Dic is abeſt. Dic is a ſerpenti ſe. Dic is a turdi ſe. Dic is a fartor. Dic is piſti ſe. Dic is a vix en. Dic is as qui ter in naſti fuſti muſti cur. Dic is arantur. Dic is ab a boni ſe. Sed Ito Dicti cantu cum in as a dans in mas ter an dans ab ori ora minuet. Da me I fido ſed Dic. Quis mi ars ſe diu puppi. Ure as turdi ruſi an ſed I. Ure a tori villa in ſed Dic. Ure fit ſora gallus ſed I; an dume dia dans in. Ure aras calli cur ſed Dic. Dicti ſed I ure regis a farto me.

Tanti vi ſed I tanti vi
Hi ſora Dic in apri vi.

Ime Dic as te mas amo uſe foralis angor. I re collecta piper, ſed I, an dat rumpetur, an da ſume cur, an ad rumor, an das qui re,

re, an ab lac a more in ure cum pani, an da de al more me ac in a geſto uti. It is ali ad a me ſed Dic, as ſuras iſtinc. Senſu cæſo I cæno more.

I cum here formo ni. Itis apparent I canta ve mi mærent, mi tenentis tardi. I curſim e veri de nota peni cani res. I ambit. Mi ſtomachis a cor morante ver re ad ito digeſta me ale in a minute. I eat nolam, nôram, no dux, I generali eat a quale carbone dedat ſuper an da qualis as fine abit as arabit. I es ter de I eat atro ut at abit. De vilis in mi a petite. A cruſtis mi de lite. (I neu Eumenides ago eat tuenti times more) As unde I eat offa buccas fatas mi arſis. O nam unde I eat ſum pes. A tu es de I eat apud in migra num edit. A venis de I eat ſum paſti. Poſt de notabit. Afri de abit ab re ad. A Satur de ſum tripes.

Luis is mus ter in an armi an de fines carri in it as far as I tali, ſum ſe germani. It do es alarum mus; De vel partum. I fani nues is fito ritu me directo me at cava ni Virgini a. Miſer vice tomi da ter an, Capta in Pari, Doctor de lanij, Major Folli ut; an mi complemento mi de armis treſſes, e ſpeciali W R L L.

I amat ure re verens his cervice
fore ver an de ver.

LETTER LXXIX.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, July 16th, 1735.

I RECEIVED your twenty pounds from lord *Laneſborough*'s agent yeſterday, and it travels to you from this on *Saturday* next, by one *John Donaldſon*, one of our nobility. You will get it, I believe, on *Monday*. You have nothing to ſay to the 280 *l.* you mention. That is, as I told you, the fine and rent of *Drumlane*, which I owe the biſhop, and which will be paid him *Auguſt* 26th. I cleared off the rent which I owed him for your purchaſe, the other day, or I ſhould have ſent your poor money, poor as I am, before this. Now are you ſatisfied that I am not negligent or giddy? But what, in the name of God, is the matter with you to delay ſo long? Can I overſee my workmen and a ſchool too? If you will not come and take your charge in hand, I muſt employ ſome body elſe. There is a long walk begun: ſtones a drawing home for an addition to my houſe: the ſchool-houſe repaired at the charge of the county: a gravel walk

walk from the market croſs to my houſe, at the town's expence: *item*, a gravel walk by the river, which will all require your attendance. As you were a good and faithful overſeer of my improvements at *Quilca*, I am willing to employ you rather than another; therefore I expect your anſwer immediately, for the ſummer is flying off apace. My lord *Orrery* writ to me, that he would come from *Munſter* to ſee me ſoon; if you will but have the prudence to be here, you may have a fair opportunity of recommending yourſelf to him; and I ſhall, perhaps, give you the character of a vigilant overſeer, if I find you be not altered ſince you were laſt in my ſervice.

Now to be ſerious. I ſhall ſend you ſome veniſon ſoon. You ſhall know next *Monday* when it ſets out; and you are to diſpoſe of it thus:

To Dr. *Helſham*, four cuts.
Dr. *Delany*, four.
Mrs. *Helſham*, one and a half.
Mrs. *Whiteway*, ditto.
Lady *Acheſon*, becauſe of her good ſtomach, three ſcruples.
Mr. *Worral*, a pound and a quarter.

Pray let them be all wrapt up in clean paper, and ſent to the ſeveral abovementioned perſons. Dine upon the reſt with your own company.

I have got you a mare, a very eaſy trotter: ſhe ſhall go up with the veniſon. Whether ſhe will be ſhy at your city objects, I know not: here ſhe is not in the leaſt. Your beſt way will be to let your ſervant ride her. She is one of my own rearing, ſprung of a good-natured family. If you like, ſhe coſts you nothing but a low bow when you come to *Cavan*. I have a chaiſe juſt finiſhed to the lining, in *Dublin*, made by a man ſo much in my debt: it will be your beſt way to come down in it. I tell you a project I have, which I believe will do: my ſcholars are to clubb and build me a little library in my garden. The lime and ſtones (free-ſtone) are in my own fields, and building is dog-cheap here.

I beſeech you let me know how ſoon you will be here, that all things may be to your heart's deſire: ſuch veniſon! ſuch mutton! ſuch ſmall beer! ſuch chickens! ſuch butter! ſuch trouts! ſuch pouts! ſuch ducks! ſuch beef! ſuch fiſh! ſuch eels! ſuch turkies! ſuch fields! ſuch groves! ſuch lakes!

ſuch ladies! ſuch fruit! ſuch potatoes! ſuch raſp-berries! ſuch billberries! and ſuch a boat as Mr. *Hamilton*'s, were never yet ſeen in any one country yet!

Owe for tune a toes knee me 'um bone gnaw ſigh ſhoe awe knower in't Cave Ann eye.

God Almighty bleſs you, and ſend you ſafe to our *Elyſium*. My ſervice to Mrs. *Whiteway*, and to every body in *Dublin*, man, woman, and child. I am, with all reſpect, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER LXXX.

Earl of ORRERY to Dr. SWIFT.

Limerick, July 18, 1735.

OFF break to forced and, interrupted! Alas! alas! *Bays* quoth i'faith ſimile good a. *Paris* at *Victoire de Place* the round driving Berlin a of noiſe the like, brains my round rowl that head my in words of jumble of kind a have I ſo and: ſex or perſon of diſtinction either without, about promiſcuouſly ears his lent nineteenth the but, noiſy very

very were which of eighteen, table at day to people nineteen were we.

Strong get cannot I when beer ſmall with myſelf contenting ever, moon the with ſatisfied be to learn will I but: again ſun the ſee never ſhall we believe I; ſummer than winter like more much and, indeed weather terrible is this O. Phyſician a other the, divine a one, doctors two the to faſhion and invention own my communicate will you hope and, *Engliſh* writing of ſample new a you offer here I, *Latin* writing of method new a me teach to kind ſo been have you as but. Honour and atchievements of ſearch in far thus come am and, *Mancha la* from out ſet am I that know you let to is this. You to inconvenient be may writing that imagine I when it curb always will I, Dean Mr. Good,

great ſo ever be
you from hear to deſire
My Let.

LETTER LXXXI.

Mr. MOTTE to Dr. SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR,

I HAVE not had an opportunity of writing to you otherwiſe than by the poſt for above a twelve-month, and though in that time I did trouble you with a letter or two relating to Mr. *Lancelot*'s buſineſs, yet I thought proper to mention only what related to that particular, conſidering I was then under the hands of the law, whence I was not diſcharged till the laſt day of the laſt term. I don't doubt but you have heard before now, that Mrs. *Barber* was diſcharged at the ſame time.

I deſired, therefore, Mrs. *Hyde* * to deliver this to your own hand, and make bold to trouble you with an account of ſome tranſactions which have happened within theſe two years, which I have long wiſhed for the pleaſure of doing by word of mouth, in hopes my behaviour would be excuſed at leaſt (if not approved) by you, the aſſurance whereof I ſhould receive with the utmoſt ſatisfaction.

* Widow to Mr. *Hyde*, bookſeller in *Dublin*.

Soon

Soon after Mr. *Pilkington* had received the twenty guineas you ordered me to pay him, the Life and Character was offered me, though not by his own hands, yet by his means, as I was afterwards convinced by many circumſtances: one was, that he corrected the proof ſheets with his own hand; and as he ſaid he had ſeen the original of that piece, I could not imagine he would have ſuffered your name to be put to it, if it had not been genuine. When I found, by your advertiſement and the letter you were pleaſed to write to me, that I had been deceived by him, I acted afterwards with more reſerve, and refuſed a pamphlet about *Norton*'s will, which he pretended came from an eminent hand. It was bought afterwards by another bookſeller, who printed it, and loſt money by it.

He could not forbear obſerving my coldneſs, and applied to Mr. *Gilliver* about the copy of verſes for which we were all brought into trouble; and, by the way, when once an affair was communicated to two perſons, it was not in the power of any one, how juſt and faithful ſoever, to anſwer for its being kept a ſecret. It was publiſhed three months before it was taken notice of: and when

when the printer was taken up, and had named *Gilliver* as the bookſeller, and it was reported a warrant was out againſt *G.* and he was likely to be apprehended next morning, we two had a meeting over-night, and I promiſed to take the advice of a gentleman of ſenſe and honour, whoſe name I did not mention to him, and to meet *G.* early the next morning at a certain tavern, to conſult farther. Accordingly I went to a gentleman in *Cork-ſtreet*, and from thence to the tavern we had appointed to meet at, where, after I had waited above an hour, a meſſage was ſent me that I need ſtay no longer, for Mr. *G.* was gone to *Weſtminſter*, and would not come. I went to ſee him in the meſſenger's hands; but he was ſo cloſely watched by a couple of ſharp ſluts, the meſſenger's daughters, that I could ſay nothing to him, but about indifferent matters. The conſequence was, he was examined, and made a confeſſion, like poor Dr. *Yalden*'s, of all that he knew, and more too; naming Mr. *Pilkington* firſt, and then myſelf; which laſt, as many people have told me, was unneceſſary: only, as he before ſaid, he was reſolved, if he came into trouble, I ſhould have a ſhare of it, though I offered, in caſe he

he would not name me, that I would bear one half of his expences. This confeſſion of his, together with his bearing the character of a wealthy man, expoſed him to an information; but as it was not my buſineſs to be induſtrious in recollecting what paſt three months before, I could not remember any thing that could affect me or any body elſe.

I am ſorry for the trouble this has cauſed to poor Mrs. *Barber*. I ſaw her the other day: ſhe was confined to her bed with the gout. She deſired, when I wrote, that I would preſent her humble ſervice to you.

I would be glad to receive your directions what I muſt do with the two notes I have under Mr. *Pilkington*'s hand, of ten guineas each. They were allowed by you in the laſt account we ſettled; but whether you would pleaſe they ſhould be deſtroyed or ſent over to you, I am not certain. As for the ſtate of the account, as I have heard no exceptions to it, I flatter myſelf you find it all right.

Mr. *Faulkner*'s impreſſion of four volumes has had its run. I was adviſed that it was in my power to have given him and his agents ſufficient vexation, by applying to the law; but that I could not ſue him without

bringing your name into a court of juſtice, which abſolutely determined me to be paſſive. I am told he is about printing them in an edition in twelves; in which caſe I humbly hope you'll pleaſe to lay your commands upon him (which, if he has any ſenſe of gratitude, muſt have the ſame power as an injunction in chancery) to forbear ſending them over here. If you think this requeſt to be reaſonable, I know you will comply with it: if not, I ſubmit.

As we once had a meeting upon this affair, and he may poſſibly have miſrepreſented the offers he then made me; I beg leave to aſſure you that his propoſal was, that I ſhould have paid him a larger price for the book than I could have had it printed for here in *England*; and ſurely I had the ſame right of printing them here, as he had in *Ireland*, eſpecially having bought and paid for them. If he made any other offer, I declare I miſunderſtood him; and I am ſure, if I had complied with thoſe terms, I ſhould have been a laughing ſtock to the whole trade.

Mr. *Pope* has publiſhed a ſecond volume of his poetical works, of which, I ſuppoſe, he has made you a preſent. I am ſurprized

to

to ſee he owns ſo little in the four volumes; and ſpeaks of theſe *few* things as *inconſiderable*. I am a ſtranger to what part of the copy-money he received; but you who know better, are a competent judge whether he deſerved it. *I always thought the Art of Sinking was his, though he there diſowns it.*

Curll's edition of Letters to and from Mr. *Pope*, I ſuppoſe you have ſeen. They were taken notice of in the houſe of lords; and *Curll* was ruffled for them in a manner as, to a man of leſs impudence than his own, would have been very uneaſy. It has provoked Mr. *Pope* to promiſe the world a genuine edition, with many additions. 'Tis plain the raſcal has no knowledge of thoſe *Letters of yours that Ewin* of *Cambridge* has. Few as they are, he would tack ſome traſh to them, and make a five or ſix ſhilling book of them.

The Perſian Letters have been well received, ſo I choſe to ſend them; beſides that, they make a convenient cover for this letter.

Mr. *Tooke*, who deſires me to preſent his moſt humble ſervice to you, acquainted me ſome time ago of your intention to erect an Hoſpital for Lunaticks and Idiots. I am glad

glad to find, by the news-papers, that ſo noble a deſign proceeds; for beſides the general benefit to mankind that is obvious to every body, I am perſuaded there will be a particular one ariſe by your example; namely, that you will lay down a ſcheme which will be a pattern for future founders of publick hoſpitals to prevent many of the vile abuſes which, in proceſs of time, do creep into thoſe foundations, by the indolence, ignorance, or knavery of the truſtees. I have ſeen ſo many ſcandalous inſtances of miſapplications of that kind, as have raiſed my indignation ſo, that I can hardly think upon it with temper; and I heartily congratulate you that a heart to beſtow is joined in you with a head to contrive: and therefore, without any mercenary views (at the ſame time not declining any inſtance of your favour) I would beg leave to ſay, that as, while your thoughts are employed in this generous undertaking, you muſt neceſſarily conſider it in the light I have placed it in; ſo if you would pleaſe to communicate theſe thoughts to the publick, you might poſſibly give uſeful hints to perſons of fortune and beneficent intentions, though of inferior abilities. I heartily wiſh you ſucceſs in this and all

other your undertakings; being, with grateful reſpect, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

B. MOTTE.

London, July 31, 1735.

Upon ſecond thoughts, I have incloſed Mr. *Pilkington*'s two notes; for I don't ſee how they can poſſibly be of any ſervice to you on this ſide the water.

LETTER LXXXII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Auguſt 13, 1735.

BECAUSE of ſome dropping young lads coming to me, and becauſe it was impoſſible for me to get any money before the 23d of this month, I could not fix my vacation. Now I do. On *Saturday* ſe'nnight, the 23d, I ſet out for *Dublin* to bring you home: and ſo, without Ifs, Ands, and Ors, get ready before our fields be ſtript of all their gaiety. I thank God, I have every good thing in plenty but money; and that, as affairs are likely to go, will not be my complaint a month longer. *Belturbet* fair will

will make me an emperor. I have all this town, and ſix men of my own, at work at this juncture, to make you a winter walk by the river ſide. I have raiſed mountains of gravel, and diverted the river's courſe for that end——*Regis Opus*, you will wonder and be delighted when you ſee it. Your works at *Quilca* are to be as much inferior to ours here, as a ſugar-loaf to an *Egyptian* pyramid. We had a county of *Armagh* rogue, one *Mackay*, hanged yeſterday: *Griffith* the player never made ſo merry an exit. He invited his audience the night before, with a promiſe of giving them ſuch a ſpeech from the gallows as they never heard: and indeed he made his words good; for no man was ever merrier at a chriſtening than he was upon the ladder.

When he mounted to his proper height, he turned his face to each ſide of the gallows, and ſaid, in a chearful manner, Hah, my friend, am I come to you at laſt! Then turning to the people, Gentlemen, you need not ſtand ſo thick, for the fartheſt ſhall hear me as eaſily as the neareſt. Upon this a fellow interrupted him, and aſked him, Did he know any thing of a grey mare which was ſtolen from him? Why, what if I

ſhould, would you pay for a maſs for my ſoul? Ay, by G—, ſaid the fellow, will I pay for ſeven. Why then, ſaid the criminal laughing, I know nothing of your mare. After this he entertained the company with two hours hiſtory of his villainies, in a loud unconcerned voice. At laſt he concluded with his humble ſervice to one of the inhabitants of our town, deſiring that he might give him a night's lodging, which was all he would trouble him for. He was not the leaſt touched by any liquor; but ſoberly and intrepidly deſired the hangman to do his office: and at laſt went off with a joke. Match me this with any of your *Engliſhmen*, if you can. I have no more news from *Cavan*, but that you have all their hearts, and mine among the reſt, if it be worth any thing. My love and ſervice to Mrs. *Whiteway*, and all friends. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Lord B——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN, Cirenceſter, 13 Sept. 1735.

THOUGH you never anſwer any of my letters, and I can never have a line from you, except in parliament time about an *Iriſh* cauſe, I do inſiſt that without delay you give me either by yourſelf or agents immediate ſatisfaction in theſe points. Firſt, whether that article which I read in the news about one *Butler* a ſhooting parſon be true or not; ſecondly, whether he has yet begged pardon, and atteſted upon oath that it was without deſign, and by accident that the gun went off. In caſe the fact be true, and that he has not yet made any ſufficient or reaſonable excuſe, I require of you that you do immediately get ſome able painter to draw his picture, and ſend it over to me, and I will order a great number of prints to be made of it, which ſhall be diſperſed over all parts of the known world, that ſuch a worthleſs raſcal may not go any where without being known. I make no doubt of his being immediately drove out of *Ireland*,

ſuch a brutal attempt upon the Drapier cannot be borne there; and he won't venture into *England* when theſe prints of his perſon are ſent about, for he would certainly be knocked on the head in the firſt village he paſſes through. Perhaps he may think to ſkulk in *Holland*, the common refuge of all ſcoundrels; but he will ſoon find out, that Doctor *Swuft* (for ſo they pronounce the name) is in great eſteem there, for his learning and political writings. In *France* he would meet with worſe reception; for his wit is reliſhed there, and many of his tracts, though ſpoiled by tranſlation, are yet more admired than what is writ by any among themſelves. Should he go into *Spain*, he would find that Don *Suifto* is in the higheſt eſtimation, being thought to be lineally deſcended from *Miguel de Cervantes* by a daughter of *Quevedo*'s. Perhaps he may think to be ſafe in *Poland* during the time of theſe troubles; but I can aſſure him, from the mouth of a *Poliſh* lady, who was lately in *London*, by name Madam *de Monmorancy* (for ſhe was married to a *French* gentleman of that great family) that Dr. *Swift* is perfectly well known there; and ſhe was very ſolicitous to know whether he were a

Sta-

Staniſlaiſt or not, ſhe being a zealous partizan for that cauſe.

Now if this brute of a parſon ſhould find no ſecurity in *Europe*, and therefore ſlip into the *Eaſt Indies* in ſome *Dutch* ſhip, for a *Dutchman* may be found who would carry the Devil for a ſtiver or two extraordinary, he will be confoundedly ſurprized to find that Dr. *Swift* is known in *China*, and that next to *Confucius* his writings are in the greateſt eſteem. The miſſionaries have tranſlated ſeveral *European* books into their language; but I am well informed that none of them have taken ſo well as his; and the *Chineſe*, who are a very ingenious people, reckon *Sif* the only author worth reading. It is well known that in *Perſia Kouli-Can* was at the pains to tranſlate his works himſelf; being born a *Scotſman*, he underſtood them very well, and I am credibly informed that he read *The Battle of the Books* the night before he gave that great defeat to the *Perſian* army. If he hears of this, he may imagine that he ſhall find good reception at *Conſtantinople*; but he will be bit there; for many years ago an *Engliſh* renegado ſlave tranſlated *Effendi Soif* for them, and told them it was writ by an *Engliſhman*, with a deſign

to introduce the *Mahometan* religion; this having got him his liberty, and although it is not believed by the *Effendi*, the book and the author are in the greateſt eſteem amongſt them. If he goes into *America*, he will not be received into any *Engliſh*, *French*, or *Spaniſh* ſettlement; ſo that in all probability he would be ſoon ſcalpt by the wild *Indians*; and in truth there would be no manner of ſhame that a head ſhould be uncovered that has ſo little brains in it. Brutality and ill-nature proceed from the want of ſenſe; therefore without having ever heard of him before, I can decide what he is, from this ſingle action. Now I really believe no layman could have done ſuch a thing. The wearing petticoats gives to moſt of the clergy (a few only excepted of ſuperior underſtanding) certain feminine diſpoſitions. They are commonly ſubject to malice and envy, and give more free vent to thoſe paſſions: poſſibly for the ſame reaſon that women are obſerved to do ſo, becauſe they cannot be called to account for it. When one of us does a brutal action to another, he may have his head broke, or be whipt through the lungs; but all who wear petticoats are ſecure from ſuch accidents. Now to avoid further trou-

ble,

ble, I hope by this time his gown is ſtript off his back, and the boys of *Dublin* have drawn him through a horſe-pond. Send me an account of this, and I ſhall be ſatisfied. Adieu, dear Dean; I am got to the end of my paper, but you may be aſſured that my regard for you will only end with the laſt breath of your faithful ſervant.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Cavan, Sepr. 17th, 1735.

Eἶ καν not butt reap rhyme and ἐυ for wry tinn ſow long an ape is till a bout bees knees, when Tom eye Noll edge εὖ cool das eas i lyre eye't a pun no thing. Μυϛῆρ Δὴν. what ἵς ἔυρ μῆνιν τὸ πλέονος in e veri epiſtolas ἔυδω Inn Angle owe Law Tigh no. Cann knot yew right in nap lean met hood as I do ἔι νὼ ἔυ αρ᾽ ἄ πονηρον all o key ſhuns. But cantu gay tann other ſubject toſs at her eyes bis eyed my wife? The woman is grown good for nothing. However I would not have her ſo much abuſed, but when ſhe deſerves it. I no uſe itis e veri de of her life, but I ſea it is not rue; for itis only e veri our o fit.

ſit. She ſwears if heu come tuck have Ann, ſhe will give you ἅ δοὺς Inn the chops.

I beg pardon for troubling you ſo long with buſineſs, and therefore I will now be as merry as I can. The devil a farthing I can get among my tenants but cows, bullocks and ſheep. Will you let me know whether ſuch coin can paſs in *Dublin?* that I may pay you ſome money which I owe. My purſe, God help me, is grown as ſlender as a famiſhed weezle. I long much to ſee it have an alderman's belly; but Quando, Mr. Dean, Quando. We cannot ſay that our weather is the Devil here; for it is all water. If it continues, I muſt have thoughts of building an ark; but I ſhall not, like *Noah*, let any unclean beaſt enter. Eat pone linck waiter conjux. My mutton is growing too fat, and I want you much to eat of it, while it is in its prime. I hear of no cadger going to *Dublin*, or I would ſend you a baſket full of it. All I can do now is to ſend a fine roaſted ſhoulder in my wiſhes, and pray invite Mrs. *Whiteway* to ſhare of it. I wiſh you both a good ſtomach to it, with all my heart. Pray do not chide her for aſking you to eat, as you uſed to do. I aſſure you (if I may be allowed to judge)

ſhe

ſhe preſſes you to her victuals out of pure good nature and friendſhip.

I am ſorry that the ſhortneſs of my laſt letter gave you cauſe to complain. This ſhall may cup for that deaf he ſhe An ſhe, for I have laid in a good ſtock of learning this laſt week; and therefore quoniam tu inter literatos primaria ſedes in claſſe, quorundam decanorum nomina (minime noſtratium) qui ſcientiis omnigenis inclaruerunt tibi mittam. This part I mention in *Latin*, for fear the letter ſhould fall into Dean *Croſſe*'s hands.

Having lately read a very entertaining book, whoſe title-page runs thus—*Hiſtoire generale Des pais-bas*, I met with accounts of ſeveral great men, whoſe names I never read before, and every one of them were deans, ſome became biſhops, others cardinals: All of them on account of their great learning and merit. Lord have mercy upon us. Chriſt have mercy upon us. How the world is altered ſince! But you muſt know, that *Charles the Great* lived in that age, alias *Char Lay Main*. Now for the great ſcholars I promiſed you. Among thoſe, who became biſhop of *Antwerp*, you will find *Philip Nidri*,

gri, Aubert Vanden Eade, Jean Ferdinand de Benghem, Pierre Joſeph Franken-Sierſtorff. Among thoſe of *Bois-le-Duc, Clement Crabeels, Giſbert Maſins, Michel Ophove, Joſeph de Bergaigne.* In the ſame town you will find among the Vicaires Apoſtoliques, *Henry Van Leempute, Joſſe Houbraecken, Martin Steyaert, Pierre Govaerts,* &c. &c. &c. The next place you dine you may make a figure with theſe names, and ſilence even *Robin Leſlie* *. But a pox upon learning, I ſay. It is enough to turn a man's head. I have a great mind to have done with it; for the devil a thing is to be got by it. Idcirco libris valedico.

I cannot, now my memory ſerves me, omit an account of ſome learned phyſicians, which I read of in other authors, *viz. Hermannus Conringius, Lucas Schrochius, Melchior Sebizius, Sebaſtian Schefferus, Guernerus Rolfinckius, Hoffmannus Altorfi, Seb. Jovius Lugani, Petrus Dapples, Theodore Kerchringius, Regnerus de Graef, Swammerda, Antonius Scarellius, Hieronymus Copelazzi, Jacobus*

* Mr. *Leſlie* was the moſt inceſſant talker, one of them, in the world. However, he had a great variety of learning, and talked well.

Gon-

Gonzato, Bernardinus Malacreda, Johannes Petrus Lotichius, Chriſtianus Keekins, Julius Richeltus, Joan. Chriſtoph. Vaganſeilius, Jacobus Kerſcherus, Antonius Magliabechius, and many others. Pray aſk *Grattan* how many of theſe he has read.

You ſay (I thank you for that) That you know nobody. No matter for that; ſo much the better for me, becauſe I know every body knows you, and therefore more likely to ſucceed in ſubſcriptions for mice cool. Pray is this letter long enough? If it be not, ſend it back, and I will fill the other ſide. In the mean time I remain your moſt obedient and very humble ſerve aunt,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Mice or vice two awl my if rends.
Send me word what a clock it is, that I may ſet my watch by yours.

LETTER LXXXV.

Dr. KING to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, 20th Sept. 1735.

SOON after I came into *England* I was obliged to croſs the ſeas again, and go into *France*, upon a buſineſs of conſequence to my private affairs. I am but juſt returned to this place, where I have met with your letter of 21ſt of laſt month. Since you are ſo kind as to repeat the promiſe you made me when I was in *Ireland*, I ſhall expect the *paper* with the greateſt impatience. While I was reading your letter, a perſon called on me, who does buſineſs for you. I was in hopes he had brought it with him: but he told me, it would be ſent by another hand. I will ſay nothing more of it here, than that I am very ſure it will pleaſe the public, and do honour to the author.

The gentleman, concerning whom you enquire, is a member of our hall; but I have never yet ſeen him. He had left *Oxford* about the time I came from *Dublin*, to ſpend the *Summer* vacation in *Herefordſhire*. My ſon, who is well acquainted with him,

aſſures me that he is very ſober, that he ſtudies hard, and conſtantly attends the exerciſes of the houſe. But I ſhall be able to give you a more particular account of him the next term, when I ſhall probably meet him in the hall: and he ſhall find me ready to do him any kind of ſervice that may be in my power.

I don't know whether my law-ſuit will force me into *Ireland* again the next term: as yet I have not received any ſummons from my managers. I ſhould indeed be well pleaſed to defer my journey till the next *Spring*, for *Dublin* is not a very good winter abode for a water drinker. However, I do not neglect my defence, eſpecially that part of it which you mention *. It is now in ſuch forwardneſs, that as I compute, it will be finiſhed in ſix weeks at fartheſt. There are ſome alterations, which I hope you will approve.

I rejoice to hear that the honeſt Doctor † hath good ſucceſs in his new ſchool. If the load of his baggage ſhould endanger his veſſel

* This alludes to *The Toaſt*, a ſatirical Poem, to which Dr. *King* was inſtigated by ſome monſtrous uſage that he had received from his antagoniſts in the ſuit.

† *Sheridan.*

again,

again, I think he hath no other remedy left, but to throw it into the ſea. What is he doing with his *bons mots?* and when does he deſign to ſend them abroad?

My ſon, who is very proud to be in your thoughts, deſires me to preſent his moſt humble ſervice to you. I am, with great truth, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

W. K.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Mr. MOTTE to Dr. SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR, London, Oct. 4th, 1735.

MRS. *Launcelot*, who dined with me to-day, and deſired me to preſent her humble ſervice, ſhewed me part of a letter from you, which gave me ſo much concern, that I would not let a poſt ſlip without writing to you upon the ſubject of it. You are pleaſed to expreſs an apprehenſion, that Mrs. *Fenton*'s money has not been regularly paid, becauſe you have not heard from me for above a twelvemonth. I hope I have accounted to your ſatisfaction for my ſilence in a letter which Mrs. *Hyde* delivered to you ſince the date

date of yours to Mrs. *Launcelot:* and as to Mrs. *Fenton*'s annuity, I have punctually paid it, and ſhall continue to do ſo until I receive your commands to the contrary. The next payment will be called for a few days after the firſt of *Nov.* and unleſs you forbid it before that time, I ſhall pay it. Mr. *Fenton*, her ſon, who receives it, is a man of worth and honour, and I am perſuaded will return me the money, ſhould it be paid him from any other quarter. I am ſurprized to find by Mrs. *Hyde* that my laſt, which was written the latter end of *July*, had ſo ſlow a paſſage, as not to come to your hand until the 13th of *September*.

I have been ſo particular (I fear even to tediouſneſs) in that letter, that I have nothing to add, but a repetition of the ſincere profeſſion I there made, that I am, with all poſſible gratitude, truth, and ſincerity, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

B. MOTTE.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, October 5th, 1735.

IN the firſt place I was heartily rejoiced to ſee your letter, for I was afraid you were not well. Now I ſhall anſwer as much as my time will permit; (but before I proceed, remember I expect you here next *Saturday*; for I am both in humour and capacity to receive you. I ſhall get your anſwer on *Thurſday* next, and then I ſhall go as far as *Virginia* to meet you. Leave *Dublin* on *Wedneſday*; ride to *Dunſhaglan* that day, 12 miles. From thence to *Navan* on *Thurſday*, 11 miles. A *Friday* to *Virginia*, 15 miles, where I will meet you that evening with a couple of bottles of the beſt wine in *Ireland*, and a piece of my own mutton, *&c.* A *Saturday* morning we ſet out for *Cavan*, where you will find dinner ready at your arrival. Bring a cheeſe-toaſter to do a mutton chop now and then; and do not forget ſome rice; we have none good here; but all other eatables in perfection) I beg pardon for the long foregoing parentheſis (the next

next ſhall be ſhorter) you ſee it was neceſſary. Ure Dolis a de vel it hinc. Mi mollis ab uti, an angeli ſe. An has fine iis, a fine face, ab re aſt as no, a belli fora que en. An di me quis mi molli as I ples. As for your jogg Ralph Eye, I may ſay without vanity, that I exceed you as far as from Eaſt to Weſt. Firſt with ſubmiſſion, you ſhould have begun with the Poles Are Tick Ann Tarr Tick, next the May read dye Ann, the Eak water, the whore Eyes on, the Eak lip Tick, the Trow Pick of can ſir, the Trow pick of Cap rye corn, or Cap Rick horn, the twelve ſignes Are I eaſe, Tower us, Jay me knee, Can Sir, lay O, Veer goe, lye braw (quoth the *Scotchman)* Sage it are eye us, Cap wrye corn us, hack weary us, and piſs is; together with Cull ewers, Zounds, and Climb bats, *&c. &c.* In order to give you a full idea of the chief towns in *Europe*, I ſhall only mention ſome of lord *Peterborough*'s rambles. He had like to break al *Lisbon* in Portugal: he *Mad rid* through Spain: he could not find *Room* in Italy: he was *Conſtant in a pull* among the Turks: he met with his name ſake *Peter's burgh* in Muſk O vye: he had like to *Crack O* in Poland: when he came to *Vye any*, he did

there *jeer many:* in France he declared the King of Great Britain, with its king upon the *Par is:* in a certain northern country he took a frolick to put on a Fryer's Cope; and then he was *Cope in Hag in.* Pray *Dean mark* that. In Holland he met with a G—*amſter*,—*Dam* you, ſaid he in a paſſion, for a cheat: he was there poxt by a whore; and he cried out, *Rot her dam* her. Thus far I know of his travels to the *Low Countries*, and no farther. Thus far you ſee I am in humour: although the Devil be in one end of my houſe, I defy her, becauſe I have the other for you and me. Another thing I muſt promiſe when you come, That we ſhall not quit our learned correſpondence, but write up and down ſtairs to one another, and ſtill keep on our agreeable flights. The Devil take all the D's in *Chriſtendom*, for a pack of ſaucy ſcabs. When you are here you will deſpiſe them all; and you ſhall be troubled with no club, but ſuch as will keep you out of the dirt. Do not loſe this good weather, I beſeech you; for every thing is ready for you. If you do not like your lodgings, you ſhall not pay a farthing; and if you do, I have the remedy in my own purſe. Do not think to ſpunge upon me

for any thing but meat, drink and lodging; for I do aſſure you, as the world goes, I can afford you nothing elſe. Yes, I beg pardon, I can give your horſes good graſs, and perhaps a feed of oats now and then. My turf is all home, ſo is my corn, but my hay not yet. I expect it on *Monday*, which is the next day after *Sunday*, the very day you will receive this, the day before *Tueſday*, and I hope two days before you begin your journey, which I hope will be an happy one. May you arrive ſafe, is the ſincere wiſh of, dear Sir, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Dr. SICAN to Dr. SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR, Paris, Oct. 20, 1735.

MR. *Arbuthnot*'s abſence from *Paris* was the occaſion of his not receiving your kind letter till within theſe few days; but upon the reception of it, he treated me with great civility, invited me to dinner, and enquired very earneſtly concerning your health, which was drunk by a large company then preſent;

for though you were pleaſed to tell me you had no acquaintance at *Paris*, I can ſafely affirm, that as often as I have been for half an hour with any *Engliſh* gentlemen, ſome one or other has had the vanity to ſay he knew you. He has, in a very obliging manner, promiſed me any acts of friendſhip in his power, whether I remain at *Paris*, or ſhould proceed to the ſouth of *France*; and ſeems to be a gentleman poſſeſt of a large ſhare of wit, good humour, ſincerity, and honeſty; though, upon the cloſeſt inſpection, I could not perceive the hair in the palm of his hand. I have met with another exception to that rule in the chevalier *Ramſay*, who ſends you his beſt reſpects. I have employed the greateſt part of this ſummer in taking a view of every thing curious within four leagues of this city; but ſhall not trouble you with a detail of palaces, paintings, ſtatues, *&c.* as I flatter myſelf Mr. *Arbuthnot*'s friendly ſolicitations, joined to a due regard to your health, will prevail upon you to undertake that journey next ſummer. The roads are excellent, poſt-chaiſes very commodious, and the beds the beſt in the world; but the face of the country in general is very wretched; of which I

can't

can't mention a more lively inſtance than that you meet with wooden ſhooes and cottages like thoſe in *Ireland*, before you loſe ſight of *Verſailles*. I am perſuaded, Sir, you will find a particular pleaſure in taking a view of the *French* noblemen's houſes, ariſing from the ſimilitude between the good treatment the *Hoynheims* meet with here, and that which you have obſerved in your former travels. The ſtables that *Lewis* the fourteenth has built, are very magnificent; I ſhould do them an injury in comparing them to the palace of *St. James*'s: yet theſe ſeem but mean to any one who has ſeen that of the duke of *Bourbon* at *Chantilli*, which lies in a ſtrait line, and contains ſtalls for near a thouſand horſes, with large intervals between each; and might very well, at firſt view, be miſtaken for a noble palace: ſome hundreds of *Yahoes* are conſtantly employed in keeping it clean. But if any one would be aſtoniſhed, he muſt pay a viſit to the machine of *Marly*, by means of which water is raiſed half a mile up a hill, and from thence conveyed a league further to *Verſailles*, to ſupply the water-works. *Lewis* might have ſaved this vaſt expence, and have had a more agreeable ſituation, finer proſ-

pects, and water enough, by building his palace near the river; but then he would not have conquered nature.

Upon reading *Boileau*'s account of the *Petit Maiſon*, or *Bedlam* of *Paris*, I was tempted to go ſee it: it is a low flat building, without any upper rooms, and might be a good plan for that you intend to found, but that it takes up a greater ſpace than the city perhaps would give; this is common to men and women: there is another vaſtly more capacious, and conſiſting of ſeveral ſtories, called the *Hoſpital de Femmes*, for the uſe of the fair ſex only. I ſhall not preſume to take up any part of your time in deſcribing the people of *France*, ſince they have been ſo excellently painted by *Julius Cæſar*, near two thouſand years ago: if there be any difference, they are obliged for it to the taylors and peruke-makers. The ladies only might help to improve the favourable opinion you have always entertained of the ſex, upon account of their great uſefulneſs to mankind, learning, modeſty, and many other valuable qualities. I ſhould have informed you, Sir, that Mr. *Arbuthnot* enquired very kindly after Mr. *Leſlie*; but as I have not the honour to know that gentleman, I was

not

not able to ſatisfy him, but referred him to you, who can do it much better than, Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

J. SICAN.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Rev. Mr. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Cloyne, Oct. 31, 1735.

THOUGH I have hitherto forbore troubling you with my acknowledgments for many favours, which very juſtly demanded them, yet the late application to the duke in my behalf, (which I had an account of from my ſiſter) is ſuch an inſtance of kindneſs and regard, as will not ſuffer me to be ſilent: I muſt beg leave to return you my beſt thanks for it, and at the ſame time let you know what a thorough and true ſenſe I have of your goodneſs to me, and the great honour you have done me by appearing in my favour. I am ſufficiently acquainted with your diſlike to recommending, as well as the deſerved regard that is paid to your judgment and opinion, to know how to ſet a proper value on both. And be the ſucceſs of this affair what it will, I think myſelf happy in having

having engaged in it, as it has been the occaſion of your ſhewing that you honoured me with ſome ſhare of your friendſhip and regard, which will always be my greateſt pleaſure and praiſe.

I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have heard what an handſome mark I have lately received of the biſhop of *Cloyne*'s favour, and how handſomely it was given; unaſked and unexpected, and without any regard to kindred or application. It is a very good preferment, worth at leaſt 300 *l. per annum*; and is made much more valuable and agreeable, by the manner in which it was beſtowed, and eſpecially by coming from a perſon whom you have an eſteem for. I was t'other day to view my houſe, and was much pleaſed with the ſituation, which is very pretty and romantick. It ſtands on the bank of a fine river, in a vale between two ridges of hills, that are very green, pleaſant, and woody. Its nearneſs to *Corke* (being within four miles of it) would make the deanry of that place a very convenient and deſirable addition, and was what induced my friends to think of it for me. What ſucceſs their applications are likely to meet with, I can't ſay: this I am ſure of, that I cannot be deprived of the

ſincere ſatisfaction I receive from having your intereſt and good wiſhes, and ſhall always retain a moſt grateful remembrance of them. The biſhop of *Cloyne* deſires you will accept of his beſt ſervices; and I beg you will believe me, with the greateſt reſpect, Sir, your moſt obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

LETTER XC.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Paradiſe, Nov. 8, 1735.

I THINK I have been a great while without writing to you, and hope you are of my mind, I would rather be chid by you for my ſilence, than have you paſs it over quietly, for that would have ſuch an air of indifference as would greatly alarm me. Abſence is generally thought a great weakener of inclination: I am apt to think it will prove my friend with you. Our acquaintance was ſo ſhort, I had not time to diſgrace myſelf with you. I was ambitious of gaining your eſteem, and put on all my beſt airs to effect it; I left you at a critical moment; another

other month's converſation might have ruined all. I ſtill beg you will encourage your indulgent way of thinking of me. What will you gain by diſcovering my follies? and I ſhall loſe the honour of your friendſhip; which loſs cannot be repaired in *England* or *Ireland*. If Mrs. *Donnellan* is my true friend, ſhe has, by way of excuſing me, told you my diſtreſs for my ſiſter, which now I hope is over. I refer you to Mrs. *Donnellan* for her character; and that will juſtify to you my great care and concern for her.

I can't help lamenting Dr. *Delany*'s retirement. I expected his benevolent diſpoſition would not have ſuffered him to rob his friends of the pleaſure and advantage of his company: if you have not power to draw him from his ſolitude, no other perſon can pretend to do it. I was in hopes the weekly meetings would have been renewed and continued. Mrs. *Donnellan* is much diſappointed, and I fear I am no longer a toaſt.

I am thoroughly convinced that a reaſonable creature may live with more comfort and credit in *Dublin* than in *London*; as much convinced of it as that I ſhould be richer with eight hundred pounds a year than

than four. But to what purpoſe is it for me to regret my poverty? My lot is thrown on *Engliſh* ground; I have no pretence to fly my country: furniſh me with one, and you have laid temptations enough in my way to make me ready to embrace it.

I have been two months in this place, which has all the advantages of the country; as quietneſs, cheapneſs, and wholeſome air. I uſe a good deal of exerciſe in the morning; in the evening I read a play with an audible voice. I am now reading *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s works: they entertain me extremely. Sometimes I read a little philoſophy, *Derham*'s lectures: many things are too abſtruſe for me in that ſtudy; but I fancy myſelf, in ſome reſpects, much wiſer than I was before I read them. If you don't approve of my ſtudies, I hope you will recommend what you think will be more to my advantage.

I am ſorry to find, by your letter, that Mrs. *Donnellan* does not ſee you often: ſhe cannot be pleaſed with a ſituation that prevents her having that ſatisfaction. I depended upon your meeting often; and what is more, upon being ſometimes the ſubject of your converſation. I am glad to hear of her

her brother's promotion: he very well deſerves good fortune; he knows how to enjoy it handſomely, and ſcorns to court it meanly. I think I have made you a country viſit: if I have not quite tired you, I hope you will ſoon challenge another: I know you pay me a great compliment in writing; and, if I was very well bred, I ought not to inſiſt upon your doing any thing that may give you trouble; but I only conſider my own advantage, and cannot give up a correſpondence I value ſo much. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged and humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

LETTER XCI.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

Thoſe parts of the letter marked thus " and concluding thus " were written by Dr. *Sheridan.*

MADAM, Nov. 8, 1735.

NOV. 3, to *Dunſhallan*, twelve long miles, very weary; *Nov.* 4, to *Kells*, ſixteen miles, ten times wearier; the 5th, to *Croſs-keys*, ſeventeen long miles, fifty times wearier;

rier; the 6th, to *Cavan*, five miles, wearieſt of all: Yet I baited every day, And dined where I lay; and this very day I am weary, and my ſhin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at *Cavan*, the Doctor's *Canaan*, the dirtieſt place I ever ſaw, with the worſt wife and daughter, and the moſt curſed ſluts and ſervants on this ſide *Scotland*. Let the Doctor do his part. "Not quite ſo bad, I aſſure "you, although his teal was ſpoiled in the "roaſting: and I can aſſure you that the "dirt of our ſtreets is not quite over his "ſhoes, ſo that he can walk dry. If he "would wear golaſhes, as I do, he would "have no cauſe of complaint. As for my "wife and daughter, I have nothing to ſay "to them, and therefore nothing to anſwer "for them. I hope, when the weather "mends, that every thing will be better, "except the two before mentioned. Now "the Dean is to proceed." In ſhort, but not literally *in ſhort*, I got hither, not ſafe and ſound, but ſafe and ſore. Looking in my equipage I ſaw a great pacquet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron, but found it *Spaniſh* liquorice, enough to ſerve this whole county who had coughs for

nine years. My Beaſt told me it was you forced him to put it all up. Pray go ſometimes to the deanry, and ſee how the world goes there. The Doctor is philoſopher above all œconomy, like philoſopher *Webber*. I am drawing him into a little cleanlineſs about his houſe. The cook roaſted this day a fine teal to a cinder; for the wife and daughter ſaid, they did not know but I loved it *Well* roaſted. The Doctor, ſince his laſt illneſs, complains that he hath a ſtraitneſs in his breaſt, and a difficulty in breathing. Pray give him your advice, and I will write to your brother *Helſham* this poſt for his. Write me no news of the club, and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading. " Dear Ma-
" dam, I beg you may rather think me
" like the Devil, or my wife, than *Webber*.
" I do aſſure you that my houſe, and all
" about it, is clean in *Potentia*. If you do
" not underſtand ſo much logic, Mr. *Har-*
" *riſon* * will tell you; but I ſuppoſe you
" ignorant of nothing but doing any thing
" wrong. Be pleaſed to ſend me one of
" your fatteſt pigeons in a poſt letter, and I

* Mrs. *Whiteway*'s eldeſt ſon.

" will

" will ſend you in return a fat gooſe, under " cover to one of the club. The Dean " may ſay what he pleaſes of my Ay Con " O my; but I aſſure you I have this mo- " ment in my houſe, a quarter of fat beef, " a fat ſheep, two mallards, a duck, and a " teal, beſides ſome fowl in ſquadrons. I " wiſh you were here. Aſk the Dean if I " have not fine ale, table drink, good wine, " and a new pair of tables. Now hear the " Dean." It grows dark, and I cannot read one ſyllable of what the Doctor laſt writ; but conclude all to be a parcel of lies. How are eldeſt maſter and miſs? with your clerk and ſchool-boy? So God bleſs you all. If the Doctor hath any thing more to ſay, let him conclude, as I do, with aſſurance that I am ever, with great affection, yours, *&c.*

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty miſtakes. Direct for me at Doctor *Sheridan*'s, in *Cavan*; but let a club-man frank it, as I do this. Mr. *Rochfort* is my franker: yours may be general ——, or ſome other (great beaſt of a) hero. My two puppies have, in the whole journey, overpuppied their puppyſhips. Moſt abominable bad firing; nothing but wet turf. " The devil a lie I writ, nor will I write to

" the end of my life. May all happineſs
" attend you and your family. I am, with
" all good wiſhes and affection, your moſt
" obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

" You were plaguy ſaucy who did not
" like my nuts: I do aſſure you my
" dog *Lampey* cracks them; the Dean
" is my witneſs."

LETTER XCII.

From ſome unknown LADY to Dr. SWIFT.

HON. SIR, Caſtletown, Nov. 9, 1735.

EXCUSE a ſtranger's addreſs; nothing but the opinion I have of your generoſity and humanity could encourage me to lay before you the incloſed poem, being the product of a woman's pen *. I ſee the ſevere ſtrokes you lay on the faulty part of our ſex, from which number I do not pretend to exempt myſelf; yet venture to deſire your judgment of this little unfiniſhed piece, which I

* The Poem is loſt.

ſend

ſend you without giving myſelf the leiſure to correct it, willing that your hand ſhould beſtow the laſt beauties. The Muſe is my beſt companion; and if you compaſſionate the deſolate, permit me this ſatisfaction, ſince a book and a lonely walk are all the gratifications I afford my ſenſes, though not dulled with years. I muſt entreat you to throw away two or three lines in anſwer to this; and beg leave to conceal my name, till I have the honour of writing to you again; which, if you will allow, I ſhall trouble you with a view of ſeveral ſketches that I writ occaſionally, and will no longer conceal the name of, Honoured Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

M. M.

Sir, direct to Mrs. *Mary Moran*, at *Caſtle-town*, near *Gorey*, in the County of *Wexford*.

LETTER XCIV.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Novr. 8th, 1735.

I KNOW the moment you took this letter into your hand what you ſaid, which was, Pox on all *Iriſh* writers, and *Iriſh* letters. It is very little trouble I am going to give you, only be pleaſed to anſwer the following queſtions. How does your leg do? How is your head? How is your ſtomach? How many days were you on the road? How did you lye? How does Dr. *Sheridan?* How do you like *Cavan?* And how do all the good victuals Dr. *Sheridan* promiſed you *turn out?* * And now, Sir, I beg you will be pleaſed to ſuppoſe that I began my letter by intreating the favour of hearing from you; and if that is too great an honour for me, that you will order ſomebody elſe to do it. Dr. *Sheridan* would give ſix-pence I would aſk who, riſe off his chair, make me a low bow, and *uncover*, to have the opportunity of telling me.

* A cant expreſſion, much uſed in thoſe times upon all occaſions, and here ridiculed.

Now

Now to write politely, when I change my ſubject, I always break off, and begin a new paragraph.

Mr. *Waller* has printed an advertiſement, offering ten guineas reward to any perſon that will diſcover the author of a paragraph, ſaid to be the caſe of one Mr. *Throp*. I don't know whether you heard any thing of ſuch an affair before you left town, but I think it is ſaid there is ſome trial to be about it before the houſe of commons, either next week, or the week following. I beg you will not leave your papers and letters on the table, as you uſed to do at the deanry, for boys and girls and wives will be peeping; particularly be pleaſed to take care of mine. It is certain I write correctly, and with a great deal of method; but however I am afraid of *Curl*. Dr. *Sheridan* has my free leave to read this, on condition he burns it inſtantly; but firſt let him take notice of all the compliments I make him. May be you imagine that if you anſwer this, you will be no more plagued with my letters; but I have learned from *Molly* † never to have done with my demands on you: there-

† Miſs *Harriſon*.

fore write, or not write, (unleſs you command otherwiſe) you ſhall hear once a week from, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt obliged humble ſervant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Moll'y is juſt come from the Deanry: every thing is in good order. She ſaw Mrs. *Ridgeway* there. Young *Harriſon* and his ſiſter preſent you their moſt obedient reſpects.

LETTER XCIV.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Cavan, Nov. 15, 1735.

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *

I WRIT the above lines in the dark, and cannot read them by a candle: what I meant was, to boaſt of having written to you firſt, and given you a full account of my journey. I incloſed it in a cover to Mr. *Rochfort*, in which I deſired he would ſend it to your houſe: the Doctor had his ſhare in the letter:

ter: although we could not give ſatisfaction to all your queſtions, I now will to ſome. My leg is rather worſe; but an honeſt man, an apothecary here, ſays it begins to ripen, and it is in no manner of danger: but I ventured to walk, which inflamed it a little. I now keep my leg upon a level, and the eaſier becauſe the weather is ſo foul that I cannot walk at all. This is the dirtieſt town, and, except ſome few, the dirtieſt people I ever ſaw, particularly the miſtreſs, daughter, and ſervants of this houſe. My puppy butler is very happy, by finding himſelf among a race of fools almoſt as naſty as himſelf. I muſt now put you upon travelling. You muſt enquire where *Shale* my wine merchant lives, and order him to have the twelve dozen of wine in bottles ready packt up. It muſt be the wine that was two months in bottles (as he aſſured me) before I left *Dublin:* for theſe a carrier will be ready next week to bring them hither. The deanery woman muſt be ready, and *Kenrick* and *Laud* muſt aſſiſt; and the carrier muſt take them from *Shale*'s cellar, ready packt up. My ſervice to miſs *Harriſon*. Pray ſend her hither by the firſt carrier; and give her eighteen-pence to bear her charges; of

which I will pay three-pence, and the Doctor intends to pay another penny. By the conduct of this family, I apprehend the day of judgment is approaching; the father againſt the daughter, the wife againſt the huſband, *&c.* I battle as well as I can, but in vain; and you ſhall change my name to Doctor *Shift*. We abound in wild fowl, by the goodneſs of a gentleman in this town, who ſhoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, ſnipes, hares, *&c.* for us. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the houſe; but the way is ſoft, and ſo fond of our ſhoes, that it covers them with its favours. My firſt attempt was to repair the *Summer Houſe*, and make the way paſſable to it; whereupon *Boreas* was ſo angry, that he blew off the roof. This is the ſeventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable. The Doctor is at ſchool; when he comes I will enquire who is this romantic chevalier ——. As to *Waller*'s advertiſement, if I was in town I would, for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative; and I wiſh you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I ſay; for I want the money to repair ſome deficiencies here. My ſervice to miſs *Harriſon* and the Doc-

tor,

tor *, and my love to the two boys. I ſhall ſtill incloſe to *John Rochfort*, except he fails in ſending you my letters. Service to Mrs. *Morgan*; I hope her huſband's man has prevailed to be of the club. Adieu. Pray take care of the wine, on which my health depends. Beg a duck from the Doctor.

" Beg a duck! beg a dozen. You ſ——hall " not beg, but command. The Dean may " talk of the dirtineſs of this town; but I " can aſſure, that he had more upon his " ſhoes yeſterday than is at the worſt in our " corporation, wherever he got it. As for " my part, I am tired of him, for I can ne- " ver get him out of the dirt; and that " my ſtairs, and the poor cleanly maids, " know very well. You know that he talks " ironically. My wife and I are perfectly " eaſy; for we never ſee one another but " by chance, *&c.*"

* Young Mr. *Harriſon.*

LETTER XCV.

Mrs. SICAN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Nov. 15, 1735.

A GENTLEMAN, who is juſt arrived from *Paris*, brought me a letter from my ſon, who preſents his duty to you, and deſires me to ſend you the incloſed. I am ſure I was glad of any occaſion to write to you, in hopes of the pleaſure of hearing you were well, and arrived ſafe at the land of *Canaan*. The hurt you received in your ſhin, I was afraid would prevent your going out of town: I beg to know how it is now. I believe you will be pleaſed to hear poor *Throp* has juſtice done him in *College-Green*. The trial laſted till midnight, and two thirds of the houſe were for him: he is now going to petition the houſe to oblige Col. *Waller* to wave his privilege; but it is thought he will not obtain that favour.

Lady *Acheſon* came to town yeſterday. She deſired me to preſent her beſt reſpects to you, and tell you ſhe is ſomething better. Lord *Orrery* is fretting himſelf to death that he did not come to town time enough to enjoy

enjoy the happineſs of your converſation. Our *Iriſh* ladies made a fine appearance the birth-day at the caſtle; nothing about them *Iriſh* but their ſouls and bodies: I think they may be compared to a city on fire, which ſhines by that which deſtroys them. Several dealers in raw ſilk are broke: the weavers, having no encouragement to work up the ſilk, ſold it, and drank the money. I beg you will give my ſervice to Dr. *Sheridan*, who I hope is recovered. His old friend lord *Clancarty* drinks ſo hard, it is believed he will kill himſelf before his law-ſuit is ended. I hope you will like the country about a month, and then order Mrs. *Whiteway* and me to bring a coach and ſix and ſet you ſafe at home, for this is no riding weather. I am, with the moſt profound reſpect, dear Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

E. SICAN.

LETTER CXVI.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Nov. 15, 1735.

I AM moſt extremely obliged to you for the honour you have done me, and the account is juſt what I feared, that you would be exceſſive weary, your ſhin bad, and diſappointed in the Doctor's *Canaan*. The latter I am ſorry is not agreeable to you, but your ſhin gives me infinite trouble. I hope in God you have taken care of it: if it is any running ſore, dreſs it twice a day with *Venice* turpentine, and the yolk of an egg beaten together, an equal quantity of each. Spread it thick on a cloth, and bathe it once a day in warm milk: if it is only black and painful, apply warm rum to it often. Pray, Sir, give orders your meat may be indifferently done; and if the cook fails, then deſire it may be ill done: I have known this receipt very ſucceſsful, and a dinner eaten with pleaſure cooked with theſe directions. You are very rude, Doctor *Sheridan*, to interrupt me when I am ſpeaking to the Dean: no wonder I am ſo bad a liſtner,

ner, when you are always putting in your word. Pox take that ſtraitneſs in your breaſt, and difficulty in breathing. Drink warm ptiſan, and nothing elſe, except liquorice-tea in the morning, and ride every day. Sir, I know nothing of the *Spaniſh* liquorice, unleſs it came with the reſt of the things from the apothecary's, or Mrs. *Sican:* but ſo far your ſervant is right, that what bundles I found on the bed, I put up: I was wrong that I did not examine them; let Dr. *Sheridan* take it plentifully, it is very good for him. I was at the Deanry two days ago; every thing is right there; the floor you lie in is all clean, and I deſired Mrs. *Ridgeway* to get the great chair covered, and *Jane* to put a fire once a week in your chamber, and in the drawing-room, to air the ladies and gentlemen. One of the incloſed papers Mr. *Kenrick* deſired me to ſend; you ſee I keep to my word, and am determined never to trouble you with other people's buſineſs. The vengeance take you, doctor, will you never be quiet? I tell you I have never a fat pigeon for you, your gooſe I will not have; we are overſtock'd with them; but I ſend you Col. *Waller*'s caſe, that came before the houſe on *Thurſday*. I

believe

believe you will wonder that after the heavy charges laid on Mr. *Throp* ſo juſtly by the Col. that he was not ordered into cuſtody; but to the ſurprize of every body the chairman was voted out of the chair at one of the clock in the morning, and ſo the affair ended. It is true, there was a miſtake of about a month between Col. *Waller*'s account and Mr. *Throp*'s in the ſerving of a ſubpœna; and I think it was a ſcandalous thing, that a worthy member's word ſhould not be taken before a little parſon's oath. I ſuppoſe you expect I ſhould anſwer your logic and compliments; but do you think I have nothing elſe to employ me but trifling away my time in murdering the language with your ay Con O my's? I am no more a lyar than yourſelf; therefore you are obliged to accept of my beſt wiſhes and moſt humble reſpects: ſo I have done with you this time for good and all. Mr. Dean, I am ſure *Rochefaucault*'s maxim never fails: I am this moment an inſtance of it, taking a ſecret pleaſure in all the little ruffles you meet with in the country, in hopes it will haſten you to town. My He olive branch has a more immediate loſs than any of us; his body ſuffers as well as his mind; for ſince

he cannot enjoy the happineſs and benefit of your converſation, he applies himſelf too cloſe to his ſtudies: in ſhort, I think he is almoſt in the ſtate of the company he entertains himſelf with all the morning; and if you ſaw him in company of the attendants of the governor of *Glubbdubdrid*, you would find the ſame horror ſeize you by looking on his countenance *. My fair daughter preſents you her moſt humble and obedient reſpects; ſays, ſhe is not at all changed by your abſence, for whenever ſhe has the honour to ſee you, you will ſtill find her the ſame. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient and obliged humble ſervant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Jane juſt came here with a poem of Mr. *Dunkin*'s, that was ſent to the deanry, and this letter that I incloſe.

* Mr. *Harriſon* was always very thin, and of a weakly conſtitution.

LETTER XCVII.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Cavan, Nov. 18th, 1735.

WE were undone for want of your anſwer, and thought that Mr. *Rochfort* was at his country ſeat, to whom I directed mine, as he was a franker. Never any thing of ſo ſmall a kind was ſo vexatious to me as this broken ſhin. If I had apprehended the conſequences, I would not have ſtirred from *Dublin* until it was cured. It hath prevented my walking and riding. An apothecary, the only doctor here, has it in care, and I cannot ſay I am better. But the ſurgeon of the barrack here, a friend to the doctor, has been with me this morning, ſaw the ſore, and ſays it is in a good way; and that he will conſult with the apothecary, and ſoon make me well. It ſmarts more to-day than ever; but the ſurgeon ſaid, it was becauſe ſome powder called præcipitate (an like you) was put on this morning to eat off the black ſkin in the middle of the ſore. It digeſts every day, but I cannot di-

geſt

geſt it. I ſhall loſe my health by ſitting ſtill, and my leg in a chair, like a *Grattan* in the gout. I wiſh I had ſtaid at home, and you had been my ſurgeon. To ſay truth, this town and country are ſo diſagreeable by nature and art, that I have no other temptation to ride or walk except that of health, our houſe, and ſhoes, and ſtreets are ſo perpetually and abominably dirty. Eight of the inhabitants came out to meet me a mile or two from town. The reſt would have come but for ſome unexpected impediment. In ſome days after I invited the principal men in town to ſup with me at the beſt inn here. There were ſixteen of them, and I came off rarely for about thirty ſhillings. They were all very modeſt and obliging. Wild fowl is cheap, and all very good, except the ducks, which, though far from ſea, have a rank taſte from the lakes. It is nothing to have a preſent of a dozen ſnipes, teal, woodcock, widgeon, duck and mallard, *&c.* You would admire to ſee me at my endeavours to ſupply deanry conveniences. The curſed turf is two hours kindling, and two minutes decaying. You are a little too jocoſe upon Mr. *Harriſon*'s countenance. I hope he hath no return of illneſs, nor is more lean than I

left him. He must borrow an hour more from his studies, and bestow it on exercise and mirth; otherwise he may be like the miser, who, by not affording himself victuals, died a dozen years the sooner, by which he lost many thousand pounds more than if he had fed upon pheasants, and drank burgundy every day. I must now repeat the commission I mentioned. The old woman, *Kenrick*, and *Laud* must find out *Shele* the wine merchant: a carrier will go next week to the deanry, be taught to find out *Shele* with *Kenrick*. *Shele* must, as he promised, pack up 12 dozen of his claret which hath been bottled three months already. This must be given to the carrier by *Shele*, and ready put up in some hampers as he will contrive. I hope Mr. *Rochfort* will be in town to send you this letter. I am ever yours, and my love to the girl and boys.

LETTER XCVIII.

" DEAR MADAM,

" TO ſay the truth, I am not concerned " for the Dean's accident, ſince my friend " *Jacob* ſays there is no danger in it; be- " cauſe it keeps him from his long walks, " by which means I ſee he is gathering " fleſh, and I hope will gather health and " wealth by being here; for, as the *Scotch-* " *man* ſays, Whare there is Muck, there is " Luck. I have no news but too much " plenty of guttables; if we had agreeable " companions as plenty as woodcocks, ducks, " ſnipes, *cum ſociis*, this would be a Para- " diſe. I am, dear Madam, with all ſer- " vices aforeſaid, your moſt obedient and " very humble ſervant,

" T. S.

" Pray write to the Dean to behave him- " ſelf better to me. I want you to " ſtand by me."

LETTER XCIX.

Lord B——— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Bath, Nov. 22, 1735.

I HAVE been waiting for an opportunity to write to you with ſafety, becauſe I had a mind to do it with freedom; and particularly to explain to you what I meant, when I told you ſome time ago, that I was almoſt tired with ſtruggling to no purpoſe againſt univerſal corruption. I am now at the *Bath*, where there are at preſent many *Iriſh* families, and though I have enquired of them all, if any gentleman or ſervant was returning thither, yet I can hear of none, ſo that I am forced, if I write at all, to truſt my letter by the common poſt. Nothing is more certain than that this letter will be opened there, the raſcals of the office have moſt infamous directions to do it upon all occaſions; but they would, every man of them, be turned out, if a letter of mine to you, ſhould eſcape their intuition. I am thinking what the miniſters may get by their peeping; why if I ſpeak my mind very plainly, they may diſcover two things; one is, that

that I have a very great regard for you; the other, that I have a very great contempt for them; and in every thing I ſay or do, ſtill ſet them at defiance. Theſe things, if they did not know before, they are very welcome to find out now; and I am determined in ſome other points likewiſe, to ſpeak my mind very plainly to you. You muſt know then, that when I ſaid I grew weary of contending with corruption, I never meant abſolutely to withdraw myſelf from parliament; perhaps I may not ſlacken even my perſonal oppoſition to the wicked meaſures of the adminiſtration, but really I find my health begins to require ſome attention, and I labour under a diſtemper which the long ſittings in parliament by no means agree with. When Mr. *Faulkner* delivered me your former letter (for I have ſince had one ſent me hither by Mr. *Pope*) I was juſt got up from my bed, where I had lain the whole night in moſt exceſſive torture, with a violent fit of the gravel. I was not able to write you any anſwer by him, who was to depart in two days, and ever ſince I have been at this place drinking the waters, in hopes they may be of ſervice to me. Beſides this of my ill ſtate of health, I am

convinced that our conſtitution is already gone, and we are idly ſtruggling to maintain, what in truth has been long loſt, like ſome old fools here, with gout and palſies at fourſcore years old, drinking the waters in hopes of health again. If this was not our caſe, and that the people are already in effect ſlaves, would it have been poſſible for the ſame miniſter, who had projected the exciſe ſcheme (before the heats it had occaſioned in the nation were well laid) to have choſen a new parliament again exactly to his mind? and though perhaps not altogether ſo ſtrong in numbers, yet as well diſpoſed in general to his purpoſes as he could wiſh. His maſter, I doubt, is not ſo well beloved as I could wiſh he was; the miniſter, I am ſure, is as much hated and deteſted as ever man was, and yet, I ſay, a new parliament was choſen of the ſtamp that was deſired, juſt after having failed in the moſt odious ſcheme that ever was projected. After this, what hopes can there ever poſſibly be of ſucceſs? Unleſs it be from confuſion, which God forbid, I ſhould live to ſee. In ſhort, the whole nation is ſo abandoned and corrupt, that the crown can never fail of a majority in both houſes of parliament; he

makes

makes them all in one houſe, and he chuſes above half in the other. Four and twenty biſhops and ſixteen *Scotch* lords, is a terrible weight in one; forty-five from one country, beſides the weſt of *England*, and all the government boroughs, is a dreadful number in the other. Were his majeſty inclined to-morrow to declare his body-coachman his firſt miniſter, it would do juſt as well, and the wheels of government would move as eaſily as they do with the ſagacious Driver, who now ſits in the box. Parts and abilities are not in the leaſt wanting to conduct affairs; the coachman knows how to feed his cattle, and the other feeds the beaſts in his ſervice, and this is all the ſkill that is neceſſary in either caſe. Are not theſe ſufficient difficulties and diſcouragements, if there were no others; and would any man ſtruggle againſt corruption, when he knows, that if he is ever near defeating it, thoſe who make uſe of it, only double the doſe, and carry all their points farther, and with a higher hand, than perhaps they at firſt intended. Beſides all this, I have had particular misfortunes and diſappointments: I had a very near relation of great abilities, who was my fellow labourer in the public

cauſe: he is gone; I loved and eſteemed him much, and perhaps wiſhed to ſee him one day ſerving his country in ſome honourable ſtation: no man was more capable of doing it, nor had better intentions for the public ſervice than himſelf, and I may truly ſay, that the many mortifications he met with, in ten or twelve years ſtruggling in parliament, was the occaſion of his death. I have loſt likewiſe the trueſt friend, I may almoſt ſay ſervant, that ever man had, in Mr. *Merril*; he underſtood the courſe of the revenues, and the public accounts of the kingdom as well, perhaps better, than any man in it, and in this reſpect he was of ſingular uſe to me: it is utterly impoſſible for me to go through the drudgery by myſelf, which I uſed to do eaſily with his aſſiſtance, and herein it is that oppoſition galls the moſt.

Theſe ſeveral matters I have enumerated, you will allow to be ſome diſcouragements; but nevertheleſs, when the time comes, I believe you will find me acting the ſame part I have ever done, and which I am more ſatisfied with myſelf for having done, ſince my conduct has met with your approbation: and give me leave to return you my ſincere

thank

thanks for the many kind expreſſions of your friendſhip, which I eſteem as I ought, and will endeavour to deſerve as well as I can. You enquire after *Bolingbroke*, and when he will return from *France*. If he had liſtened to your admonitions and chidings about œconomy, he need never have gone there; but now I fancy he will ſcarce return from thence, till an old gentleman, but a very hale one, pleaſes to dye *. I have ſeen ſeveral of your letters on frugality to our poor friend *John Gay* (who needed them not) but true patriotiſm can have no other foundation. When I ſee lords of the greateſt eſtates, meanly ſtooping to take a dirty penſion, becauſe they want a little ready money for their extravagancies, I cannot help wiſhing to ſee ſome papers writ by you, that may, if poſſible, ſhame them out of it. This is the only thing can recover our conſtitution, and reſtore honeſty. I have often thought that if ten or a dozen patriots, who are known to be rich enough to have ten diſhes every day for dinner, would invite their friends only to two or three, it might perhaps ſhame thoſe who cannot afford two,

* Lord *Bolingbroke*'s father, lord *St. John*.

from

from having conſtantly ten, and ſo it would be in every other circumſtance of life: but luxury is our ruin. This grave ſtuff that I have written, looks like preaching, but I may venture to ſay to you, it is not, for I ſpeak from the ſincerity of my heart. We are told a peace is made: if it be true, I am ſatisfied our miniſters did not ſo much as know of the negotiation: the articles, which are the oſtenſible ones, are better than could be expected, but I doubt there are ſome ſecret ones, that may coſt us dear, and I am fully convinced the fear of theſe will furniſh our miniſters a pretence for not reducing a ſingle man of our army. I have juſt room to tell you a ridiculous ſtory has happened here. In the dioceſe of *Wells* the biſhop and his chancellor have quarrelled: the conſequence has been, the biſhop has excommunicated the chancellor, and he in return has excommunicated the two archdeacons. A viſitation of the clergy was appointed; the biſhop not being able to go himſelf, directed his archdeacons to viſit for him. The chancellor alleges from the conſtitution of him, this cannot be, and that the biſhop can delegate his power to nobody but himſelf; ſo that probably all the clergy who

who attend on the chancellor will be excommunicated by the biſhop, and all who obey the orders of the archdeacons will be excommunicated by the chancellor. The biſhop in the cathedral, when the ſentence of excommunication was going to be read, ſent for it, and tore it in the open church; the chancellor afterwards affixed it on the church doors. There are a great many more very ridiculous circumſtances attending this affair, which I cannot well explain: but upon a reference of the whole to my lord high chancellor, I am told he has declared his opinion in ſupport of his brother chancellor. I am glad I have left no ſpace to put my name to the bottom of my letter; after ſome things I have ſaid it may be improper, and I am ſure it is needleſs when I aſſure you no man can be with more ſincerity and regard than I am, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

LETTER C.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

I RECEIVE as a high favour your juſt reprimand for not anſwering your letter by the firſt poſt; nay, I will add another fault to it, by endeavouring to excuſe myſelf. It was out of the higheſt reſpect I did not write, leſt you ſhould think me too forward in giving trouble. But ſince I have your licence, I will not miſs an opportunity of paying my moſt humble duty, and of acknowledging the greateſt obligations I ever lay under to any mortal. I have had the very ill fortune to come late under your care; yet even theſe diſadvantages do not hinder you from acting the moſt friendly part, of endeavouring to enlarge my mind, and mending my errors: you ſee how induſtriouſly I avoid mentioning the word *faults*. When you left us, I did not think it would be poſſible for me to dread getting a letter from you; but the account of your leg, which I find worſe and worſe, alarms me to that degree, that I tremble for the conſequence.

quence. I conjure you, dear Sir, not to truſt any longer to country helps: your appetite, your health, is in the greateſt danger, by ſitting ſo much as you muſt be obliged to do, till that is well. I know life is as little regarded by you as any one; but to live in miſery, is what I am ſure you ought to avoid. The wine was packed up on *Tueſday* laſt in a hogſhead: I thought that was ſafer than a hamper: Mr. *Kenrick* and *Laud* were by all the time: they and Mr. *Shele* were here with me that night: they tell me they got large bottles, of which I gave a great charge. Mr. *Shele* deſires the wine may be kept in the ſame manner it is now packed, and taken out by half dozens as it is uſed: the numbers taken out may be chalked on the head of the veſſel, to ſee that juſtice is done: he thinks it will keep better that way than perhaps in a cellar. I think you came off ſcandalouſly cheap with treating ſixteen gentlemen for a moidore. Pray, Doctor *Sheridan*, when the Dean next uſes you ill, tell him of his pitiful doings. My ſon is greatly obliged to you, Sir, for your care and advice; and aſſures me your word ſhall be an oracle to him. He has not had a return of his diſorder; yet his ſtomach

mach is gone, and of conſequence his ſpirits. Mr. and Mrs. *Morgan* have commanded me to ſend you their moſt obedient reſpects, and are much concerned about your leg. Pray, Sir, date your letters. I believe both you and Dr. *Sheridan* hate writing the word *November*; for not one of them have been dated. I only hate the day of the month: the truth was, in my laſt I could not recollect it (for I think I forgot it) and watched for ſome of the brats to tell me. Leſt I ſhould do the ſame now, be pleaſed to remember I write this *Nov.* 22, 1735. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt obliged humble ſervant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

If you are pleaſed to direct to me under cover to Mr. *Morgan*, I ſhall get your letters. Perhaps Mr. *Rochfort* may go out of town, and then I ſhould be long without them.

LETTER CI.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Nov. 22, 1735.

HAVING anſwered your long letter, which was improved by the Doctor's * additions, I now tell you that a *Monday* next, which will be the 24th inſtant, a carrier will go from hence, and is directed by another letter to you, to manage the buſineſs of ſending the twelve dozen of wine, which Mr. *Shele* has ready bottled, and muſt ſee it packed up in his beſt manner in hampers or hogſheads, as I mentioned in my laſt, and that the wine was bottled (as he ſays) two months before I came away. *Kenrick* and *Laud* and the woman will be your aſſiſtants. The fellow will be with you by *Wedneſday* night or *Thurſday* morning, and I will write by him. I cannot ſay my ſhin is yet better, although our apothecary and the barrack ſurgeon attend me; but they ſee no danger, and promiſe I ſhall recover in a few days.

* Mr. *Harriſon*'s.

Mean

Mean time, I dare neither walk nor ride, and yet I think my ſtomach is better, and ſo may continue till I grow weary of ſnipe, teal, widgeon, woodcock, hare, leveret, wild duck, fieldfare, *&c.* My ſervice to your He and the brats. Let *Kenrick*, my verger, know what I write about the wine, that he and *Laud* and the woman may be prepared; this will ſave me a letter to him. I am ever *entierement vous.*

Cavan, Nov. 22d, 1735.

I ſhall never be quiet; a country author unknown hath ſent me a manuſcript of 200 pages for my judgment. Pray ſend me the three quires of paper in quarto; for the Doctor hath ſwallowed up mine, and we have none left.

" I can aſſure you, dear Madam, with " pleaſure, that the Dean begins to look " healthier and plumper already; and I " hope will mend every day. But to deal " plainly with you, I am a little afraid of " his good ſtomach, though victuals are " cheap, becauſe it improves every day, and " I do not know how far this may increaſe

" my

" my family expences. He pays me but
" two crowns a week for his ordinary:
" and I own, that I am a little too modeſt
" to grumble at it; but if you would give
" him a hint about wear and tare of goods,
" I make no doubt but his own diſcretion
" would make him raiſe his price. Pray
" do this (as you do all other things) in
" the handſomeſt manner you can. I am,
" to you and yours, as much yours as the
" Dean aforeſaid."

I deſire you will hint to the Doctor that he would pleaſe to abate four ſhillings a week from the ten, which he moſt exorbitantly makes me pay him; but tell him you got this hint from another hand, and that all *Dublin* cries ſhame at him for it.

LETTER CII.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Nov. 25, 1735.

I HAVE not known, for ſome years, the pleaſure of a poſt-day, till within theſe three weeks. I read your letters twenty times over. I tell you this to induce you to continue me your favour; for I know it is your ſtudy to make the wretched happy. The wine is ready for the carman, and all the caution taken that you commanded. If I durſt, I would repine, that you could think I ſhould require your orders three times repeated to take care of what you told me your health depended on. I rejoice to find your ſtomach is better, but grieve to hear your leg continues ſo long bad. I ſhall deſpiſe your ſurgeon and apothecary, if they do not cure it immediately. *Apollo* hath always waited on you, when it was not half ſo material. Where the vengeance is he now? After all, he juſtly quits you, ſince you have left off invoking him. Idleneſs is your crime; to puniſh you, he confines you to a chair, and the penance he enjoins, is

to

to employ your pen once more: if not, there are vultures to prey on legs as well as livers: I wiſh you were ſafe out of their hands. Mr. ——, Dr. ——'s curate, laſt week committed another fine exploit: he way-laid his wife, who was going home from a neighbour's, about eleven at night, with two ſervant maids with her, and would have perſuaded her to have gone to his lodging; ſhe refuſing, he called the watch, and put her and her maids into the watch-houſe as ſtrollers, with orders to keep them there till morning. Mrs. —— got off by ſome means or other, but the women were kept all night. Mrs. *Sican* told me the news, and withal that the Dr. is at laſt very angry with him. Mr. ——'s great fondneſs to get his wife home, was to ſtop a proſecution ſhe had begun againſt him in the biſhop's court, for cruel uſage; and if he had prevailed on her to have gone with him, the affair muſt have dropped. I was at the deanry on *Saturday*, though I forgot to mention it in my laſt letter. My ſon was there yeſterday, and I would have been there to-day, if a ſwelled face had not prevented me. I have ſent for Mr. *Kenrick*, or Mr. *Laud*, to let them know your commands. I muſt beg the favour of

you to deliver the incloſed to Dr. *Sheridan*, and to pardon my ſealing it. You are ſenſible there are ſecrets that the neareſt friends muſt not ſee. As you have nothing to do, be pleaſed to write me the heads of the two hundred pages in manuſcript, and I will give my opinion about it. I muſt now intreat you to think of coming to town; I truſt in God your ſhin will not require it; but conſider how it is poſſible for me to ſpend the *Winter* evenings, who have been ſo delightfully entertained all *Summer* at the deanry. I have ſtaid till the laſt moment before I ſealed this, in expectation of ſeeing ſomebody from your houſe, but am diſappointed. I promiſe to take care to ſee the wine leave this place ſafe, and to ſend the paper by the carman. My ſon and daughter are your moſt obedient ſervants. I am, Sir, with the higheſt reſpect, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

LETTER CIII.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Dublin, Nov. 29th, 1735.

I NEVER was more out of temper in my life than I have been theſe two days; yeſterday that I did not hear from you, and to-day at the rogue that brought your letter to Mr. *Kenrick* at ten laſt night, and the diſappointment we have met with from him that was to carry the wine to *Cavan*. The incloſed letter gives ſo full an account, that I need add nothing to it, but his being a right county of *Cavan* man. I deſire Dr. *Sheridan* will take care for the future not to employ them about your buſineſs; I owe him this reflection for truſting ſuch rogues. Pray, ſir, tell me what I ſhall do in this buſineſs; ſhall I get Mr. *Shele* and Mr. *Kenrick* to look out for an honeſt carman, and agree as cheap as we can to carry it to you? for I find there is no depending on the Doctor's countrymen. Had you aſſured me, as you ſay the ſurgeon does, that your leg was better, my joy would be equal to the uneaſineſs I have ſuffered on that occaſion. I fear

I ſhall never have the pleaſure of being with you on your birth-day; were my purſe as heavy as my heart is, that I cannot be with you to-morrow, I would this night have been at *Cavan*, and have left it on *Monday* morning.

I ſhall make a great entertainment to-morrow for my family, to celebrate the Drapier's birth-day, and drink his health. My two eldeſt cubs (match me that) preſent you their moſt humble and obedient reſpects, with their hearty wiſhes of long life, health and happineſs to attend you. They durſt not take the liberty to ſend this with their hand, but do it with their heart. I ſend you their own words; but where ſhall I find any that can expreſs what I would ſay on the ſubject? the moſt ſincere would be what I deſire for myſelf whilſt I continue in this world, which is health and quietneſs. This I pray God grant you in the largeſt portion, and life as long as you ſhall deſire it!

Mr. *Morgan*'s heatheniſh name is *Marcus Antonius*; I ſaw him and his lady yeſterday, who both ſay they ſhould be glad to kiſs your hand; his eldeſt ſon is in the meaſles. Laſt night died the biſhop of *Oſſory* of an inflammation on the lungs: he caught cold

on

on *Sunday* at the Caſtle chapel. We have provided one of the biſhopricks for doctor *Marlay*.

I am told by ſome people that lord *Orrery* intends to make you and doctor *Sheridan* a viſit; if ſo, I fear it will be a long time before you will think of returning here. I expect a long letter from doctor *Sheridan*, in anſwer to all that I have ſaid to him in this.

I think this is ſo well written that it needs no apology for a bad pen.

I am, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

M. WHITEWAY.

LETTER CIV.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Cavan, Nov. 28, 1735.

I TAKE advantage a day before the poſt to write to you; and this is the firſt day I have ventured to walk this fortnight paſt, except yeſterday, when I dined with my ſurgeon at the barrack. This morning I viſited four ladies in the town, of which

your friend Mrs. *Donaldſon* was one. My whole journey hath been diſappointed by this accident; for I intended to have been a conſtant rider, and as much a walker as this dirty town would allow. Here are a thouſand domeſtic conveniences wanting; but one pair of tongs in the whole houſe; the turf ſo wet, that a tolerable fire is a miracle: the kitchen is a cabin a hundred yards off and a half; the back and fore door always left open, which in a ſtorm (our conſtant companion) threatens the fall of the whole edifice: Madam as croſs as the Devil, and as lazy as any of her ſiſter ſows, and as naſty. Theſe are ſome of our blind ſides. But we have a good room to eat in, and the wife and lodgers have another, where the Doctor often ſits and ſeems to eat, but comes to my eating-room (which is his ſtudy) there finiſhes the meal, and hath ſhare of a pint of wine. Then we have an honeſt neighbour, Mr. *Price*, who ſits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the Doctor ſometimes wins by his blundering. As to meat, we are hard put to it. 'Tis true, our beef and mutton are very good; but for the reſt, we are forced to take up with hares, partridges, teal, grouſe, ſnipes, woodcocks,

cocks, plover, ſilver eels, and ſuch traſh; which although they be plentiful and excellent in their kinds, you know are unworthy of a refined *Dublin* dean. I expect before this letter goes that the carrier will be here with the wine, and that I ſhall have time to chide you for five dozen of bottles broke by the ill packing up. He ſet out from hence on *Tueſday*, but I ſuppoſe cannot return till next week. I had, ſeveral days ago, a letter from Mrs. *Sican*, and another from her *French* ſon *, an excellent good one; when you go that way, tell her of this, with my ſervice, and that I will write to her ſoon. Your letters have been ſo friendly, ſo frequent, and ſo entertaining, and oblige me ſo much, that I am afraid in a little time they will make me forget you are a couſin, and treat you as a friend. If *Apollo* hath intirely neglected my head, can you think he will deſcend to take care of my ſhin? Earthly ladies forſake us at forty, and the

* The Dr. calls young Dr. *Sican* her *French* ſon, becauſe he was then travelling in *France*. This young gentleman was at laſt unfortunately murdered, as he was travelling in *Italy* in a poſt-chaiſe, by a perſon who fired his piſtol at him from another poſt-chaiſe, upon ſome diſpute between the drivers contending for the way.

Muſes at fifty-five. I have mentioned that raſcal — to doctor *Delany*, who defended him as well as he could, but very weakly; if the Doctor will not caſt him off, he will juſtly expoſe himſelf to cenſure.

I wiſh you would ſpeak to your dearly beloved monſter Mr. ——, when he comes to town, about my *Laracor* agent, to pay me ſome money, and to reproach —— for his infamous neglect of my affairs. He is one of your favourites, and — another; I hope I am not the third.

I have juſt ſpoken about the thread to Mrs. *Sheridan*, who tells me, that what you deſire is to be had here every market day; and that Mrs. *Donaldſon* underſtands it very well. " To carry on the thread of the diſ-
" courſe, I diſcovered the little dirty b—h,
" the fire-maker, to be the opener of the
" doors, and the leaver of them ſo; for
" which the Dean had her lugged this even-
" ing by the cook-maid; for which he paid
" her a three-pence †, and gave the little
" girl a penny for being lugged; and be-
" cauſe the cook did not lug her well en-
" ough, he gave her a lugging, to ſhew

† A little ſilver piece current in thoſe days, but the ſpecies has been long worn out.

" her

" her the way. Theſe are ſome of our ſu-
" blimer amuſements. I wiſh you were
" here to partake of them. The only thing
" of importance I can tell you is,"—(Ay, what is it? He ſhall be hanged rather than take up any more of this paper. Is it true that the Legion Club is ſinking the value of gold and ſilver to the ſame with *England*, and are putting 4 *l.* a hogſhead more duty on wine? The curſed vipers uſe all means to increaſe the number of abſentees. Well, I muſt go to the market about this thread. It is now *Nov.* 29th; I fear the Doctor will hedge in a line. I have now got Mr. *Morgan*'s heatheniſh Chriſtian name, and will direct my letters to him. I am to finiſh a letter to Mrs. *Sican*: I deſire you will call on her ſometimes. My love to your brats. I have ſettled with Mrs. *Donaldſon* about the thread; but will order a double quantity, that you may knit ſtockings for your dear ſelf. Let the Doctor conclude. I am ever, *&c.* " Madam, I have only
" room to tell you that I will ſee you the
" 12th or 13th of *Decr.*) excuſe a long pa-
" renthеſis: your moſt obedient and"

LETTER CV.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Dublin, December 2d, 1735.

I WADED this morning through dirt and rain to the Deanry; but I place no more to your account than from *High-Street*. I found every thing in great order; your bed and window curtains cleaned, and, to my ſatisfaction, the great chairs covered; the dogs in high ſpirits, the woman in good humour, and Mr. *Kenrick* and Mrs. *Ridgeway* on duty. I am quite aſhamed of my entertainment on *Sunday*. The Drapier's birth-day was celebrated by Mr. *Laud* with a dinner of wild-duck, plover, turkey, and pullet; two bowls of punch, and three bottles of claret. At night Mr. *Kenrick* gave a ſupper, with an ocean of punch. Their houſes were illuminated, and the bells rung. Several other houſes followed their example.

I am almoſt reconciled to your ſurgeon; the next letter, I hope, will finiſh our quarrel. When he has ſet you firmly on your legs, if making Gods were not out of faſhion,

I

I would tranſlate him; however he ſhall be my ſaint.

As you have been remarkable for never being ſevere on the ladies, I am ſurprized you ſhould ſay that we forſake the men at forty. I deny the fact; while they ſing our praiſes, we continue to hold them in admiration. For an example of this, I give the author of *The Ladies' Dreſſing-room*, and *Strephon and Chloe*, who, by writing theſe poems, gained the hearts of the whole ſex.

I heartily pity you for want of meat; I wiſh I could ſend you a large ſhoulder of mutton, freſh killed; how pure and ſweet it would eat! I have juſt left part of one in the parlour; the very thoughts of it make me hungry again: I think I will go down, and take the other ſlice *. I know it is not to any purpoſe to reproach you with avarice, for a poor pint of wine among three of you. Whatever you do at home, I am aſhamed to find you ſhew it at *Cavan*; I ſuppoſe your excuſe will be at the expence of the poor

* Here Mrs. *Whiteway* is merry with the Doctor, who could not endure mutton which had not been killed three or four days before: on the contrary, Mrs. *Whiteway* liked hers ſo freſh, that Dr. *Swift* uſed pleaſantly to ſay of her, That ſhe liked mutton that was killed to-morrow.

carman;

carman; but if you had any generoſity, you would live on the public, as I do, till your rents came in. Dr. *Sheridan* ſays, you gave private orders, and countermanded the wine, to ſpunge on him. I own I think it looks like it, or you would not have let the man come to town without a car.

I ſee you are proof againſt ſtorms within and without doors, or you would not think of ſtaying in the country when the Doctor leaves it. There is no occaſion for you to convince the world that you want but one trial to outdo *Socrates* in every thing; let not this keep you, for I promiſe to provide one for 3*s.* 4*d.* that ſhall outſhine *Solomon*'s brawler.

Molly and young *Harriſon* are grown ſo ſaucy at ſeeing their names ſo often in your letters, that I cannot govern them: pray be pleaſed to take them down a little. All that I can do to vex them, is not to ſend you their compliments. My ſon intreats you will finiſh your *Latina Anglia* treatiſe; which he deſires you will immediately ſend him a copy of.

Doctor *Sheridan*'s laſt letter is ſo long and full of particulars, that I cannot anſwer it till I ſee him. I am ſo proud of being diſ-

carded

carded from being a couſin, that for the future I ſhall not own either Eſq; —— or Mr. —— for relations; nor ever dare to think you a favourite. But I hope you will allow me to term you my Oracle, and to acknowledge myſelf, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

LETTER CVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Cavan, Dec. 6, 1735.

I HAVE yours of *Nov.* the 29th. The Doctor, who is always ſanguine, reckoned upon the wine as ſure as if it had been in his cellar under the ſtairs; but I, who am ever deſponding, told him I was ſure there would be ſome diſappointment. I matter it not, for we have enough ſtill to hold us a reaſonable term, at one bottle a day between us, at leaſt if he would leave off inviting young Mr. *Price*, Parſon *Richardſon*, Mr. *Naſh*, Mr. *Jacob*, Surgeon of the troop, Squire *Fleming* of *Balhaynockhye*, Doctor *O Neil*, Doctor *Fludd*, Parſon *Charlton* of *Evackthonyeul*, beſide the reſt of our *Cavan* gentry

gentry and neighbourhood. I will not have the wine ſent by any carrier on purpoſe: it would be a confounded expence: but we will wait until a further opportunity by *Marcus Tully*, the genuine orator and carrier of our city. I refuſed a long time to ſhew the Doctor that part of your letter which reflects upon not only his countrymen, but his townſmen, and fifty to one but upon one of his own or madam's couſins; yet there is no danger of kindred, for our town agrees that *Tully* is an honeſt carrier. I was in hopes your great entertainment had been for your tenant, with his half year's rent. I am ſorry it was on account of ſome ſcrub *Drapier*, of whom I never heard. Only I know they are all rogues, and I ſhall not pay for their extravagance. I forgot to tell you that the barrack-ſurgeon preſcribed the very ſame medicine that you adviſed for my ſhin. My leg is ſo well, that I have been twice riding, and walk in the town, that is to ſay in the dirt, every day. We have now a fine froſt, and walk ſafe from dirt; but it is like a life at court, very ſlippery. I do not like to ſee my money laid out in cleaning curtains, and covering chairs; but ſince, as you ſay, you are pleaſed to be at

that expence, I thankfully ſubmit. The Doctor will be with you on *Friday* next: he goes to ſee the *Grand Monde*, and beg ſubſcriptions to build a ſchool-houſe. He taxes you only at ten guineas. I am to ſtay with madam and his daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when days grow longer and warmer. Pox take country ladies dinners. In ſpite of all I could ſay, I was kept ſo late by their formality on *Thurſday* laſt, that I was forced to ride five miles after night-fall, on the worſt road in *Europe*, or county of *Cavan*. The Doctor cannot have time to write a word: he expects a rogue of an agent this evening, who will not come, with two or three hundred pounds arrears, by which means I ſhall be kept here for want of money, which I was fool enough to expect to get from him, to bear my charges back. My ſhin coſt me three guineas, and I brought but twenty pounds. I deſire the room and bed I lye in may be often aired. The Doctor will not lye at the deanry, becauſe it is far from his friends, and he is afraid of robbers. I approve your name of Cub; but may your male cub never ſit in the club. I will not pay the three ſhillings and four-

pence for a wife, as you propoſe, becauſe I can get one here for two thirteens. Mrs. *Donaldſon* is making the thread with her own fair fingers. I dare not come to town till Miſs *Harriſon* gives me a general diſcharge. I deſire to know her utmoſt demands. My chief amuſement here is backgammon. Dr. *Sheridan* is a peeviſh bungler, and I ſometimes win his money. Mr. *Price* is an expert civil gameſter, and I always loſe to him. This is the ſtate of my affairs. The Doctor is come up, and ſays he will not write a word, becauſe he is buſy, and will ſee you ſoon. *Entre nous* I will not ſtay when the Doctor is gone; but this is a ſecret: and if my health and the weather will permit, I will be in town two or three days after him. So I cloſe this letter, and remain *entierement a vous*, &c.

My humble ſervice to the bearer * and his lady. God ever bleſs you and your fireſide.

* Mr. *Morgan*, to whom this letter was enveloped.

LETTER CVII.

Earl of ORRERY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Jan. 3, 1735-6.

I HAVE thought it more than a century ſince I ſaw you. I crawled out to you on *Saturday*, but was forced to come from your houſe and go to bed; ſince which time I have not ſtirred out of my chamber. My cold continues ſtill bad; and has been hanging upon me now for above a fortnight. Pray tell me when I may hope to ſee you again: *& notas audire & reddere voces.* I dine at home to-morrow: will you ſhare a fowl with me? I am ſcarce able to hold up my head; but the ſight of you will go a great way towards recovering your ever obliged and faithful ſervant,

ORRERY.

LETTER CVIII.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Bath, 7th Jan. 1735-6.

I AM told you have ſome thoughts of coming here in the ſpring. I don't think it proper to tell you how well pleaſed I am with that faint proſpect; for ſuch I muſt call it till the report is confirmed with your own hand. I write in all haſte to know if you really have any ſuch deſign; for if you have, I ſhall order my affairs accordingly, that I may be able to meet you here. The good old cuſtom of wiſhing a happy new year to one's friends is now exploded amongſt our refined people of the preſent age; but I hope you will give me leave to tell you, without being offended, that I wiſh you many years of happineſs. The phyſicians have at laſt adviſed my ſiſter to the *Bath* waters. We have been here a fortnight: they do not diſagree with her; that is all can be ſaid of them at preſent. I wrote to you from *Paradiſe*, and hope there is a letter of yours travelling towards me: I think I have uſed you to a bad cuſtom of late, that of writing

two

two letters for one of yours. I am often told I have great aſſurance in writing to you at all, and to be ſure I muſt do it with great fear and trembling. I am not believed when I affirm I write to you with as much eaſe as to any correſpondent I have; for I know you as much above criticiſing a letter of mine, as I ſhould be below your notice, if I gave myſelf any affected airs: you have encouraged my correſpondence, and I ſhould be a brute if I did not make the beſt of ſuch an opportunity.

Bath is full of people, ſuch as they are; none worth giving you any account of: my ſolace is Mrs. *Barber*, whoſe ſpirit and good countenance cheers me whenever I hear or ſee her; ſhe is at preſent pretty well. Company is this moment coming up ſtairs, and I can only add that I am, Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

LETTER CIX.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Cavan, Jan. 17, 1735-6.

I RECEIVED your letter of reproaches with pleaſure; and as I know you hate excuſes, I ſhall make none. Whoever has informed you that I was not in my ſchool at the right time appointed, has not done me juſtice; for whatever elſe I may diſappoint, that ſhall be inviolably and punctually obſerved by me. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

As for my *Quondam* friends, as you ſtile them, *Quondam* them all. It is the moſt decent way I can curſe them; for they lulled me aſleep till they ſtole my ſchool into the hands of a blockhead, and have driven me towards the latter end of my life to a diſagreeable ſolitude, where I have the miſery to reflect upon my folly in making ſuch a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not in my nature to ſuſpect any ſoul upon earth. * * * * * * * * * * * *

Now to think a little for myſelf. The duke of *Dorſet* does certainly owe me a ſmall living

living for the expenſive entertainment I gave him from *Terence* *. I only want a proper perſon to dun him; and I know it will be done if my lord *Orrery* will undertake it. Do not think me ſanguine in this; for more unlikely and leſs reaſonable favours have been granted. God knows whether, during my life, we ſhall have another ſcholar ſent us for a lord lieutenant. * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I wiſh you as much happineſs as I have plague, which is enough for any honeſt man. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER CX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MY DEAR MADAM, Feb. 18, 1735-6.

I PITY you and your family, and I heartily pray for both: I pity myſelf, and my prayers are not wanting; but I pity not him †. I count already that you and I and

* This was a play of *Terence*, acted by the Dr.'s ſcholars for the entertainment of the duke.

† *Theophilus Harriſon*, Eſq; a young gentleman of three and twenty, who was then upon his death-bed.

the world muſt loſe him; but do not loſe yourſelf. I was born to a million of diſappointments: I had ſet my heart very much upon that young man; but I find he has no buſineſs in ſo corrupt a world. Therefore pray take courage from Chriſtianity, which will aſſiſt you when humanity fails: I wiſh I were in his condition, with his virtues. I am a little mending, to my ſhame be it ſpoken. I ſhall alſo loſe a ſort of a ſon as well as you: only our caſes are different; for you have more, and it is your duty to preſerve yourſelf for them. I am ever your moſt affectionate and obedient, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

LETTER CXI.

The Biſhop of KILMORE* to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, February 23, 1735-6.

I SEND you the whole piece †, ſuch as it is: I fear you will find the addition, purſuant to your hint, heavy; for I could not

* Dr. *Joſiah Harte*, afterwards archbiſhop of *Tuam*.

† A ſatire on Quadrille, for which Mr. *Faulkner* the printer was ſent to *Newgate*. Vide *Johnſton*'s edition of *Swift*'s works printed 1765, letter N. 65.

get

get my imagination warmed to the ſame degree as in the former part. I hope you will ſupply what ſhall be wanting of ſpirit; and when you have pruned the rough feathers, the Ands and Thats, *&c.* you will ſend the Kite to the Faulconer, to ſet it a flying. I am your very faithful and obedient ſervant,

J. K.

May not I claim three or four copies when printed?

LETTER CXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Miſs HARRISON.

DEAR MISS HARRISON, February 23, 1735-6.

I AM in all poſſible concern for your preſent ſituation: I heartily wiſh you could prevail on your mother to remove immediately to ſome friend or neighbour's houſe, that ſhe may be out of the ſight and hearing of what muſt be done to-day. I wiſh your eldeſt brother *Whiteway* would take care to carry her to ſome part of the town where ſhe might continue until your houſe may be put in order, and every thing that might renew the memory of melancholy objects

jects be removed. Let your brother *Whiteway* write to me, that I may know how you all are, particularly your poor mother. I am ever, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

LETTER CXIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, February 23, 1735-6.

I AM extremely concerned to find your old diſorder has got hold of you again, which would not have happened if you had taken my advice to continue here where you were well. I cannot help retorting, that I never knew any perſon ſo unadviſeable as you are, eſpecially when it comes from me, who am famous for giving the beſt advice, and following the worſt. Surely Mr. —— cannot be ſo unjuſt as to let me be above —— pounds a ſufferer for that profligate brute he ſhaked off upon me: if he does perſevere in it, I will let all mankind know, that he acts rather like a little raſcally *Iriſh* ſollicitor than a man of honour. I have already almoſt finiſhed a dialogue between Lady *Betty Tattle* and

and *John Solemn* (if my money be not paid, neceſſity muſt make me write for bread) upon a ſubject they will not much like; which I vow to God ſhall be publiſhed. As I do not wear a ſword, I muſt have recourſe to the weapon in my hand. It is a better method than a law-ſuit. My ſchool only ſupplies me with preſent food, without which I cannot live. I hope, if I have any friends left, it may encreaſe, and once more put me out of a miſerable dependance upon the caprice of friendſhip. This year has been to me like ſteering through the *Cyclades* in a ſtorm without a rudder; I hope to have a leſs dangerous and more open ſea the next; and as you are out of all danger to feel the like ſufferings, I pray God you may never feel a dun to the end of your life; for it is too ſhocking to an honeſt heart. It grieves me much to hear poor Mr. *Harriſon* is in ſuch a dangerous way. I pray God preſerve him, not only for his poor mother's ſake, but the good of mankind; for I think I never knew ſo valuable a young man. I beſeech you to let me know, by the next poſt, how he is. I fear the worſt of that horrid treacherous diſtemper. I am, dear Sir, with all reſpect,

your

your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I loſt ſixty-ſix pounds by a rogue who run off *Drumcor* laſt year.

LETTER CXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, February 25, 1735 6.

IN the midſt of your grief and my own for the ſame misfortune, I cannot forbear complaining of your conduct through the whole courſe of your affliction, which made you not only neglect yourſelf, but the greater part of thoſe who are left, and, by the ſame law of nature, have an equal title to your care. I writ on *Monday* to Miſs *Harriſon*, that ſhe would beg you, in my name, to remove ſome hours to a neighbour, that your ears might not be harraſſed with the preparations for what was then to be done. She told me you would not yield; and, at the ſame time, ſhe much feared ſhe muſt loſe you too. Some degree of wiſdom is required

quired in the greateſt calamity, becauſe God requires it; becauſe he knows what is beſt for us; becauſe he never intended any thing like perfect happineſs in the preſent life; and, becauſe it is our duty, as well as intereſt, to ſubmit. I will make you another propoſal, and ſhall take it very unkindly if you do not comply. It is, that you would come hither this day immediately, where you will have a convenient apartment, and leave the ſcene that will be always putting you in mind of your loſs. Your daughter can manage the houſe, and ſometimes ſtep to ſee you. All care ſhall be taken of you, and Dr. *Robinſon* will viſit you with more eaſe, if you have occaſion for him. Mrs. *Ridgeway* ſhall attend you, and I will be your companion. Let Miſs *Harriſon* return me an anſwer, and things ſhall be ready for you. I am ever, with true eſteem and affection, dear Madam, your moſt obedient ſervant and couſin,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER CXV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Feb. 29, 1735-6.

I SINCERELY condole with you for the unſpeakable loſs of Mr. *Harriſon*, which cannot be repaired in any other of his age in this world. It wounds my heart every moment I recollect him. I do verily believe no man living has met with ſuch ſevere trials in loſſes of this kind as you have; and for this laſt, I muſt own, that I have great compaſſion for you, as he was every day growing more and more into a friend and companion; eſpecially at a time of life which requires ſuch a comfort. God Almighty ſupport his poor mother *; for none elſe can give her conſolation under ſuch a dreadful affliction.

Poor old Mr. *Price* cannot hold out a fortnight; and his ſon claims your promiſe of getting him ſomething from the Concordatum: if it overtakes him alive, it may be a legacy for a worthy ſuffering perſon, who

* Mrs. *Whiteway*.

has

has fallen a ſacrifice to his principles. I am, dear Sir, with all reſpect, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER CXVI.

The Honourable THOMAS CARTER to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Henrietta-ſtreet, March 11, 1735-6.

I WOULD have waited on you, when I ſent my ſervant with a meſſage, but was informed you did not ſee company.

I have no doubt the printer will have occaſion for a great many cargoes from our friend Mr. *Jarvis*.

I am very glad I had an opportunity of doing any thing agreeable to you. I have long wiſhed for ſome inſtance of aſſuring you that I am, with great reſpect, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

THOMAS CARTER.

LETTER CXVII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, March 27, 1736.

I HAD a pleaſure and grief at once in your letter, to find you had not forgotten me, and to find you uneaſy at a thing which God only can mend. The dream, which I had before the receipt of yours, was ſo odd and out of the way, that if *Artemidorus* were living, he would confeſs it to be out of all methods of interpretation; yet I cannot avoid imparting it to you, becauſe if you be not much changed, no man ever could ſift a matter to the truth beyond you. Thus it was;

Imprimis, I fell aſleep (or I could not dream) and what was the firſt thing I ſaw, but honeſt *Cato* in a cock-boat by himſelf, engaging not only a large fleet of foreigners, but now and then obliged to tack about againſt ſome dirty ſhattered floats, filled with his own countrymen. All were his enemies, except a very few, who were preſſed and carried on againſt their will by the arbitrary power of the rowers. I would give a ſhilling, as low as money is reduced, to know the meaning of it. * * * *

LETTER CXVIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. ALBA VIA.

DEAR MADAM,

I THANK my dear friend the Dean and you for your kind warning againſt a cold, which, I thank God, is not among us, as I told you in my laſt. Whiſkey, of which I take half a pint in the twenty-four hours, with an agreeable mixture of garlick, bitter orange, gentian-root, ſnakeroot, wormwood, &c. hath preſerved me from the aſthma for three weeks paſt to any violent degree. I am happy when my gaſpings are no quicker than thoſe of a very quick walker. So much for myſelf.

Now for your jewel of a ſon. I never met with any boy of his age of ſuch thorough good ſenſe, and ſo great a thirſt for improving himſelf. I thank God, he is as you and I could wiſh. The Dean will have pleaſure to examine him. Adieu.

LETTER CXIX.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, April 3d, 1736.

I WOULD have written laſt poſt, but I had ſuch a violent head-ach, that I could no more think than a cabbage. And now all the buſineſs I have is to make you a paper viſit, only to aſk you, how you do? You may think me impertinent for the queſtion; but when I tell you, that I have not above three friends, you will not wonder that I ſhould be afraid of loſing one of them; and therefore I muſt give you ſome rules of regimen.

1. Walk little and moderately.
2. Ride ſlow and often.
3. Keep your temper even with my friend Mrs. *Whiteway*.
4. Do not ſtrain your voice.
5. Fret not at your ſervants blunders.
6. Take a chearful glaſs.
7. Study as little as poſſible.
8. Find out a merry fellow, and be much with him.

Get

Get theſe precepts by heart, and obſerve them ſtrictly, and my life for yours we ſhall ſee better times in the next century.

I am now ſowing ſome peaſe and beans, and writing a ſatire upon Mr. *Fairbrother*, whom I ſtile *Fowlbrother* the pariſh-boy. It begins thus:

Thou loweſt ſcoundrel of the ſcoundrel kind,
Extract of all the dregs of all mankind.

And ſhall end thus:

I'll make thy dunghill reputation ſ——k,
Write thee to death with thy own pens and ink.

If you can think of any hints of a ſofter kind, I beg you may ſend them by the next poſt; for I am in haſte to whip the raſcal through *Dublin*. Preſent my very humble ſervice to Mrs. *Whiteway*. May angels protect and keep you for the ſake of your friends, is the ſincere wiſh of your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant.

While footman like he waits in every hall,
His ill-match'd wife is well receiv'd by all.
Graceful and comely ſhe, he ſcarce a man,
A dire contraſt of ſcald-crow with a ſwan.

LETTER CXX.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT and Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR SIR, May 12th, 1736.

I SEND you an encomium upon *Fowl-brother* incloſed, which I hope you will correct; and if the world ſhould charge me with flattery, you will be ſo good as to explain the obligations I lie under to that great and good bookſeller.

MADAM,

How the plague can you expect that I ſhould anſwer two perſons at once, except you ſhould think I had two heads; but this is not the only giddineſs you have been guilty of. However, I ſhall not let the Dean know it.

SIR,

I wonder you would truſt Mrs. *Whiteway* to write any thing in your letter. You have been always too generous in your confidence. Never was any gentleman ſo betrayed and abuſed.

abuſed. She ſaid more of you than I dare commit to this paper.

MADAM,

I have let the Dean know all the kind things you ſaid of him to me, and that he has not ſuch a true friend in the world. I hope you will make him believe the ſame of me.

SIR,

I wiſh you would baniſh her your houſe, and take my wife in her ſtead, who loves you dearly, and would take all proper care, if any ſickneſs ſhould ſeize you. She would as infallibly take as much care of you as ever ſhe did of me: and you know her to be a good-natured, chearful, agreeable companion, and a very handy woman; whereas Mrs. *Whiteway* is a moroſe, diſagreeable prater, and the moſt aukward devil about a ſick perſon, and very ill-natured into the bargain.

MADAM,

I believe it will not require any proteſtations to convince you, that you have not a more ſincere friend upon the earth than I

am. The Dean confeſſes that he had ſome little diſlikings to you (I fancy he hears ſome whiſpers againſt you) but I believe his ſhare of this letter will ſet all matters right. I know he has too much honour to read your part of it; and therefore I may venture to ſpeak my mind freely concerning him. Pray, between ourſelves, is he not grown very poſitive of late? He uſed formerly to liſten to his friends advice, but now we may as well talk to a ſea-ſtorm. I could ſay more, only I fear this letter may miſcarry.

SIR,

I beg that impertinent woman, who has unaccountably got your ear, may not interrupt you, while you read the encomium, and while you give it a touch of your bruſh; for I fear the colours are not ſtrong enough. Cannot you draw another picture of him? I wiſh you would; for he is a ſubject fit for the fineſt hand. What a glorious thing it would be to make him hang himſelf!

As to buſineſs, I have nothing to ſay about money yet a while; but by the next poſt you ſhall have two ſcholars notes, which will amount to about fourteen or fifteen pounds; and if Mr. —— can force himſelf

to

to do me juſtice, it will put about twenty-five pounds in your pocket. But then you muſt remark, that you will put twenty of it out again, and ſend it to Mrs. ——. I have nobody after that to gather for but you; and if money comes in as I expect, you may borrow from, ſir, yours. My tenants are as poor as *Job*, and as wicked as his wife, or the dogs would have given me ſome money before this. Mr. *Jones* ſwears he will not pay you the bond which I gave you, except you come down to receive it; for he thinks it but reaſonable that you ſhould honour *Belturbet* as well as *Cavan*. Mr. *Coote* would give three of his eyes to ſee you at *Coote-hill*. All the country long for you. My green geeſe, *&c.* are grown too fat. I have twenty lambs, upon honour, as plump as puffins, and as delicate as ortolans. I eat one of them yeſterday. A bull, a bull; hoh, I cry mercy. As I return from the county of *Galway* next vacation, I intend to make *Dublin* my way, in order to conduct you hither. Our country is now in high beauty, and every inch of it walkable. I wiſh you all happineſs till I ſee you; and remain, with all reſpect, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant, THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER CXXI.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, June 3d, 1736.

THOUGH you have left off correſponding with me theſe two years and a half, I cannot leave you off yet; and I think this is the ſixth letter I have ſent you, ſince I have heard one word of you from your own hand. My lord *Oxford* told me laſt winter that he had heard from you, and you were then well. Mr. *Cæſar* very lately told me the ſame. It is always the moſt welcome news that can come to me; but it would be a great addition to my pleaſure to have it from yourſelf; and you know my ſincere regard for you may in ſome meaſure claim it.

I have been engaged theſe five months in a moſt troubleſome law-ſuit with an *Iriſh* chairman. Thoſe fellows ſwarm about *St. James*'s, and will hardly allow you to walk half a ſtreet, or even in the *Park*, on the faireſt day. This raſcal ruſhed into the entry of a tavern to force me into his chair, ran his poles againſt me, and would not let me paſs till I broke his head. He made a jeſt

jeſt of it that night; but the next morning an *Iriſh* ſolicitor came, out of profound reſpect, to adviſe me to make the fellow amends: he told a diſmal ſtory of the ſurgeon and the bloody ſhirt, and ſpoke againſt his own intereſt, merely to hinder me, whom he had never ſeen before, from being expoſed. Neither his kind perſuaſions, nor the prudent councils of our friend Mr. *L*——, and a few more, could prevail on me. A few days after, the ſolicitor brought me a bill found by the grand jury, and a warrant under the hand of three juſtices againſt *John Ford*, without any other addition. To ſhew his good will, he would not affront me by executing the warrant; but deſired I would go to any juſtice of peace, and give bail to appear the next quarter ſeſſions. By my not doing it, he found out the miſtake of the name, which he ſaid ſhould be rectified in a new bill, and if I would not comply with their demands, after they had tried me for the aſſault, they would bring an action of eighty or an hundred pounds damages. I threatened in my turn; at which he laughed, as I ſhould do, if a little child ſhould threaten to knock me down. As they proceeded againſt me, I thought it time to begin with them,

them, and ſpoke to an acquaintance of mine, a juſtice of peace, who ſent a warrant for the fellow, upon the waiter's oath, for aſſaulting me, and by a ſmall ſtretch of power, committed him to the *Gate-houſe*, where he remained ſome days for want of bail. I believe his bail would hardly have been judged ſufficient, if his *Iriſh* ſolicitor had not gone to another juſtice, and taken a falſe oath, that the gentleman who committed him was out of town. This perjury, it ſeems, cannot be puniſhed, becauſe it was not upon record. We preſented bills againſt each other to the grand jury, among whom there happened luckily to be ſome gentlemen; and though I did not know them, by their means my bill was found, and his returned *ignoramus*. Then I indicted him in the crown-office, the terror of the low people, where they often plague one another, and always make uſe of againſt thoſe of better rank. Still the fellow bluſtered, and refuſed to make it up, unleſs I would pay his expences; for his lawyer had perſuaded him, that in the end he ſhould recover damages ſufficient to make amends for all. While he ruined himſelf by law, he loſt his buſineſs; for no gentleman would take his chair.

This

This brought down his proud ſtomach; he came to me two days ago, made his ſubmiſſions, we gave reciprocal releaſes from all actions, *&c.* and I have already received the thanks of above forty gentlemen, for procuring them liberty to walk the ſtreets in quiet. Thus this great affair has ended like the *Yorkſhire* petition, which has been the chief buſineſs of the houſe of commons this ſeſſion. Towards the end, indeed, they found a little time to ſhew their good will to the church. It is the general opinion, that the act for repealing the Teſt would have paſſed, if Sir *Robert Walpole* had not ſeen the neceſſity of his ſpeaking, which he did in the moſt artful manner he had ever done in his life. Several courtiers voted againſt him, as well as moſt of the patriots, and among others, lord *Bathurſt*'s two ſons. In the houſe of lords, next to the duke of *Argyle*, your friend *Bathurſt* and lord *Carteret* have ſhewn moſt rancour againſt ———. It is a melancholy reflection, that all the great officers of ſtate, and the whole bench of biſhops, joined to the *Tories*, could not prevent any one queſtion in disfavour of the Church.

I am aſked every day, if there be no hopes of ever ſeeing you here again; and

am

am ſorry not to be able to give any account of your intentions. I doubt my long letters quite tire your patience; and therefore conclude with aſſuring you, that nobody wiſhes you all happineſs more than I do, who am moſt intirely yours, *&c.*

LETTER CXXII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, June 3d, 1736.

MR. *Lucas* is now in *Dublin*, who will pay that ſmall bill on demand. I hope Mr. —— will not diſappoint us, and then poor Mrs. —— will be relieved. I muſt ſet out ſoon for *Dublin*. At my return I will wait upon you to bring you home with me. The weather muſt and ſhall be good; and you muſt and ſhall be in your health; and you muſt and ſhall come with me.

My walk it is finiſh't,
My money diminiſh't;
But when you come down,
I'll hold you a crown
You'll ſoon make me rich,
Or I'll die in a ditch.

Pray

Pray think of things beforehand, and do not be giddy as uſual. The walk is an hundred and twelve yards long: I hope that will pleaſe you. My rolling-ſtone coſt me dear. If I ſhould ever grow rich, as God forbid I ſhould, I would buy two hogſheads of wine at once. You muſt know I have bought turf for you, which burns like ſo many tapers. My ſon writes me word that Mr. *Veſey*'s family are angry with me for inſerting ſome lines in the *Legion Club* touching him. Upon my ſoul, I never inſerted one line in it; and upon the whole, I care not whether they believe me or not. All my garden things are in top order. Are not you ſick of *Dublin* this hot weather? How can you ſtew in ſuch an oven? My ſheep begin now to fatten; I hope they will pleaſe you very well. You ſaw the king's ſpeech, I ſuppoſe. I am glad to find by it, that he reſolves to ſtand by us. Our breams here are exceedingly good and fat; we dreſs them with carp ſauce. Doctor *Walmſley* writes me word by laſt poſt, that they are making way to bring me to *Armagh*. *Martin* is quite outrageous mad, and his relations are now taking out a writ of lunacy; ſo that if my lord *Orrery* would only mention me to the lord primate, it would

would do. I know my lord chancellor is ſo well inclined towards me, that he would willingly join in the requeſt. Conſider the lands are worth four hundred a year, and the ſituation much more advantageous. This muſt be a ſecret, upon ſeveral accounts. So much for buſineſs, and no more. My artichoaks, I do not mean my hearty jokes, are in great plenty; ſo are my ſtrawberries. I hear that the czarina, *Kouli Kan*, and the emperor will overrun *Turkey*. You will not know my houſe when you ſee it next, it will be ſo altercated. Pray what ſays goody *Whiteway* to the world? I hear ſhe gives herſelf ſtrange airs of late in calling me nothing but *Sheridan*. This comes of too much farmiliarity. When I come next to your houſe, I ſhall make her keep her diſtance, eſpecially when company is preſent; for ſhe wants to be pulled down. My young turnips, carrots, beans, and peaſe are in fine order; you muſt pay half a crown a quart, if you eat any. I ſhall be very reaſonable as to the reſt of your diet.

You ſhall want nothing fit for mortal man
To eat or drink, 'tis all that I do can.
And all that's expedient,
From your moſt obedient.

LETTER CXXIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, June 5th, 1736.

I AM ſo tormented, and have been for eight days, with the p—s, that I lie ſtretched in my bed as I now write; however, I think they begin to be eaſier, and I have hopes that I ſhall be able to attend in my ſchool on *Monday*. Surely no perſon can be ſo ſtupid as to imagine you wrote the panegyric on the *Legion Club*. I have ſeen and read it in various editions, which indeed makes me imagine every body to be its author; and what they have done to deſerve ſuch treatment, is to me a myſtery.

I never writ in this poſture before; and therefore wonder not if lines and words be crooked. My pains are likewiſe great; and therefore whether I will or not, I muſt take pains with this letter.

Now as to your coming down here, the weather will be good, the roads pleaſant, and my company likewiſe, to ſet out with you from *Dublin* on *Thurſday* fortnight, and to bring you here in three days. I have

three

three deer-parks at my command; *Coote*'s, *Fleming*'s, and *Hamilton*'s. I have at preſent forty chickens, all fat; twenty ſheep of my own, and ſixteen lambs (for lamb will be in ſeaſon a month longer) geeſe, turkeys, *&c.* My hens are hatching, my houſe is thatching, my geeſe a gagling, my wife a dragling, my corn a threſhing, my ſheep a waſhing, my turf a drawing, my timber ſawing, my gravel-walk raking, my rolling-ſtone making, my ale a brewing, myſelf a ſtewing, my boys a teaching, my webs a bleaching, my daughter's reading, my garden weeding, my lime a burning, my milk a churning.

In ſhort, all nature ſeems to be at work,
Buſy as *Kouly Kan* againſt the *Turk*.

I do not wonder that Mr. *Towers* has diſcarded that graceleſs whelp; but I wonder more he kept him above a week. He has a genius for miſchief would jade even the devil to attend him. If Mrs. *Whiteway* will prove falſe, I have willows enough to crown me, and ladies enough here to pick and chuſe, where I like beſt. The *Summer* has brought them and the flies in great abundance into our county; the latter I think, indeed, leſs troubleſome. All of them long for

for your coming; but I know not whether you long for them. I am grieved to hear you have loſt ſo much fleſh, which indeed is my preſent caſe. If my ſkin were dry, my bones would rattle like a bag of bobbins. However, I make no doubt but to plump us both up by the help of ſome houſewife's remedies. My poor dear wife has run mad for joy of your coming: ſhe ſwears by all the dirt about her, which is a cart-load, that you are more welcome than a dram to her. Sure I have a gravel-walk finiſhed twelve perches in length, eight gradations of peaſe, which will laſt you to *October*. You cannot imagine what a good houſewife I am grown; my garden is well ſtocked; I have every thing but money: but that is neither here nor there. Mr. *Jones* will order the money by firſt opportunity. May all happineſs attend you.

LETTER CXXIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, June 23d, 1736.

IF you can believe me, I can aſſure you, that we have a great plenty of flies at *Cavan*; and let me whiſper you in this letter, *nec deſunt pediculi nec pulices*; but I beſeech you not to ſpeak of it. *Si me non fallit obſervatio*, we ſhall have more of the *Egyptian* plagues, *quippe multitudo militum die craſtino adventura eſt in Cavanniam noſtram.* I do not know what the devil they will do for meat. *De noſtro cibo, niſi furtim, aut vi abripiant, uxor me capiat, ſi guſtaverint.* The ladies are already beſpeaking ſeats in my field upon the hill, *Spectatum veniunt, veniunt ſpectentur ut ipſæ.* Ho, brave colonels, captains, lieutenants, and cornets, *adeo hic ſplendentes congregantur ut ipſis pavonibus pudorem incutiunt*, of which I am an eye-witneſs, *dejectis capitibus caudas demittunt.* Our bakers are all ſo buſy upon this occaſion, that they double the heat of the weather, *atque urunt officinas.* But when the army fires on *Friday*,

day, proh Jupiter! infernum redolebunt et ſpirabunt. The noiſe of guns, the neighing of the horſes, and the womens tongues, *cœlum atque terras miſcebunt.*

Grouſe pouts are come in,
I've ſome in my bin,
To butter your chin;
When done with our din—
—ner, through thick and thin
We'll walk out and in,
And care not a pin
Who thinks it a ſin.
We make ſome folks grin,
By laſhing their kin, *&c.*

I could not mention troop-horſes, *quin Pegaſus noſter luſit exultim ut vides; ſed jam ſtabulo incluſus de verſibus nihil amplius.* You may be ſurprized at this motley epiſtle; but you muſt know that I fell upon my head the other day, and the fall ſhook away half my *Engliſh* and *Latin, cum omnia lingua Gallica, Hiſpanica, nec non Italica.* I would rather indeed my wife had loſt her one tongue *totaliter, quoniam equidem nullus dubito niſi radicitus evelleretur tonitrui ſuperaret.*

I wiſh your reverence were *here* to *hear* the trumpets;
Miſtake me not, for I mean not the ſtrumpets.

Well, when will you come down, or will you come at all? I think you may, can, might, could, would, or ought to come. My houſe is enlarging, and you may now venture to bring your own company with you; namely, the provoſt, archdeacon *Wall*, the biſhop of *Clogher*, and ——, by way of enlivening the reſt. Do not let my lord *Orrery* come with them; for I know they will not be pleaſed with his company. My love to my ſweetheart Mrs. *Whiteway*, if ſhe continues conſtant; if not, my hatred and my gall. Excuſe my haſte. I hope by the next poſt to make up for this ſhort epiſtle. I am, dear Sir, with all affection and reſpect, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I ſend you a letter from Mr. *Carte*.

LETTER CXXV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, July 6, 1736.

I SUSPECT that ſome ſecret villain has prevented the lord chancellor to ſign my commiſſion; and therefore I intreat the favour of you to know the meaning of it from his excellency; for I had his conſent by a recommendation from my lord chief baron *Marley*, and Mr. juſtice *Ward*. The ſummer is going off faſt, ſo are my beſt fowl; and you are not yet come. Will you not come for your ſix hundred and ſixty pounds? We have no way to carry it except you come for it yourſelf: and do not forget to bring the deed of ſale with you for the *Marahills* and *Drumcor*. I wiſh you could ſail with them hither to ſave you the trouble of riding, which I would rather ſee than fifty pounds which I would ſet my hand and ſeal to. Mr. *Jones*, as I told you before, will not pay any body but yourſelf; ſo that you muſt inevitably come *nolens volens*, right or wrong, whether you can or not. Our veniſon is plenty: our weather too hot for its carriage. We have

not had two hundred drops of rain theſe ſix weeks paſt.

Our river is dry,
And fiery the ſky;
I fret and I fry
Juſt ready to die:
Oh, where ſhall I fly
From *Phœbus*'s eye?
In bed, when I lye,
I ſoak like a pye;
And I ſweat, oh, I ſweat, like a hog in a ſtye.

I know you love *Alexandrines*; for which reaſon I cloſed the above madrigal with one. I think it is of a very good proportion, which I hope you will ſet to muſick; and pray let me have a baſs, and ſecond treble, with what other decorations and graces, you can better deſign than I can direct. To let you ſee you can want for nothing, if you come to *Cavan*, I write you the following catalogue:

Good road,	Fat veniſon,
A clean houſe,	Small mutton,
A hearty welcome,	Green peaſe,
Good ale,	Good water,
Good beer,	Good wine,

Good

Good bread,
Good bed,
Young turkeys,
Young beans,
Right bacon,
Cauliflowers,
Young chickens,
Young ducks,
Young lambs,
Grouſe pouts,
Fine trouts,
Carrots,
Parſnips, *Item*

A LONG GRAVEL WALK——

I muſt trouble your Reverence with a ſmall ſample of ſome things, to let you ſee that all I have ſaid is truth.

REFERENCES.

1 Artichoak.
2 Carrot.
3 Parſnip.
4 Raſpberries.
5 Gooſeberries.
6 Currants, red.
7 Currants, black.
8 Purſlain.
9 Kidney beans.
10 Common beans.
11 Red cabbage.
12 Common cabbage.
13 Turnip.
14 Cauliflowers.
15 Coſs lettuce.
16 *Sileſia* lettuce.
17 Thyme.
18 Sweet marjoram.
19 A *Cavan* fly, and a thouſand things beſide.
20 Some of my gravel walk.
21 Naſturtium.

22 Cucumber.
23 Orange.
24 Spinage.
25 Onion.
26 Pea.

I would ſend you ſome of my canal, but the paper could not hold it.

I have nothing more to ſend but my beſt wiſhes, which you can only ſee in my face, when you come down.

Preſent my love 9678946846734056789 897324 times to my dear Mrs. *Whiteway*, and all her chickens. I am, dear Sir, as I ever muſt be, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant to command, Dumb Spur it us hoſe rage it art us.

LETTER CXXVI.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 8, 1736.

YOU cannot imagine how much I was tranſported to ſee a ſuperſcription in your hand, after two years and a half intermiſſion. The pleaſure I had in not being quite forgot, was ſoon abated by what you ſay of your ill health. I doubt you live too much

by

by yourſelf; and retirement makes the ſtrongeſt impreſſion upon thoſe who are formed for mirth and ſociety. I have not been theſe thirty years without a ſet of chearful companions, by herding with new ones as the old marry and go off. Why have not you a ſucceſſion of *Grattans* and *Jackſons?* Whatever reſentment the men in power may have, every body elſe would ſeek your company, upon your own terms; and for thoſe in great ſtations, I am ſure, at this time, you would be aſhamed to be well with them. If they hate you, it is becauſe they fear you, and know your abilities better than you ſeem to do yourſelf: even in your melancholy you write with too much fire for broken ſpirits. Your giddineſs and deafneſs give me the utmoſt concern; though I believe you would be leſs ſubject to them, and as well taken care of here: nor need you ſpunge for a dinner, ſince you would be invited to two or three places every day. I will ſay no more upon this ſubject, becauſe I know there is no perſuading you.

My legs have been ſwelled many years: it is above twelve ſince *Beaufort* gave me a preſcription for them, which I never took till laſt winter. My lord *Lichfield*, and other of

my

my acquaintance, perſuaded me to it; and they tell me it has had its effect, for I am no judge either of my own bad looks, or large legs, having always found myſelf perfectly well, except when I had my fever four years ago. I walk conſtantly every day in the *Park*, and am forced to be both temperate and ſober, becauſe my meat is ſo much overdone that I don't like it, and my dining acquaintance reſerve themſelves for a ſecond meeting at night, which I obſtinately refuſe.

If your rents fall, I don't know what muſt become of us. I have conſiderable loſſes every year; and yet I think *Croſthwaite* a very honeſt man. Rents for ſome time have been ill paid here as well as in *Ireland*; and farms flung up every day, which have not been raiſed ſince king *Charles* the firſt's time. The graziers are undone in all parts, and it is bad eno gh with the farmers. One cauſe is, their living much higher than they did formerly: another is, the great number of incloſures made of late, enough to ſupply many more people than *England* contains. It is certain, all laſt year a man came off well if he could ſell a fat ox at the price he bought him lean. The butchers, by not

lowering

lowering their meat in proportion, have been the only gainers.

I generally hear once a month or oftner from my ſiſter. She writes to me with great affection; but I find ſhe is ſtill wrong-headed, and will be ſo as long as ſhe lives. As ſhe expected unreaſonable preſents, ſhe makes them much more unreaſonably; and, in my opinion, ſo ill judged, that I do not wonder more at her than at thoſe who receive them. I ſee no difference in giving thirty or forty guineas, or in paying thirty or forty guineas for a thing the perſon you give it to muſt have paid. I have heard no reaſon to doubt lord *Maſham*. I know nothing of his ſon, not even by ſight. Our friend *Lewis* is in conſtant duty with his ſick wife, who has been ſome years dying, and will not die. Unleſs he calls, as he does upon me for a quarter of an hour at moſt twice in a year, there is no ſeeing him. I heartily wiſh you health and proſperity; and am ever, moſt ſincerely, your, *&c.*

My lord *Maſham* was extremely pleaſed with your remembering him, and deſired me to make his compliments to you.

LETTER CXXVII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, July 20, 1736.

I RECEIVED yours ſome day or other this week, by the hands of Mrs. *Donaldſon*, who has made affidavit before our town magiſtrate, that I never borrowed a fly of her in my life; and I have likewiſe depoſed upon oath, that I caught the fly perched upon a roſe tree in my own garden; and I would have you to know, that I have above four hundred thouſand of the ſame ſpecies; for I counted them laſt *Sunday*. If you will not believe me, pray come down and ſee. Mr. *Jones* has your ſix hundred and ſixty pounds ready, but can get no bills to remit it. I beſeech you loſe no time; for he is uneaſy about it. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

If you put off the time of coming down longer, you will loſe the beſt things our country can afford. The ladies are full of your coming; *viz.*

My

My wife †,
2 ladies *Laneſborough*,
Mrs. *Maxwell*,
Mrs. *Fitzmaurice*,
Mrs. *Hort*,
Mrs. *Hamilton*,
Mrs. *Sanderſon*,
Mrs. *Nuburgh*,
Mrs. *Cromer*,
Mrs. *White*,
Mrs. *Neſbitt*,
Her 5 daughters,
Mrs. *Stephens*,
Mrs. and Miſs *Clement*,
Miſs *Tighe*,
Mrs. *Coote*,
Miſs *Pratt*,
Mrs. *Fitzherbert*,
Mrs. *Jones*,
Beauty *Copeland*,
Miſs *Brook*, 1, 2, 3, 4,
&c. &c. &c.
All your *Cavan* miſtreſſes.

News.

Doctor *Thompſon*'s ſervant almoſt cudgelled him to death going from a chriſtening.

Colonel *Nuburgh*'s fine arched markethouſe, quite finiſhed with a grand cupola on the top, fell flat to the earth. It is now begun upon again. *Sic tranſit gloria mundi.*

Grouſe pouts,
Fine trouts,
Right veniſon
For my beniſon.

Leave your ſt——g town in haſte,
For you have no time to waſte.

† Who, by the by, hated Dr. *Swift* above all the human race.

Let me know what day I ſhall meet you. *Price* and I will ſtretch to *Virginia*. That all happineſs may for ever attend you is the ſincere wiſh of, dear Sir, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, July 31, 1736.

I WENT to *Belturbet* immediately upon the receipt of your letter, and found Mr. *Jones* ready for Mr. *Henry*'s draught, and glad of it; and ſo am I—But you are a very fine lawyer in calling your deed of ſale a mortgage——Inſtead of cancelling there is more to be done: you muſt not only cancel, but you muſt reconvey to me, in as formal a manner as if you ſold to me—Pray aſk advice, and *do* not *do* things hand overhead as you were going to *do* (obſerve my ſtyle *) like me. If I had not ſworn never to ſet my foot in *Dublin*, except I were to

* This was exactly *Swift*'s ſtyle to *Sheridan* upon many occaſions; and now *Sheridan*, in his pleaſant manner, returns the compliment.

paſs

paſs through it for *England* †, I would go thither next vacation; but I have ſworn ſolemnly I will not—If I had my few friends out of it, I would not care that all the reſt were petrified.

Now you muſt know that I forbid you the town of *Cavan* as ſtrenuouſly as I invited you to it; for the ſmall-pox is the broom of death at preſent, and ſweeps us off here by dozens—I never had it, which gives me ſome little palpitations, but no great fear.—As ſoon as I can get five hundred pounds in my pocket, to make a figure with, I may perhaps honour your metropolis with my preſence; and that may be ſooner than you imagine, for I have a guinea, a moidore, a cobb, and two *Manks* pence towards it already——You may think I ſwagger, but as I hope to be ſaved it is true.

How grieved I am that I am out of the way while Doctor *King* is in *Dublin*. I wiſh with all my ſoul he would take a frolick to come hither, becauſe he would coſt me no wine, and I have the beſt water in *Ireland*.

† *Sheridan* never croſſed the Channel to *England* in his whole life.

My

My collection of witty ſayings, *&c.* is finiſhed, if I had any friends to recommend them. The beſt wares of that kind will not go off otherwiſe. Doctor *King* promiſed me his friendſhip at *Oxford*. If you would ſpeak a kind word to the publick in their behalf, I know they would bring me in *L'argent*, which I now want as much as I formerly did the gift of retention, when I had enough. But—That—is—neither—here—nor there—

My ſon—I can affirm is thoroughly reformed; and, as an argument of it, I muſt acquaint you that his mother finds fault with every thing he does.

My ſon—is ſo far poiſoned by the ſerpent his mother, that I cannot get him home, although I ſent horſes for him. * * * * * * * * * * * * * May all happineſs attend you, is the ſincere wiſh of, dear Sir, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER CXXIX.

Lady HOWTH to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Auguſt 6, 1736.

I DON'T know how this letter may be received, ſince I never had the favour of an anſwer of my laſt. I impute it to the neglect of the poſt, or any thing rather than to think I am forgot by my old friend. I am now in *Connaught*, where I aſſure you I ſpend the leaſt of my time at cards. I am on horſeback almoſt every day to view the beauties of *Connaught*, where I am told you have been. I live greatly under ground; for I view all the places under ground. I make nothing of going down ſixty ſteps. I really think, could you lend me a little of your brains, I ſhould be able to come nigh *Addiſon* in ſeveral of his deſcriptions of *Italy*; for upon my word I think there are ſeveral very remarkable things. As you took a journey laſt winter to *Cavan*, my lord and I hope you will take one to the county of *Kilkenny* this winter, where we aſſure you of a hearty welcome. I muſt now be troubleſome to you; but lord *Athunry* begged I would write

to you in favour of a young gentleman, one Mr. *Ireland*, who was uſher to Mr. *Garnett*, ſchool-maſter of *Tipperary*. Mr. *Garnett* died lately: he has given Mr. *Ireland* a very good certificate, and moſt of the gentlemen in and about *Tipperary* have recommended Mr. *Ireland* to ſucceed Mr. *Garnett:* as you are one of the governors of that ſchool, I hope you will do Mr. *Ireland* all the ſervice you can, which will very much oblige me. Since I began this there came in a trout; it was ſo large that we had it weighed; it was a yard and four inches long, twenty-three inches round; his jawbone eight inches long, and he weighed thirty-five pound and a half. My lord and I ſtood by to ſee it meaſured. I believe I have tired your patience; ſo beg leave to aſſure you I am your affectionate friend and humble ſervant,

L. HOWTH.

Direct to me at *Turlaghvan*, near *Tuam*.

My lord begs you would accept of his compliments.

LETTER CXXX.

THOMAS CARTE, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, August 11, 1736.

HAVING at last, after a long application and in the midst of sharp rheumatic pains, the effects of a sedentary life, finished my history *of the Life of the first Duke of* Ormond, *and of the Affairs of* Ireland *in his Time*, I here send you a copy of that work, of which I beg your acceptance. I have endeavoured to follow the instructions you gave me, and hope I have done so in some measure. If it have your approbation in any degree, it will be so much to my satisfaction.

It hath been a long subject of complaint in *England*, that no history has yet been wrote of it upon authentic and proper materials; and even those who have taken notice of the military actions of our ancestors, have yet left the civil history of the kingdom (the most instructive of any) untouched, for want of a proper knowledge of the antiquities, usages, laws and construction of this nation. *Rapin de Toiras*, the last writer,

was a foreigner, utterly ignorant in theſe reſpects; and, writing his hiſtory abroad, had no means of clearing up any difficulties that he met with therein. He made, indeed, ſome uſe of *Rymer*'s *Fœdera*; but his ignorance of our cuſtoms ſuffered him to fall into groſs miſtakes, for want of underſtanding the phraſeology of acts, which have reference to our particular cuſtoms. Beſides, *Rymer*'s collection contains only ſuch treaties as were enrolled in the *Tower*, or in the rolls of Chancery: he knew nothing of ſuch as were enrolled in the Exchequer, and of the public treaties with foreign princes enrolled in this latter office. I have now a liſt of above four hundred by me. *Rymer* never made uſe of that vaſt collection of materials for an *Engliſh* hiſtory, which is preſerved in the *Cotton* library: nor ever conſulted any journal of our privy council, whenever he refers to any, ſtill quoting biſhop *Burnet* for his author. He never read the rolls of parliament, nor any journal of either houſe, where the chief affairs within the nation are tranſacted; and did not ſo much as know there was ſuch a place as the paper office, where all the letters of the *Engliſh* ambaſſadors abroad, and all the diſpatches of our ſecre-

ſecretaries of ſtate at home, from the time of *Edward* the fourth to the revolution (ſince which the ſecretaries have generally carried away their papers) are kept in a good method, and with great regularity; ſo that he wanted likewiſe the beſt materials for an account of our foreign affairs. Theſe defects have made ſeveral of our nobility and gentry deſire a new hiſtory to be wrote, in which the above-mentioned, and other materials as authentic as they, may be made uſe of. They have propoſed it to me, and my objections regarding the vaſtneſs of the expence as well as labour, that, to ſatisfy myſelf, I muſt have all materials by me, not only copies out of our records, journals, *&c.* in *England*; but even copies of negociations of foreign ambaſſadors at this court (*e. g.* of the *French*; all the negociations and letters of which, for two hundred years paſt, I knew where to have copied) they have propoſed a ſubſcription of a thouſand a year, for as many years as the work will require, to defray this expence. The ſubſcription is begun, and will (I believe) be compleated this winter; and then that work will employ all my time. One advantage I already find from the very talk of this deſign, hav-

ing been offered ſeveral collections and memoirs of particular perſons, conſiderable in their time, which I did not know were in being, and which would elſe no part of them ever ſee the light: and the manner of the hiſtory's being carried on, will probably make every body open their ſtores.

This is one reaſon, among many others, which make me very deſirous of having your judgment of the work I have now publiſhed, and that you would point out to me ſuch faults as I would fain correct in my deſigned work. It will be a very particular favour to a perſon who is, with the greateſt eſteem and reſpect, Sir, your very obliged and obedient ſervant,

THOMAS CARTE.

Mr. *Awnſhaw*'s, in *Red-lion Court*, in *Fleet-ſtreet*, *London*.

LETTER CXXXI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Cavan, Auguſt 14, 1736.

YOUR account of the Dean gives me much grief. I hope in God he will diſappoint all his friends fears, and his enemies hopes. Nothing can be a greater affliction to me than my diſtance from him; and, what is full as bad, my being ſo near to one who has been the occaſion of it. Very rich folks in my debt have made ſuch apologies for non-payment, that I now feel for *Ireland*, but much more for myſelf, becauſe I was in hopes of being able to make my appearance in *Dublin* with a good grace—NAMELY, to pay ſome debts, which I can knot.

My poor lady *Mountcaſhell* has a right to a viſit from me; and thither I will venture for a day and a night—and I will venture to the deanry for another. I could wiſh the beſt friend I had in the world (you may gueſs who I mean) and I am ſure is ſo ſtill, would take a little of my advice——You may depend upon this, it ſhould be all for my own advantage.

Now I have done raving—I muſt turn my pen, which is my tongue's repreſentative, againſt you for a while, becauſe I am certain it might be in your power to paint my *Siberia* ſo agreeably to the Dean, as to ſend him hither while our good weather laſted—My new kitchen is diſappointed; ſo is my gravel walk; but what is worſe, his only favourite, my rib—who dreamed with great pleaſure, that he would never come. I am ſorry ſhe is diſappointed; for I am certain ſhe would run away if he had come—God forgive him for not doing it—I will make all the haſte I can out of this hell; and I hope my friends, (I beg pardon, I mean my friend) will caſt about a little for me—if he does not, I will try *England*, where the predominant phraſe is, Down with the *Iriſh*. I will ſay no more, but tell you that you are a falſe miſtreſs; and if you do not behave yourſelf better, I will chuſe another. In the mean time God bleſs you and my deareſt friend the Dean. I am, notwithſtanding all your upbraidings, dear Madam, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER CXXXII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Sept. 15, 1736.

I RECEIVED a letter from Mr. *Henry* by the laſt poſt, wherein he tells me that the ſix hundred and ſixty pound were ſhort by eight pounds of your principal, and that you expected I ſhould ſend you my promiſſory note for that, and the intereſt of your money, which I will do moſt willingly, when you let me know whether you will charge me five or ſix *per cent.* that I may draw my note accordingly. Indeed if you pleaſed, or would vouchſafe, or condeſcend, or think proper, I would rather that you would, I mean ſhould, charge only five *per cent.* becauſe I might be ſooner able to pay it. Upon ſecond thoughts, mine eyes being very ſore with weeping for my wife, you may let Mrs. *Whiteway* know (to whom pray preſent my love and beſt reſpects) that I have made an experiment of the lake-water, which I ſent for, upon myſelf only twice, before my optics became as clear as ever; for which reaſon I ſent for a dozen bottles

bottles of it for Miſs *Harriſon*, to brighten her ſtars to the ruin of all beholders. Remember if ſhe turns baſiliſk, that her mother is the cauſe. *Tully* the carrier (not *Tully* the orator) is to leave this to-morrow (if he does) by whom I ſhall ſend you a quarter of my own ſmall mutton, and about ſix quarts of nuts to my miſtreſs in *Abbey-ſtreet* *, with a fine pair of *Cavan* nut-crackers to ſave her white teeth; and yours too, if ſhe will deign to lend them to you. I would adviſe you to keep in with that ſame lady, as you value my friendſhip (which is your beſt feather) otherwiſe you muſt forgive me if my affections ſhall withdraw with hers. Alas, my long evenings are coming on, bad weather, and confinement. O, that ſome friend would lodge me in *Dublin Marſhalſea!*

Somebody told me (but I forget who) that Mrs. *Whiteway* rid your mare at the *Curragh*, and won the plate; but ſurely ſhe would not carry the frolic ſo far. They ſay the primate's lady rid againſt her; and that Mrs. *Whiteway*, by way of weight, carried the biſhop of *Down* and *Connor* behind her. Pray let me know the truth of this.

* Mrs. *Whiteway*.

Mr.

Mr. *Faulkner* writ to me for ſome poems of yours which I have. I am collecting them as faſt as I can from among my papers; and he ſhall have them in a poſt or two, ſo pleaſe to tell him.

Three old women were lately buried at the foot of our ſteeple here; and ſo ſtrong was the fermentation of their carcaſes, that our ſteeple has viſibly grown forty foot higher; and, what is wonderful, above twenty ſmall ones are grown out of its ſides. What ſurprizes me moſt is, that the bell-rope is not one foot higher from the ground. Be ſo good as to communicate this to the provoſt of the college, or archdeacon *Wittingham*, or archdeacon *Wall*. I would be glad to have all or either of their opinions, as they are the chief virtuoſi in this kingdom.

I wiſh you all happineſs, and hope you will out-live every enemy, and then we may hope our church and kingdom will flouriſh, and ſo will your obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER CXXXIII.

Dr. KING to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, Paris, Nov. 9th, O. S. 1736.

AS ſoon as ever you caſt your eye on the date of this letter, you will pronounce me a rambler; and that is a charge I will not deny. How I was tranſported from *Edinburgh* to this place, requires more room to inform you than my paper will allow me. But I will give you a ſmall hint; you know I am a *Laplander* *, and conſequently I have the honour to be well acquainted with ſome witches of diſtinction. I ſpeak in the phraſe of this country: for the firſt man I ſpoke to in *Paris*, told me, he had the *honour* to live next door to Mr. *Knight*'s hatter. But to our buſineſs. I would not have you imagine I forget my friends, or neglect the great affairs I have undertaken. The next letter you will receive from me ſhall be dated from *London*, where I propoſe to arrive about the twentieth of this month. I will then

* This alludes to the Doctor's fine ſatire called *The* TOAST, which he pretends was written originally in *Latin* by *Frederick Scheffer*, a *Laplander*.

put

put the little MS. to the preſs, and oblige the whole *Engliſh* nation. As to the hiſtory, the Dean may be aſſured I will take care to ſupply the dates that are wanting, and which can eaſily be done in an hour or two. The tracts, if he pleaſes, may be printed by way of appendix. This will be indeed leſs trouble than the interweaving them in the body of the hiſtory, and will do the author as much honour, and anſwer the purpoſe full as well. This is all I need ſay in anſwer to that part of your letter, which is ſerious: for I hope you are not in earneſt, when you throw out ſuch horrible reflections againſt my friends in *Scotland*. Will you believe me, when I tell you upon my word, that I was entertained with the greateſt politeneſs and delicacy during my ſhort ſtay in that country? I found every thing as neat and clean in the houſes, where I had my quarters, as even you could deſire. I cannot indeed much commend *Edinburgh*; and yet the ſ——ks, which are ſo much complained of there, are not more offenſive, than I have found them in every ſtreet in this elegant city, which the *French* ſay is the miſtreſs of the world; *Madame il n'y a qu'un Paris*. As to my own thoughts of this nation, you ſhall know them,

them, when I am out of it; and then I will write to the Dean, and give him ſome account of his old friend my lord *Bolingbroke*. When the Dean is informed of what that gentleman is doing, I am apt to believe it will be a motive to induce him to haſten the publication of his hiſtory. In the mean time, I beg of you to aſſure him, that nothing ſhall be wanting on my part to execute his commiſſions very faithfully. I am truly ſenſible of the great obligations I owe him, and of the *honour* he hath done me, not in the *French* ſenſe of that word.

I deſire my humble ſervice to Miſs *Harriſon*, and tell Mr. *Swift* * I ſhall be glad of any opportunity to do him a real ſervice. At the ſame time I aſſure you, with the greateſt truth, that I am, Madam, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

W. KING.

* Mr. *Swift* was at this time in *Ireland*, but returned to *Oxford* the *Spring* following.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Nov. 21ſt, 1736.

I RECEIVED the vexatious account of your diſappointment in the nuts and water, which were both in perfection when they left me, and for which I will make the carrier an example, as ſoon as I can lay hold of him. I do believe this ſame country, wherein I am ſettled, exceeds the whole world in villainy of every kind, and theft. It is not long ſince a pair of millſtones were ſtolen, and carried off from within two miles of *Quilca*; the thieves traced and purſued as far as *Killiſhandra*, and farther they were never more heard of, any more than if they had been dropt into Hell. I do believe this dexterity may challenge hiſtory to match it. It has made all our country merry, but the poor miller that loſt them.

I ſincerely congratulate with you upon the recovery of our dear friend the Dean. May he live long, to the joy of his friends, and the vexation of his enemies. I have been for a week paſt compoſing an *Anglo-latin* letter to

to him, which is not as yet finiſhed. I hope it will make him a viſit upon his birth-day, which I intend to celebrate with ſome of his own money, and ſome of his own friends here. Three tenants have lately run away with thirty pounds of my rent: I have by good fortune got one rich honeſt man in their place, who has commenced from *Sept.* paſt, and is to pay me their arrears the next *May*; ſo that I am well off. I will gather as faſt as I can for the Dean; but indeed he muſt have a little longer indulgence for me. It is very hard that the Squire —— ſhould keep my money in his pocket, when it is nothing out of his. I ſuppoſe he intends it ſhall keep him in coals for two or three years; for the devil a one he burns, except it be ſometimes in his kitchen, and his nurſery upon a cold day. I have this day written a complaint of him to my ſcholar —— of ——, who, I hope, will have gratitude enough to do me juſtice. There never was known ſuch a ſcarcity of money as we have in the North, owing to the diſmal circumſtances of ſome thouſands of families preparing to go off, that have turned their leaſes and effects into ready money. Some ſquires will have their whole eſtates left to themſelves

ſelves and their dogs. O what compaſſion I have for them! I have written a little pretty birth-day poem againſt *St. Andrew*'s day, which, when corrected, reviſed, and amended, I intend for *Faulkner* to publiſh. I do aſſure you, madam, it is a very pretty thing (although I ſay it that ſhould'nt ſay it) and as humourous a thing as ever you read in your life; and I know the whole world will be in love with it, as I am with you. But how the devil came you to tell the Dean you are no longer my miſtreſs? I ſay that you are, and ſhall be ſo in ſpight of the whole world. I wiſh Mrs. *Sheridan* were dead out of the way.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER CXXXV.

Dr. DUNKIN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, Nov. 30, 1736.

I HAD propoſed vaſt pleaſure to myſelf, from the hopes of celebrating the Dean's birth-day with you; but as I have been afflicted with a violent head-ach all day, which is not yet abated, I could not ſafely venture abroad. I have however, as in annual duty

bound, attempted to write ſome lines on the occaſion; not indeed with that accuracy the ſubject deſerved, being the crudities of laſt night's lucubrations, to which I attribute the indiſpoſition of my pate: but if they ſhould in any meaſure merit your approbation, I ſhall rejoice in my pain. One comfort however I enjoy by abſenting myſelf from your ſolemnity, that I ſhall not undergo a ſecond mortification, by hearing my own ſtuff. Be pleaſed to render my moſt dutiful reſpects agreeable to the Dean, and pardon this trouble from, Madam, your moſt obliged moſt obedient ſervant,

W. DUNKIN.

LETTER CXXXVI.

Dr. KING to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, December 7th, 1736.

I ARRIVED here yeſterday, and I am now ready to obey your commands. I hope you are come to a poſitive reſolution concerning the hiſtory. You need not heſitate about the dates, or the references which are to be made to any public papers; for I can ſupply them without the leaſt trouble. As well as

I remember, there is but one of thoſe public pieces, which you determined ſhould be inſerted at length; I mean Sir *Thomas Hanmer*'s repreſentation; this I have now by me. If you incline to publiſh the two tracts as an appendix to the hiſtory, you will be pleaſed to ſee if the character given of the E. of *Oxford* in the pamphlet of 1715 agrees with the character given of the ſame perſon in the hiſtory. Perhaps on a review, you may think proper to leave one of them quite out. You have (I think) barely mentioned the attempt of *Guiſcard*, and the quarrel between *Rechteren* and *Meſnager*. But as theſe are facts which are probably now forgot or unknown, it would not be amiſs if they were related at large in the notes; which may be done from the *Gazettes*, or any other news-papers of thoſe times. This is all I have to offer to your conſideration; and you ſee here are no objections which ought to retard the publication of this valuable work one moment. I will only now add, that if you intend this hiſtory ſhould be publiſhed from the original manuſcript, it muſt be done while you are living: and if you continue in the ſame mind to intruſt me with the execution of your orders, I will perform

them faithfully. This I would do, although I did not owe you a thouſand obligations, which I ſhall ever acknowledge. I am, with the greateſt truth, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

W. KING.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Earl of ORRERY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Corke, April 3d, 1737.

I AM very glad there are twelve thouſand pounds worth of halfpence arrived; they are twelve thouſand arguments for your quitting *Ireland*. I look upon you in the ſame ſtate of the unfortunate *Achæmenides* amidſt tyrants and monſters——Do you not remember the deſcription of *Polypheme* and his den?

——*Domus ſanie dapibuſque cruentis*
Intus opaca, ingens, ipſe arduus, altaque pulſat
Sidera, (Dii talem terris avertite peſtem!)
Nec viſu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli:
Viſceribus miſerorum & ſanguine veſcitur atro.

Remember alſo, that

Centum alii curva hæc habitant ad littora vulgo
Infandi Cyclopes, et altis montibus errant.

Tranſlate theſe lines and come away with me to *Marſton*; there you ſhall enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; there you ſhall ſee the famous *Sacſockiſhkaſh*, and his two pupils, who ſhall attend your altars with daily incenſe; there no archbiſhops can intrude; there you ſhall be the ſole lord and maſter; whilſt we your ſubjects ſhall learn obedience from our happineſs.——If you ever can think ſeriouſly, think ſo now; and let me ſay with the curate of my pariſh, Conſider what has been ſaid unto you, ponder it well, lay it up in your heart, and God of his infinite mercy direct you!—Mrs. *Whiteway* ſhall be truly welcome to *Marſton*'s homely ſhade. *Hector* ſhall fawn upon the Doctor; and I myſelf will be under the direction and government of Sir *R. W.*

You tell me, I am to carry a load for you to *England*; the moſt acceptable load will be yourſelf, and that I would carry with as true piety as *Æneas* bore the ancient *Anchiſes* on his ſhoulders, when he fled from

fire, from blood, from *Greeks*, and from ruined *Troy!*

Can you expect that lords move regularly? Is it not below our ſtation to think where or when we are to go? But if my coach and ſix is in order, perhaps I may have the honour to ſtart a hare in *Steven's-Green* about the firſt of next month. In the middle of *June* I will hope to ſet ſail with you to *England*. Mr. *Pope* will come out beyond the ſhore to meet you: you will exchange Cyclops for Men; and if one muſt fall, ſurely the choice is right.

Si pereo, manibus hominum periiſſe juvabit.

My next ſhall be longer. I am now forced to bid you farewel; but hereafter expect my whole life and converſation: you ſhall certainly have the cheeſes. If you will come to *Somerſetſhire*, I will eat one for joy *. The beſt in *England* are made in my manor.

I am ſo well, that I had almoſt forgot to anſwer that kind part of your letter. It is only you that can add health and happineſs to your very affectionate obliged and faithful ſervant,

ORRERY.

* The Earl of *Orrery* hated cheeſe to ſuch a degree, that he could ſcarce bear the ſight of it.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD MASTER DEAN,

Dover-Street, April 7th, 1737.

I AM extreamly obliged to you for ſeveral letters, which I, with great ſhame and concern, acknowledge that I have not anſwered, as alſo ſeveral remembrances of me and my family in your letters to ſeveral of your friends, but particularly in your letters to Mr. *Pope*: I ſtand very ſtrongly obliged to you upon theſe accounts; I dare ſay you will do me that juſtice, that you will not attribute my not writing to proceed from any neglect of you, or from any forgetfulneſs: I am certain of this, that I do retain the warmeſt eſteem and ſincereſt regard for you of any one, be he who he will; and therefore I hope you will pardon what has paſſed, and I promiſe to amend, if my letters would in the leaſt be agreeable to you.

One reaſon of my writing to you now is (next to my aſking your forgiveneſs) this; I am told that you have given leave and li-

berty to ſome one or more of your friends to print a hiſtory of the laſt four years of queen *Anne*'s reign, wrote by you.

As I am moſt truly ſenſible of your conſtant regard and ſincere friendſhip for my father, even to partiality (if I may ſay ſo) I am very ſenſible of the ſhare and part he muſt bear in ſuch a hiſtory; and as I remember, when I read over that hiſtory of yours, I can recollect that there ſeemed to me a want of ſome papers to make it more compleat, which was not in our power to obtain; beſides there were ſome ſevere things ſaid, which might have been then very currently talked of, but now will want a proper evidence to ſupport; for theſe reaſons it is that I do intreat the favour of you, and make it my earneſt requeſt, that you will give your poſitive directions, that this hiſtory be not printed and publiſhed, until I have had an opportunity of ſeeing it, with a liberty of ſhewing it to ſome family friends, whom I would conſult upon this occaſion. I beg pardon for this; I hope you will be ſo good as to grant my requeſt: I do it with great deference to you: If I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you, I could ſoon ſay ſomething to

you

you that would convince you I am not wrong: they are not proper for a letter, as you will eaſily gueſs.

My wife deſires your acceptance of her moſt humble ſervice; my daughter is extreamly pleaſed with the notice you are pleaſed to take of her, ſhe is very well: ſhe brought me another grandaughter laſt month: ſhe deſires your acceptance of her moſt humble ſervice, and would be glad of the pleaſure of ſeeing you here in *England*.

The duke of *Portland* ſo far anſwers our expectations, that indeed he exceeds them; for he makes the beſt huſband, the beſt father, and the beſt ſon; theſe qualities are, I aſſure you, very rare in this age.

I wiſh you would make my compliments to my lord *Orrery*; do you deſign to keep him with you? I do not blame you, if you can. I am, with true eſteem and regard, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

I wiſh Maſter *Faulkner*, when he ſends any thing to me, would ſay how you do.

LETTER CXXXIX.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, April 17th, 1737.

I RETURNED laſt night from *Derry*, where I have been for ſome time paſt, and where you will be received with great reſpect. I pleaſed myſelf with the hopes of finding at home an account of the time you deſign being here —— My diſappointment occaſions you this trouble; and I hope you will ſuffer that which can do it beſt to plead my excuſe for being ſo importunate.

Sir, I take the country to be as pleaſant the latter end of this, and all the next month, as any in the year; the fields are putting on their gayeſt liveries to receive you; the birds will warble their ſweeteſt notes to entertain you; and the waters in the river *Bann*, when they come in view of your apartment, will tumble in great hurry to wait on you, and leave you with reluctance.

I muſt brag of my ſituation, and will pawn my credit with you in thoſe matters, that

that you will pronounce it the moſt delightful you have ſeen in *Dublin* at leaſt.

Sir, I will not conceal from you any longer a ſelf-intereſt I have in honouring this place with your preſence. All the incloſures I intend in my demeſne are now finiſhed, and I am ready to begin what I intend by way of ornament; but until I am fixed in the ſcheme of the whole, which I would have adapted in the beſt manner to the place, I would do nothing. I have delayed coming to a final reſolution, till I ſhall have the opportunity of intreating your opinion and aſſiſtance after viewing the whole. It will perhaps afford yourſelf no diſagreeable amuſement, and occaſion ſomething elegant and correct in miniature, where nature has almoſt done every thing. When you let me know that you have fitted your ſtages, I will contrive to meet you as far as *Armagh* or *Stewartſtown*. I will only add, that it is one that loves you, as well as admires you, that is thus troubleſome to you; and that I am, with the greateſt truth, as well as eſteem, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

LETTER CXL.

The Hon. Miſs DAVYS * to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, May 27th, 1737.

I KNOW you are always pleaſed to do acts of charity, which encourages me to take the liberty of recommending a boy about ten years old, the bearer of this, to your goodneſs, to beg you would employ it in getting him put into the *Blue-coat Hoſpital.* I received the incloſed letter from him this morning. Your compliance with this requeſt, and pardon for this trouble, will oblige, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

M. DAVYS.

* Afterwards Counteſs of *Barrymore.*

LETTER CXLI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

CERVE DECANE, June, 1737.

EGO longus audire a te, nunc Franciſci ſunt venti intus. Dominus M'Carty erat apud Sanctas Catherinas *, qui olim minabatur me cum ſcripto, & ſue ego ibam ad Dunboyn. Non reddebam ad Dublinum apis cauſa debebam nummum, & ego habebam id non ad cicerem.

Meus filius Thomas ſedebat nuper pro ſcholaſticâ nave, et perdidit id per malitiam unius domini Hughs, qui gignebat ſuper apud aſſerem †, et dixit, quod puer erat nimium juvenis pro juramento. Diabolus cape ingratum Socium; nam olim dedi illum doctrinam pro nihil; et ſic ſervit me nunc. Quomodo unquam ego non volo capere ad cor, ſed ego faciam optimum de malo mercatu. O qualis mundus eſt hic! Sed ego dicam non plus. Scio quod ſcio; et tenebo

* *St. Catherine*'s, lady *Mountcaſhel*'s villa about ſix miles from *Dublin*.

† When the provoſt and fellows of the univerſity of *Dublin* meet in council, they call it a Board.

mentem

mentem ad meipſum, et ego ſolvam id de cum cogitando.

Ego habeo tres libros ſapientum dictorum ‡ tranſcriptos pro te in pulchrâ et magnâ manu, quos mittam ad te per primam opportunitatem, ante ut meus dominus Orrery vadit pro Angliâ ; nam promiſit capere illos cum ſe, et facere pactum pro me cum prælatore.

Corrigo illos libros valde puteus, ut jubebas me, ſic id ego ſpero non habebis multum agere; nam eſt non rationabile dare tibi multam moleſtiam circum ſarciendo ſtylum. Amica Donelſon eſt cito ire ad Dublinum, mittam illos cum illâ.

Ego habeo non ullos nuncios, ſed quod noſtra tempeſtas eſt valde calida, in ſic tantum, ut omne noſtrum gramen eſt uſtum ſuper, et pecora habent nihil edere. Caremus pluvia valde multum, ſi Deus placeret mittere—Mitte me verbum quid genus tempeſtatis eſt in Dublino, & ſi placet te mitte ad me rationem tuæ ſanitatis. Da meum humile ſervitium omnibus, qui rogant pro me, Ad Dominum Orrery, ad Doctorem Helſham & cæteris amicorum. Precare cape

‡ The Doctor's collection of Bons Mots.

curam

curam de teipſo, & ſic obligabis tuum humillimum famulum,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Junii die 22°.

Unum mille ſeptem centum & triginta ſeptem. Servitium et amor dominæ albæ viæ.

LETTER CXLII.

Alderman BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

MOST HONOURED FRIEND,

London, June 23, 1737.

I WAS favoured with a letter ſome time ſince by the hands of the bearer Mr. *Lloyd*, and by him take the opportunity of anſwering it.

I do aſſure you, Sir, that as the Society have always had the greateſt regard for your recommendation, ſo, in this affair, they have given a freſh inſtance of their reſpect; for they have reſolved to relieve their tenants in *Colrain* from their hard bargains; and, to that end, have put it in a way that is to the entire ſatisfaction of the bearer.

I hope

I hope this will find you in good health, and that the hot weather will contribute thereto; which will be a great ſatisfaction to all honeſt men who wiſh well to their country.

Our friend Mr. *Pope* is very hearty and well, and has obliged the town lately with ſeveral things in his way; among the reſt, a tranſlation of *Horace*'s Odes; in one of which you are mentioned *as ſaving your nation*: which gave great offence; and, I am aſſured, was under debate in the council, whether he ſhould not be taken up for it: but it happening to be done in the late king's time, they paſſed it by.

I hope you ſee the paper called *Common Senſe*, which has wit and humour.

I had thoughts of kiſſing your hand this ſummer; but we are all in confuſion at *Derry* about power, which will prevent my coming at preſent; but I am in hopes of having that happineſs before I die. I thank God I hold out to a miracle almoſt; for I am better in my health now than I was many years ago.

Lord *Bolingbroke* is in *France*, writing, I am told, the Hiſtory of his own Time: he

is

is well. You will pleaſe to make my compliments to lord *Orrery* and Dr. *Delany*.

I have many things to ſay, which in prudence I muſt defer.

I ſhall conclude with my hearty prayers to Almighty God, to preſerve your moſt valuable life for many years, as you are a publick bleſſing to your country, and a friend to all mankind; and to aſſure you that I am, with ſincerity, dear Sir, your moſt affectionate and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JOHN BARBER.

LETTER CXLIII.

Dr. KING to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, St. Mary-Hall, Oxford, June 24, 1737.

I DO not know for what reaſon the worthy gentlemen of the poſt-office intercepted a letter, which I did myſelf the honour to write to you about two months ago. I cannot remember I ſaid any thing that could give them the leaſt offence. I did not mention the new half-pence; I did not praiſe the royal family; I did not blame the prime miniſter; I only returned you my thanks for a very kind letter I had juſt then received

from you. It is true I incloſed in that letter a printed paper called *Common Senſe*, in which the author propoſes a new ſcheme of government for the people of *Corſica*, adviſing to make their king of the ſame ſtuff of which the *Indians* make their gods *. I thought to afford you ſome diverſion: but perhaps it was this made the whole packet criminal.

I have this day received a letter from Mrs. *Whiteway*, in which ſhe tells me that I am to expect the manuſcript by lord *Orrery*. I will have the pleaſure to wait on him as ſoon as I can do it without croſſing the *Iriſh* channel: and as ſoon as I receive the papers, you ſhall hear from me again. I ſhall have an opportunity of writing fully to you by Mr. *Deane Swift*, who propoſes to ſet out for *Ireland* the next vacation. In making mention of this gentleman, I cannot help recommending him to your favour. I have very narrowly obſerved his conduct ever ſince I have been here; and I can, with great truth, give him the character of a modeſt, ſober, ingenious young man. He is an hard ſtudent, and will do an honour to the ſociety of which he is now a member.

* This paper of *Common Senſe* was written by Dr. *King* himſelf.

Mrs. *Whiteway* ſays, that notwithſtanding all your complaints, you are in good health and good ſpirits. What think you of making a trip to *England* this fine ſeaſon, and viſiting our *Alma Mater?* I can offer you an airy cool room during the ſummer, and a warm bed-chamber in the winter; and I will take care that your mutton-commons ſhall be kept long enough to be tender. If you will accept of this invitation, I promiſe to meet you at *Cheſter*, and to conduct you to king *Edward*'s lodgings: and then *St. Mary-Hall* may boaſt of a triumvirate, that is not to be matched in any part of the learned world, Sir *Thomas More*, *Eraſmus*, and the *Drapier*. Believe me to be with the greateſt eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

LETTER CXLIV.

Dr. KING to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, St. Mary-Hall, Oxon, June 24, 1737.

I HAVE this day the favour of your letter of the 14th, which hath given me great pleaſure: however, I could not help beſtow-

ing ſome maledictions on thoſe gentlemen of the poſt-office, who have been ſo impertinent as to intercept our correſpondence; for you ought to have received another letter from me with one incloſed for our friend in ſome few days after you had the packet from *Hartley*. This was in anſwer to the letter you mention, which I got the very next day (as well as I remember) after *Hartley* went from *London*.

As ſoon as I hear of my lord *Orrery*'s arrival on this ſide the water, I will wait on him to receive the papers. The moment they are put into my hands I will write to you again.

I don't know why the Dean's friends ſhould think it derogatory, either to his ſtation or character, to print the Hiſtory by ſubſcription, conſidering how the money ariſing by the ſale of it is to be applied. I am not for ſelling the copy to a bookſeller: for, unleſs a ſufficient caution be taken, the bookſeller, when he is maſter of the copy, will certainly print it by ſubſcription, and ſo have all the benefit which the Dean refuſes. But I ſhall be better able to ſend you my thoughts of this matter, when I have talked with ſome

of

of my friends, who have had more dealings in this way than I have.

And have you at laſt got ſtore of copper halfpence, and are content to give us gold and ſilver in exchange for this new coin? This ſerves to verify an obſervation I have frequently made, that the groſſeſt impoſition on the publick will go down, if the managers have but patience to try it twice, and art enough to give it a new name. The exciſe ſcheme, which made ſuch a noiſe here a few years ago, paſſed here laſt winter with little oppoſition, under a new ſhape and title. How would the ghoſt of *Wood* triumph over the Drapier, and rattle his copper chains, if the ſpectre were permitted to meet him in his walks? But I am unawares running into politicks, without conſidering that theſe reflexions may occaſion the loſs of my letter. I have therefore done with your copper *.

You

* With great reſpect to Dr. *King*, he is ſomewhat miſtaken in his politicks; for the great force of Dr. *Swift*'s reaſoning, in the character of an *Iriſh* Drapier, was not ſo much levelled againſt a moderate quantity of halfpence in general (which, it is certain, were much wanted in *Ireland* in the year 1724) as againſt *Wood*'s adulterate copper in particular, which was not worth three-pence in a ſhilling, and which might have been poured in upon the nation from *Wood*'s mint to eternity;

You can't imagine how greatly I am vexed and diſappointed, that I have been ſo long obliged to keep back my converſation piece †. I have, in this reſpect, wholly complied with the reaſoning, or rather with the humours, of ſome of my friends. They were willing to try their ſkill in accommodating my *Iriſh* affairs; in which, after all, I believe they will be diſappointed as much as I have been: for the adverſaries I have to deal with, proceed on a principle that will hear no reaſon, and do no good, not even to themſelves, if others are at the ſame time to receive any benefit by the bargain. How-

eternity; as he had neither given ſecurity for his honeſty, nor obliged himſelf, like other patentees, to give either gold or ſilver in exchange for his copper, when it began to grow troubleſome. Whereas the halfpence, ſent over to *Ireland* in the year 1737, were coined in the *Tower*, by the expreſs order of the crown, for the conveniency of the kingdom, and were not calculated to do any miſchief; or, in fact, could they have done any, as all people were at that time ſufficiently and thoroughly apprized, that halfpence were not ſterling money, or could legally be tendered in any payment whatſoever; the only uſe of them being a ſort of change in the ſmall crafts and traffick of the world. However, it is certain that an advertiſement of three lines, by order of Dr. *Swift*, had there been occaſion for it, as there was not, would inſtantly have ſtopt their currency.

† Meaning *The Toaſt.*

ever,

ever, ſince you ſeem ſo earneſtly to deſire a ſecond view of this work, I will ſend you a book by Mr. *Swift*, who intends to go from hence about ten days or a fortnight hence. You will be ſo kind as to keep it in your own hands until the publication.

As I think it proper to write a poſtſcript in your letter to a certain perſon, that muſt be nameleſs, and finding I have but room for my addreſs to him, I will ſay no more to you now than that I am, and always muſt be, Madam, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

P. S. To the gentleman of the poſt-office who intercepted my laſt letter addreſſed to Mrs. *Whiteway*, at her houſe in *Abby ſtreet*, together with a letter incloſed and addreſſed to the Dean of *St. Patrick*'s.

LETTER CXLV.

SIR,

WHEN you have ſufficiently peruſed this letter, I beg the favour of you to ſend it to the lady to whom it is directed. I ſhall

not take it ill though you ſhould not give yourſelf the trouble to ſeal it again. If any thing I have ſaid about the copper halfpence and exciſe ſhould offend you, blot it out. I ſhall think myſelf much obliged to you if, at the ſame time, you will be pleaſed to ſend Mrs. *Whiteway* thoſe letters which are now in your hands, with ſuch alterations and amendments as you think proper. I cannot believe that your orders will juſtify you in detaining letters of buſineſs: for as you are a civil officer, I conceive you have not a licence to rob on the highway. If I happen to be miſtaken, of which I ſhall be convinced if this letter ſhould be likewiſe intercepted, I will hereafter change my addreſs, and enrol you and your ſuperiors in my catalogue of heroes.

LETTER CXLVI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT*.

London, June 30, 1737.

OUR friend *Pope* tells me, you could wiſh to revive a correſpondence with ſome of your old acquaintances, that you might not remain entirely ignorant of what paſſes in this country: on this occaſion I would offer myſelf with pleaſure, if I thought the little trifles that come to my knowledge could in the leaſt contribute to your amuſement; but as you yourſelf judge very rightly, I am too much out of the world, and ſee things at too great a diſtance; and, beſides this, my age, and the uſe I have formerly made of my eyes in writing by candle-light, have now reduced me almoſt to blindneſs, and I ſee nothing leſs than the pips of the cards, from which I have ſome relief in a long winter evening. However, to ſhew my dear Dean how much I love him, I have taken my pen in my hand to ſcratch him out a let-

* There is an anſwer to this letter in *Johnſton*'s collection, No. 69.

ter,

ter, though it be little more than to tell him moſt of thoſe he and I uſed to converſe with are dead; but I am ſtill alive, and lead a poor animal life. Lord *Maſham* is much in the ſame way: he has married his ſon, and boards with him: the lady is the daughter of *Salway Winnington*, and they all live lovingly together: the old gentleman walks afoot, which makes me fear that he has made ſettlements above his ſtrength. I regret the loſs of Dr. *Arbuthnot* every hour of the day: he was the beſt conditioned creature that ever breathed, and the moſt chearful; yet his poor ſon *George* is under the utmoſt dejection of ſpirits, almoſt to a degree of a delirium; his two ſiſters give affectionate attendance, and I hope he will grow better. Sir *William Wyndham* makes the firſt figure in parliament, and is one of the moſt amiable men in the world: he is very happy in his wife lady *Blandford*; but I fear his eldeſt ſon will not come into his meaſures: this may create him ſome uneaſineſs.

Lord *Bathurſt* is in *Gloceſterſhire*, where he plants, tranſplants, and unplants: thus he erects an employment for himſelf independant of a court.

I have

I have the happineſs to live near lord *Oxford*, who continues that kindneſs and protection to me that I had from his father. God Almighty has given him both the power and the will to ſupport the numerous family of his ſiſter, which has been brought to ruin by that unworthy man lord *K*——; now I name him, I mean lord *Oxford*. Let me aſk you if it be true, that you are going to print a Hiſtory of the four laſt years of the Queen; if it is, won't you let me ſee it before you ſend it to the preſs? Is it not poſſible that I may ſuggeſt ſome things that you may have omitted, and give you reaſons for leaving out others? The ſcene is changed ſince that period of time: the conditions of the peace of *Utrecht* have been applauded by moſt part of mankind, even in the two houſes of parliament; Should not matters reſt here, at leaſt for ſome time? I preſume your great end is to do juſtice to truth; the ſecond point may perhaps be to make a compliment to the *Oxford* family: permit me to ſay as to the firſt, that tho' you know perhaps more than any one man, I may poſſibly contribute a mite; and, with the alteration of one word, *viz.* by inſerting *parva* inſtead of *magna*, apply to myſelf that paſ-

ſage

ſage of *Virgil*, *et quoram pars parva fui*. As to the ſecond point, I do not conceive your compliment to lord *Oxford* to be ſo perfect as it might be, unleſs you lay the manuſcript before him, that it may be conſidered here.

Our little captain bluſters, reviews, and thinks he governs the world, when in reality he does nothing; for the firſt miniſter ſtands poſſeſſed of all the regal power: the latter prates well in the houſe, and, by corruption, is abſolute maſter of it: as to other matters, his foreign treaties are abſurd, and his management of the funds betrays a want of ſkill: he has a low way of thinking. My dear Dean adieu: believe me to be, what I really am, moſt affectionately yours.

LETTER CXLVII.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD Mr. DEAN, Dover-ſtreet, July 4, 1737.

YOUR letter of *June* 14th *, in anſwer to mine of the 7th of *April*, is come to my hands; and it is with no ſmall concern that

* This letter was printed by *Johnſton* in the year 1765, No. 68.

I have read it, and to find that you ſeem to have formed a reſolution to put the Hiſtory of the four laſt years of the Queen to the preſs; a reſolution taken without giving your friends, and thoſe that are greatly concerned, ſome notice, or ſuffering them to have time and opportunity to read the papers over, and to conſider them. I hope it is not too late yet, and that you will be ſo good as to let ſome friends ſee them, before they are put to the preſs; and, as you propoſe to have the work printed here, it will be eaſy to give directions to whom you will pleaſe to give the liberty of ſeeing them; I beg I may be one: this requeſt I again repeat to you, and I hope you will grant it. I do not doubt but there are many who will perſuade you to publiſh it; but they are not proper judges: their reaſons may be of different kinds, and their motives to preſs on this work may be quite different, and perhaps concealed from you.

I am extremely ſenſible of the firm love and regard you had for my father, and have for his memory; and upon that account it is, that I now renew my requeſt, that you would at leaſt defer this printing until you have had the advice of friends. You have

forgot

forgot that you lent me the hiſtory to read when you were in *England* ſince my father died; I do remember it well. I would aſk your pardon for giving you this trouble; but upon this affair I am ſo nearly concerned, that if I did not my utmoſt to prevent it, I ſhould never forgive myſelf.

I am extremely obliged to you for your good and kind concern for me and my family. My wife deſires your acceptance of her moſt humble ſervice; my daughter deſires the ſame: they both are ſenſible of your good wiſhes for them. I am, with true eſteem and reſpect, dear Sir, your obliged and moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

LETTER CXLVIII.

Earl of ORRERY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, July 23d, 1737.

IF I were to tell you who enquire for you, and what they ſay of you, it would take up more paper than I have in my lodgings, and more time than I ſtay in town. Yet *London* is empty: not duſty, for we have had rain: not dull, for Mr. *Pope* is in it: not noiſy, for

for we have no cars †: not troubleſome, for a man may walk quietly about the ſtreets: in ſhort, 'tis juſt as I would have it till *Monday*, and then I quit *St. Paul*'s, for my little church at *Marſton*.

Your commands are obeyed long ago. Dr. *King* has his cargo, Mrs. *Barber* her converſation, and Mr. *Pope* his letters. To-morrow I paſs with him at *Twickenham:* the *olim meminiſſe* will be our feaſt. Leave *Dublin*, and come to us. Methinks there are many ſtronger reaſons for it than heretofore; at leaſt I feel 'em: and I'll ſay with *Macbeth*, Would thou could'ſt!

My health is greatly mended; ſo, I hope, is yours: write to me when you can, in your beſt health, and utmoſt leiſure; never break through that rule. Can friendſhip increaſe by abſence? Sure it does; at leaſt mine riſes ſome degrees, or ſeems to riſe: try if it will fall by coming nearer: no, certainly it cannot be higher. Yours moſt affectionately,

ORRERY.

† Alluding to the *Iriſh* cars.

LETTER CXLIX.

THOMAS FARREN, Eſq; Mayor of Cork, to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, Cork, September 14th, 1737.

I AM favoured with yours by Mr. *Faulkner*, and am ſorry the health of a man, the whole kingdom has at heart, ſhould be ſo much in danger.

When the box with your freedom was given the Recorder, to be preſented to you, I hoped he would, in the name of the city, have expreſſed their grateful acknowledgments for the many ſervices the publick has received from you, which are the motives that induced us to make you one of our citizens; and as they will ever remain monuments to your glory, we imagined it needleſs to make any inſcription on the box, and eſpecially as we have no precedents on our books for any ſuch. But, as ſo great and deſerving a patriot merits all diſtinction that can be made, I have, by the conſent and approbation of the Council, directed the box to you, and hope what is inſcribed upon it, although greatly inferior to what your me-

ſit is intitled to, will however demonſtrate the great regard and reſpect we have for you, on account of the many ſingular ſervices your pen and your counſel have done this poor country; and am, reverend Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS FARREN, Mayor.

LETTER CL.

Lord M———Y * to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, November 17th, 1737.

I SHALL, with great pleaſure, bring in your petition to-morrow, the houſe of lords not ſitting until then; but I find there is a ſmall miſtake in point of form, which will be proper to be ſet right before the petition ſhall be preſented.

You mention the bill as if it would certainly paſs, and be tranſmitted into *England*; inſtead of which, I muſt beg the favour of you to ſay, that there are heads of a bill depending now before your lordſhips committee, in order to prevent *&c. &c.* for until ſuch time as it ſhall have gone through that, no one can declare the fate of it.

* Now E—— of *B*———*n*.

I ſhould not be ſo impertinent as to pretend to direct you in this, but that I apprehend you did not know the progreſs the bill has taken; if you will get it writ over again, my ſervant ſhall wait to bring it to me, and I ſhall take care, as ſoon as the petition is received, to have a clauſe ready, in purſuance of it, to except your charity. I am, with great reſpect, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

M———Y.

LETTER CLI.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

November 22d, 1737.

I CAN'T help putting you in mind of me ſometimes, though I am ſure of having no return. I often read your name in the newspapers, but hardly have any other account of you, except when I happen to ſee lord *Orrery*. He told me the laſt time, that you had been ill, but were perfectly recovered.

I hear they are going to publiſh two volumes more of your works. I ſee no reaſon why all the pamphlets publiſhed at the end

of

of the queen's reign might not be inſerted. Your objection of their being momentary things, will not hold. *Killing no Murder*, and many other old tracts, are ſtill read with pleaſure, not to mention *Tully's Letters*, which have not died with the times. My comfort is, they will ſome time or other be found among my books with the author's name, and poſterity obliged with them. I have been driven out of a great houſe, where I had lodged between four and five years, by new lodgers, with an inſupportable noiſe, and have taken a little one to myſelf in a little court, merely for the ſake of ſleeping in quiet. It is in *St. James's-Place*, and called *Little Cleveland-Court*. I believe you never obſerved it; for I never did, though I lodged very near it, till I was carried there to ſee the houſe I have taken. Though coaches come in, it conſiſts of but ſix houſes in all. Mine is but two ſtories high, contrived exactly as I would wiſh, as I ſeldom eat at home. The ground-floor is of ſmall uſe to me; for the fore-parlour is flung into the entry, and makes a magnificent *London* hall. The back one, by their ridiculous cuſtom of tacking a cloſet almoſt of the ſame bigneſs to it, is ſo dark, that I can hardly ſee to read

there in the middle of the day. Up one pair of ſtairs I have a very good dining-room, which on the ſecond floor is divided in two, and makes room for my whole family, a man and a maid, both at board-wages. Over my bed-chamber is my ſtudy, the pleaſanteſt part of the houſe, from whence you have a full view of *Buckingham-houſe*, and all that part of the *Park*. My furniture is clean and new, but of the cheapeſt things I could find out. The moſt valuable goods I have are two different prints of you. I am ſtill in great hopes I ſhall one day have the happineſs of ſeeing you in it.

Every body agrees the queen's death was wholly owing to her own fault. She had a rupture, which ſhe would not diſcover; and the ſurgeon who opened her navel, declared if he had known it two days ſooner, ſhe ſhould have been walking about the next day. By her concealing her diſtemper, they gave her ſtrong cordials for the gout in her ſtomach, which did her great miſchief. The king is ſaid to have given her the firſt account of her condition: ſhe bore it with great reſolution, and immediately ſent for the reſt of her children, to take formal leave of them, but abſolutely refuſed to ſee the

prince

prince of *Wales*; nor could the archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, when he gave her the ſacrament, prevail on her, though ſhe ſaid, ſhe heartily forgave the prince. It is thought her death will be a loſs, at leaſt in point of eaſe, to ſome of the miniſters.

Since *Lewis* has loſt his old wife, he has had an old maiden niece to live with him, continues the ſame life, takes the air in his coach, dines moderately at home, and ſees nobody.

It was reported, and is ſtill believed by many, that Sir *Robert Walpole* upon the loſs of his, made Miſs *Skirret* an honeſt woman; but if it be ſo, the marriage is not yet owned.

That you may, in health and happineſs, ſee many 30th of *Novembers*, is the moſt ſincere and hearty wiſh of yours, *&c.*

If you will be ſo kind as to let me hear from you once again, you may either direct to me at the *Cocoa-Tree*, or to *Little Cleveland-Court* in *St. James's Place.*

LETTER CLII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. CLANCY.

SIR, Deanry-houſe, Chriſtmas-day, 1737.

SOME friend of mine lent me a comedy *, which I am told was written by you: I read it carefully, and with much pleaſure, on account both of the characters and the moral. I have no intereſt with the people of the play-houſe, elſe I ſhould gladly recommend it to them. I ſend you a ſmall preſent †, in ſuch gold as will not give you trouble to change; for I much pity your loſs of ſight ‡, which if it pleaſed God to let you enjoy, your other talents might have been your honeſt ſupport,

* The *Sharper*, the principal character of which performance was deſigned to repreſent colonel *Chartres*.

† This pacquet contained five pounds in ſmall pieces of gold of different kinds, of which the largeſt did not exceed the value of five ſhillings. A little time after (ſaith Dr. *Clancy*) I ſent him a parcel of tickets: he kept but one, which he ſaid he had paid for, and afterwards ſent me two four pound pieces for more. Vid. *Clancy*'s *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 56.

‡ Dr. *Clancy* had purſued the ſtudy of phyſick, and was patronized by Dr. *Helſham*; but having loſt his ſight before he could regularly engage in the buſineſs of his profeſſion, he kept a *Latin* School for his ſupport. He has been dead ſome years.

and

and have eaſed you of your preſent confinement. I am, Sir, your well-wiſhing friend and humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I know not who lent me the play; if it came from you, I will ſend it back to-morrow.

LETTER CLIII.

Lady HOWTH to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, December 26th, 1737.

KNOWING you to be very poor, I have ſent you a couple of wild ducks, a couple of partridge, a ſide of veniſon, and ſome plover, which will help to keep your houſe this *Chriſtmas*. You may make a miſer's feaſt, and drink your blue-eyed Nymph in a bumper, as we do the Drapier; and when theſe are out, let me know, and you ſhall have a freſh ſupply. I have ſent them by a black-guard, knowing you to be of a very generous temper, though very poor. My lord and huſband joins with me in wiſhing you a merry *Chriſtmas*, and many of

them; and am ſincerely your affectionate friend and Sea-nymph.

If I ſigned my name, and the letter ſhould be found, you and I might be ſuſpected.

LETTER CLIV.

Dr. CLANCY to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, December 27th, 1737.

WHEN I ſtrive to expreſs the thorough ſenſe I have of your humanity and goodneſs, my attempt ceaſes admiration of them. You have favoured my performance with ſome degree of approbation, and you have conſidered my unfortunate condition by a mark of your known benevolence: from my very ſoul I ſincerely thank you. That approbation, which in ſome more happy periods of my life would have made me proud even to vanity, has now in my diſtreſs comforted and ſoothed my miſery.

If I did not fear being troubleſome, I ſhould do myſelf the honour of waiting upon you, if you will be pleaſed to permit me to

do

do ſo. At any time I am ready to obey your command; and am, with the utmoſt reſpect and gratitude, Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

MIC. CLANCY.

LETTER CLV.

Earl of ORRERY to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM,

Duke-Street, Weſtminſter, February 14th, 1737-8.

I MUST anſwer a letter I never received. The Dean tells me you wrote to me; but the ſeas, or the poſtmaſters, are in poſſeſſion of the manuſcript. Should it fall into *Curl*'s hands, it may come into print, and then I muſt anſwer it in print, which will give me a happy opportunity of letting the world know how much I am your admirer and ſervant.

I agree intirely with the perſon who writes three or four paragraphs in the Dean's letter. Humour and wit are, like gold and ſilver, in great plenty in *Ireland*; nor is there any body that wants either but that abominable Dean, the bane of all learning, ſenſe, and virtue.

virtue. I wiſh we had him here to puniſh him for his various offences, particularly for his abhorrence of the dear dear faſhions of this polite age. Pray, madam, ſend him, and you will hear what a ſimple figure he will make among the great men of our iſland, who are every day improving themſelves in all valuable qualities and noble principles.

I rejoice to hear your fair daughter is in health. I am, to her and you, a moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ORRERY.

LETTER CLVI.

Miſs RICHARDSON to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Summerſeat, February 23d, 1737-8.

I WAS favoured ſome time ago with your moſt obliging letter *, wherein you are pleaſed to ſay ſo many civil things to me, that I have been altogether at a loſs how to make proper acknowledgments for the honour you have done me. The commendations you are ſo good as to beſtow upon me, would make my vanity inſufferable to my neighbours, if I were not conſcious that I do not deſerve

* Vid. *Johnſton*'s Collection, No. 70.

them;

them; and although I ſhall always account it a great unhappineſs to me that I never have been in your company, yet this advantage I have from it, that my faults are unknown to you. If I have any thing commendable about me, I ſincerely own myſelf indebted to you for it, having endeavoured as much as I could to model myſelf by the uſeful inſtructions that are to be gathered from your works; for which my ſex in general (although I believe ſome of them do not think ſo) is highly obliged to you. The opinion you are pleaſed to entertain of me, I fancy is owing to my uncle's partiality, who has frequently been ſo kind as to take pains to make perſons unacquainted with me, think better of me than afterwards they found I deſerved. I have great reaſon to complain of his treatment in this particular; but in all others I have met with ſo much kindneſs from him, that I muſt think it my duty to lay hold of every opportunity that falls in my way to oblige him. Sir, you have it in your power to give me one, by making him a viſit at *Summerſeat*, where all the ſkill I have in houſekeeping ſhould be employed to have every thing in that manner that would be moſt pleaſing to you, which

which I know is the moſt agreeable ſervice I could do for him. You are pleaſed to wiſh in your letter that you had hands long enough to beat me. What an honour and happineſs would I eſteem it, to be thought worthy of your correction? but I fear you would find my faults ſo numerous, that you would think me one of thoſe ladies that do not deſerve to be mended.

Your letter would have given me the greateſt pleaſure of any thing I have ever met with, had it not been for the complaints you make of your health, which give me a moſt ſenſible concern, as they ought to do every body that has any regard for this kingdom. I hope the good weather will ſet you right, and that the *Summer* will induce you to viſit this northern part of the world. I fear I have by this time tired out your patience with female impertinence, and given you too great reaſon to change the favourable thoughts you did me the honour to entertain of me; I will forbear to be longer troubleſome to you, only I beg leave to add my beſt wiſhes for your good health, that you may live many years to be a bleſſing to mankind in general, and this country in particular. I am, with the higheſt eſteem, and

greateſt

greateſt reſpect, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

LETTER CLVII.

Dr. KING to DEANE SWIFT, Eſq; *

SIR, St. Mary-Hall, Oxon, March 15th, 1737-8.

I DID not receive your letter of the 4th till yeſterday. It was ſent after me to *London*, and from thence returned to *Oxford*.

I am much concerned that I cannot ſee you before you go to *Ireland*, becauſe I intended to have ſent by you a pacquet for the Dean. It has been no fault of mine that he has not heard from me. I have written two letters for him (both incloſed to Mrs. *Whiteway*) ſince I received the manuſcript from lord *Orrery*. I wrote again to Mrs. *Whiteway*, when I was laſt week in *London*, to acquaint her, that I would write to the Dean by a friend of mine, who is going for *Ireland* in a few days. I do not wonder my letters by the poſt have been intercepted, ſince they wholly related to the publication of —— †,

* Then at *Monmouth*.

† Dr. *Swift*'s Hiſtory of the four laſt years of Q. *Anne*.

which,

which, I am aſſured, is a matter by no means agreeable to ſome of our great men, nor indeed to ſome of the Dean's particular friends in *London*. In ſhort, I have been obliged to defer this publication till I can have the Dean's anſwer to ſatisfy the objections which have been made by ſome of his friends. I had likewiſe a particular reaſon of my own for deferring this work a few months, which I have acquainted the Dean with.

I muſt beg the favour of you to leave behind you the copy of the *Toaſt*, at leaſt to ſhew it to nobody in *Ireland:* for as I am upon the point of accommodating my ſuit, the publication of the book would greatly prejudice my affairs at this juncture. But this is a caution I believe I needed not have given you.

Your friends in the Hall are all well. We are now very full.

Believe me to be, Sir, your moſt affectionate and moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

Notwithſtanding your letter, I am ſtill in ſome hopes of ſeeing you before you go for *Ireland*.

LETTER CLVIII.

Alderman BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

MOST DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

London, March 13th, 1738.

IT was with great pleaſure I received yours of the 9th of *March*, with the ſtate of your health, which was the more agreeable, as it contradicted the various reports we had of you; for you remember that our news-papers take the privilege of killing all perſons they do not like as often as they pleaſe. I have had the honour to be decently interred about ſix times in their weekly memoirs, which I always read with great ſatisfaction.

I am very well ſatisfied with your character of Mr. *Dunkin*, and deſire that he would *immediately* draw up a petition in form, directed to the governor, *&c.* which petition I deſire that you only would underwrite, with your recommendation, and a character of him; which you will pleaſe to ſend to me, to be made uſe of at my diſcretion. He need not come over, but inform me, as ſoon as poſſible, of Dr. *Squire*'s death.

I have

I have made your compliments to lord and lady *Oxford*, who are both well, and rejoiced to hear of your health. They give you their thanks for your remembrance, and are your faithful friends.

His lordſhip is very well pleaſed with your preſent of the medals, and deſires you would ſend them by the firſt ſafe hand that comes over. Is it not ſhocking that that noble lord, who has no vices (except buying manuſcripts and curioſities may be called ſo) has not a guinea in his pocket, and is ſelling a great part of his eſtate to pay his debts? and that eſtate of his produces near 20,000 *l.* a year. I ſay, is it not ſhocking! But indeed moſt of our nobility with great eſtates are in the ſame way. My lord *Burlington* is now ſelling, in one article, 9000 *l.* a year in *Ireland*, for 200,000 *l.* which won't pay his debts.

Dr. *Mead* is proud of your compliments, and returns his thanks and ſervice.

Mr. *Lewis* I have not ſeen, but hear he is pretty well.

Mr. *Ford*, I am told, is the moſt regular man living; for from his lodgings to the *Mall*—to the *Cocoa*—to the tavern—to bed, is his conſtant courſe.

Theſe

Theſe cold winds of late have affected me; but as the warm weather is coming on, I hope to be better than I am, though, I thank God, I am now in better health than I have been in for many years. Among the other bleſſings I enjoy, I am of a chearful diſpoſition, and I laugh, and am laughed at in my turn, which helps off the tedious hours.

I hope the *Spring* will have a good effect upon you, and will help your hearing and other infirmities, and that I ſhall have the pleaſure to hear ſo from your own hand.

You will pleaſe to obſerve that I am proud of every occaſion of ſhewing my gratitude to you, Sir, to whom I muſt ever own the greateſt obligations.

Pray God bleſs you and preſerve you, and believe me always, dear Sir, your moſt faithful and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JOHN BARBER.

LETTER CLIX.

ALEXANDER M'AULAY, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, April 13, 1738.

I HAVE received your letter of this date, and will wait upon you to-morrow morning. I am extremely ſorry to find you meet with any thing that affects or perplexes you. I hope I ſhall never be guilty of ſuch black ingratitude as to omit any opportunity of doing you every good office in my power.

I am, with the greateſt eſteem and gratitude, Rev. Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient ſervant,

ALEXANDER M'AULAY.

LETTTER CLX.

Dr. KING to DEANE SWIFT, Eſq;

DEAR SIR, St. Mary-Hall, Oxon, April 25, 1738.

I HAVE juſt received your letter by Mr. *Birt*, for which I thank you. 'Tis now more than a month ſince I wrote to Mrs. *Whiteway*, to acquaint the Dean with the

difficulties I met with in regard to the publication of his Hiſtory, and to deſire his advice and directions in what manner I ſhould proceed. I have not yet had any anſwer; and till I receive one, I can do nothing more. I may probably hear from *Ireland* before you leave *Monmouth*; in which caſe I may trouble you with a pacquet.

I am pretty much of your opinion about the old poets, and perhaps may confirm you in your whimſies (as you call them) when I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you here again. I heartily wiſh you a good journey and voyage: but methinks I can hardly excuſe you for having been ſo long abſent from us. I wiſh you had returned to this place, tho' for one week; becauſe I might have talked over with you all the affair of the Hiſtory, about which I have been much condemned: and no wonder, ſince the Dean has continually expreſſed his diſſatisfaction that I have ſo long delayed the publication of it. However, I have been in no fault: on the contrary, I have conſulted the Dean's honour, and the ſafety of his perſon. In a word, the publication of this work, as excellent as it is, would involve the printer, publiſher, author, and every one concerned, in the greateſt difficul-

ties, if not in a certain ruin; and therefore it will be abſolutely neceſſary to omit ſome of the characters.

I thank you for the promiſe you make me concerning the *Toaſt*.

Your friends here are all well. Believe me, dear Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

LETTER CLXI.

Miſs RICHARDSON to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Belturbet, May 6, 1738.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter laſt poſt. I was deprived of having that pleaſure ſooner by removing from *Summer-ſeat* to this place the beginning of laſt month, where I was ſent for by my father, to attend him in a fit of the gout, of which he has been very ill theſe three months paſt. My ſiſter, who takes care of him and his family, being near the time of her lying in, I trouble you with this account, that you may know how I am engaged at preſent, which I fear will prevent my having an opportu-

nity

nity of waiting upon you before my uncle returns.

I moſt humbly thank you for your kind invitation, and do heartily wiſh it were any way in my power to let you know the grateful ſenſe I have of my obligations to you. I hope the Dean of *St. Patrick*'s is very well: it would have given me infinite pleaſure to have had the honour of being in his company with you.

When I parted with my uncle, he propoſed to make but a ſhort ſtay in *England* at this time; and at his return he intended to leave nothing undone that he could think of to prevail with the Dean and you to ſpend ſome time at his houſe this ſummer. I hope you will be ſo good as to give him all the aſſiſtance you can to perſuade the Dean to take that jaunt: I really believe it would do him great ſervice as to his health: I pleaſe myſelf greatly with the thoughts of having you there, and your daughter, who I believe to be a very accompliſhed young lady, having had the happineſs to be educated under your direction. I beg you will make my compliments to her; and be aſſured that I am, with great reſpect, Madam, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

LETTER CLXII.

Lord ORRERY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, June 13, 1738.

I AM engaged to-morrow at dinner; but I will try to put it off, and ſend you word in the morning whether I can meet Mrs. *Whiteway* or not.

To ſhew you what a generous rival I am (now I am ſure of the lady) I ſhould be glad to carry down a letter from you to my miſtreſs on *Friday*. She never drinks any wine; but ſhe told me the other day, to do you good, ſhe would drink a bottle. I wiſh you would inſiſt on it, that I might ſee whether wine would alter the ſweetneſs of her temper, for I am ſure nothing elſe can.

I rejoice to find there is ſome little amendment in your health, and I pray God to encreaſe it.

ORRERY.

LETTER CLXIII.

Lord ORRERY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, June 29, 1738.

I HAVE but this paper left, and how can I employ it better than in triumphing over my rival. *Mea eſt* Lavinia *conjux*. To-morrow Mrs. *Hamilton* gives me her heart and hand for ever. Do I live to ſee the day when toupets, coxcomical lords, powdered ſquires, and aukward beaux join with the Dean of *St. Patrick*'s in the loſs of one and the ſame object? My happineſs is too great, and in pity to you I will add no more than that I hope to ſee grief for this loſs ſtrongly wrote in your face even twenty years hence. Adieu, your generous rival,

ORRERY.

LETTER CLXIV.

Alderman BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

MOST HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,

London, July 2, 1738.

I HAVE deferred anſwering the favours of yours of the 9th and 31ſt of *March*, in hopes to have ſomething to entertain you with, and I have ſucceeded in my wiſhes; for I am ſure I give you great pleaſure when I tell you the incloſed I received from the hands of my lord *Bolingbroke* and Mr. *Pope*, your deareſt friends. My lord has been here a few days, and is come to ſell *Dawley*, to pay his debts; and he will return to *France*, where, I am told, he is writing the Hiſtory of his own Times; which I heartily rejoice at (though I am not likely to live to ſee it publiſhed) becauſe ſo able a hand can do nothing but what muſt be inſtructive and entertaining to the next generation. His lordſhip is fat and fair, in high ſpirits; but joins with you, and all good men, to lament our preſent unhappy ſituation. Mr. *Pope* has a cold, and complains, but he is very well; ſo well, that he throws out a twelve-penny

touch

touch in a week or ten days, with as much eaſe as a friend of ours formerly uſed to roaſt the enemies to their country.

The report of the duke of *Ormond*'s return is without foundation. His grace is very well in health, and lives in a very handſome manner, and has Mr. *Kelly* with him as his chaplain, the gentleman who eſcaped out of the *Tower*. A worthy friend of yours and mine paſſed through *Avignon* about a month ſince, and dined with his Grace, from whom I have what I tell you.

I hear nothing of Dr. *Squire*'s departure: I believe I may ſay that matter is ſecured for Mr. *Dunkin*.

I have ſeen lord and lady *Oxford*, who make you their compliments. He thanks you for your medals. I believe I told you he is ſelling *Wimple*, to pay off a debt of 100,000 *l*. That a man without any vice, ſhould run out ſuch a ſum, is monſtrous. It muſt be owing to the roguery of his ſtewards, and his indolency, which is vice enough.

Lord *Bathurſt* is heartily yours; ſo is Mr. *Lewis*, who wears apace, and the more (would you believe it?) ſince the loſs of his wife.

I do

I do not ſee lord —— in an age: his ſon is married, and proves bad enough; ill-natured and proud, and very little in him. Our friend *Ford* lives in the ſame way, as conſtant as the ſun, from the *Cocoa-tree* to the *Park*, to the tavern, to bed, *&c.*

So far in the hiſtorical way, to obey your ſeveral commands. You will now give me leave to hope this will find you free from all your complaints, and that I ſhall have the great pleaſure of ſeeing it very quickly under your own hand. I thank God, I am better than I have been many years, but yet have many complaints; for my aſthma ſticks cloſe by me, but leſs gout than formerly, ſo that though I cannot walk far, I ride daily, and eat and drink heartily at noon; and I impute my being ſo much better to my drinking conſtantly the aſſes milk, which is the beſt ſpecifick we have. I wiſh to God you would try it, I am ſure it would do you much good. I take it betimes in the morning, which certainly gives me a little ſleep, and often a ſmall breathing or ſweat.

If Mr. *Richardſon* has not made you his acknowledgments for your great favour and friendſhip to him, he is much to blame; for

to

to you he owes the continuance of his employment. An alderman of *Derry* came from thence on purpoſe to attach him, and he had many articles of impeachment; and I believe he had twenty, out of twenty-four, of our Society againſt him: and the cry has been againſt him for two or three years paſt, and I had no way to ſave him many times, but only by ſaying, that while I had the honour to preſide in that chair, I would preſerve the great privilege every *Engliſhman* had, of being heard before he was condemned: and I never put any queſtion againſt him while he was in *Ireland*. Well, he came; and, after a long and tedious hearing of both ſides, the Society were of opinion, that he had acted juſtly and honourably in his office.

I do not deal in politicks; I have left them off a long while, only we talk much of war, which I do not believe a word on. A fair lady in *Germany* has put the —— in good humour they ſay.

I ſhall trouble you no more at preſent, but to aſſure you I never think of you but with the utmoſt pleaſure, and drink your health daily, and heartily pray for your long, long life, as you are an honour to your country,

try, and will be the glory of the preſent and ſucceeding ages.

I am, dear Sir, your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

J. BARBER.

LETTER CLXV.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

July 25, 1738.

THERE are but very few things would give me a greater concern than the Dean of *St. Patrick*'s becoming indifferent towards me; and yet I fear one of thoſe few things is the cauſe I have not had a line from you ſince I came hither. I beſeech you eaſe me of my preſent pain, by telling me that you are well; that ſummer, which hath but lately reached us here, hath invited you, and tempted you to ride again.

If any thing occurs to you I can do, that is agreeable to you, if you have the leaſt inclination to oblige me, you will let me know it.

My hurry here is almoſt over; but one affair or other will detain me till the latter end

end of *October*, if I get away then. I cannot ſay I paſs my time diſagreeably. I have had ſome opportunities of doing good offices; and, when I am not diſengaged by buſineſs, I live with a few friends that I love, and love me, and, for the moſt part, go every week with one of them to the country for two or three days.

Your friend *Bolingbroke* is well, and at preſent with Mr. *Pope*. I am told he has ſold *Dawly*. Alderman *Barber*, who has promiſed me to write to you by the next poſt, tells me his lordſhip enquired much about you and your health. The alderman plays his cards ſo as that his credit in the city daily encreaſes. There is nothing but the vacancy wanting to put Mr. *Dunkin* in poſſeſſion of the pariſh of *Colrain*.

I hear you have ſeen *Pope*'s fifth Dialogue, 1738. Have you ſeen his Univerſal Prayer? This ſecond Dialogue, together with a copy of the inſcription intended by the old ducheſs of *Marlborough* for a ſtatue ſhe is to erect of queen *Anne*, and a few lines attributed to lord *Cheſterfield*, on another ſubject, wait on you incloſed.

Believe that I love as much as I admire you; and that I am, with the moſt perfect reſpect,

reſpect, dear Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt truly faithful ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

This pacquet goes franked by the ſecretary of the foreign office, who can frank any weight.

I expect the prime ſerjeant * here this night in his way to *France*.

LETTER CLXVI.

The Biſhop of FERNS † to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, September 18, 1738.

A MESSAGE which I juſt now received from you by Mr. *Hughes*, gives me ſome hopes of being reſtored to my old place. Formerly I was your miniſter *in muſicis*: but when I grew a great man (and by the by you helped to make me ſo) you turned me off. If you are pleaſed again to employ me, I ſhall be as faithful and obſervant as ever.

I have heard Mr. *Hughes* ſing often at *Percival*'s ‡, and have a good opinion of his judgment: ſo has *Percival*, who, in theſe

* *Singleton*. † Dr. *Synge*.

‡ At Dean *Percival*'s.

affairs,

affairs, is infallible. His voice is not excellent, but will do: and, if I miſtake not, he has one good quality, not very common with the muſical gentlemen, *i. e.* he is deſirous to improve himſelf. If *Maſon* and *Lamb* were of his temper, they would be as fine fellows as they think themſelves. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

EDWARD FERNS.

LETTER CLXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MR. *Swift*'s gimcracks of cups and balls *, in order to my convenient ſhaving with eaſe and diſpatch, together with the preſcription on half a ſheet of paper, was exactly followed, but ſome inconveniences attended; for I cut my face once or twice, was juſt twice as long in the performance, and left twice as much hair behind, as I have done this twelvemonth paſt. I return him, therefore, all his implements, and my own compliments, with abundance of thanks, becauſe he hath fixed me during life in my old hum-

* A box of ſoap and a bruſh.

drum

drum way. Give me a *full and true* account of all your healths, and ſo adieu. I am ever, *&c.* J. SWIFT.

Oct. 3d or 4th, or rather as the butler ſays, the ſecond on *Tueſday* 1738.

My ſervice to all your litter, I mean Mrs. *Harriſon*, &c. but you will call this high treaſon. I am ſtill very lame of *that* left foot. I expect to ſee as many of you as you pleaſe.

LETTER CLXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

Nov. 27, 1738.

I NEVER liked a letter from you on your uſual days of coming here, for it always brings me bad news. I am heartily ſorry for your ſon's continuing his illneſs, and that you have now two patients in your houſe. In the mean time pray take care of your health, chiefly your wicked cholic, and Mrs. *Harriſon*'s diſpoſition to a fever. I hope at leaſt things will be better on *Thurſday* †,

† Dr. *Swift*'s birth-day.

elſe

elſe I ſhall be full of the ſpleen, becauſe it is a day you ſeem to regard, although I deteſt it, and I read the third chapter of *Job* that morning ‡. I am deafer than when you ſaw me laſt, and indeed am quite caſt down. My hearty love and ſervice to Mrs. *Harriſon*. I thoroughly pity you in your preſent circumſtances. I am ever yours entirely. God ſupport you! J. SWIFT.

LETTER CLXIX.

Miſs RICHARDSON to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Belturbet, November 29, 1738.

IT was a very unequal match that the Dean and you ſhould join in a plot againſt my uncle and me: you could not fail of carrying your point. Any thing the Dean hath a hand in, is done in the moſt genteel and ſurpriſing manner. I fairly own I am caught: I would be glad to know what my uncle will think of himſelf when he hears the part he acted in it. I have been ſo well accuſtomed

‡ This chapter he always read upon his birth-day.

to receive preſents of value from him, that I thought it had been a piece of edging, or ſome light thing, which he had committed to your care to be forwarded to me. Never was I ſo ſurprized as I was when I read your letter, to think I had received a preſent from ſo great a perſon as the Dean; but when I looked upon it, and knew the expence it muſt be to him, I was quite confounded: it was too great an honour for me, who can never deſerve the leaſt favour from him: it is a moſt beautiful diamond; I own I am proud of finery now, which I never was in my life before. I am highly obliged to you for your improvement of the ring: the Dean's hair and name have made it a treaſure to me, and I really believe it will be thought ſo a thouſand years hence, if it can be kept ſo long. I am ſure it ſhall by me, as long as I live, with as much care as I keep my eyes, while I have them to look upon it.

My ſiſter, who had the honour of waiting upon you in town, and brought me the ring very ſafe, is full of acknowledgments for your civilities to her, and returns you her moſt ſincere thanks, with her humble ſervice,

vice. Pray give mine moſt affectionately to Miſs *Harriſon*. I am, dear Madam, your moſt obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

LETTER CLXX.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, January 2d, 1738-9.

I AM called upon, by many provocations, to prefer a bill of indictment againſt you, and a female accomplice of yours *; for that by the uſe of means very uncommon, which were in your power only, you have turned the head of a well-meaning country girl of plain ſenſe, who had been very uſeful to me, and eſteemed by her acquaintance. I have ſeen of late many ſymptoms of her diſorder: it is true, that the fascination of your works had before operated ſtrongly upon her; for ſcarce any opportunity occurred but ſhe poured forth her admiration of the author, and can repeat without book all your poems better than her catechiſm; however, ſhe

* Mrs. *Whiteway*.

could attend to domeſtic affairs, and give proper directions about matters in the kitchen and larder, &c. and when ſhe did not pore upon your writings, or ſome other books (I cannot ſay of the like kind) ſhe was at work, or ſeeing that things in her province were as they ſhould be: but now truly it appears ſhe apprehends that heretofore ſhe had not diſcovered her own value and importance. To be taken notice of by a perſon ſhe has long thought to be the greateſt genius any age hath produced, and whom ſhe worſhippeth with an adoration that to any mortal riſes almoſt to idolatry, hath, it is much to be feared, tranſported her with conceit and vanity, and where it will end, I know not. What you have done proceeded, no doubt, from a malicious intention towards me, as well as the poor girl; and I reſent it accordingly, as I hope ſhe will do when ſhe returns to her ſenſes.

I was greatly rejoiced, dear Sir, to learn from the prime-ſerjeant *Singleton*, that he found you extremely well in every reſpect, except your hearing; and in that he ſaid you were much better than he expected. That man, who has as true a heart as I ever met with,

with, moſt intirely loves as well as admires you.

This place affords no news at preſent. I am detained by affairs of importance that relate to my friends, and cannot yet ſay when they will allow me to return. I paſs my time, now and then, with ſome of Mr. *Pope*'s moſt intimate friends; and although I would have great pleaſure in being known to him, that of the preſent age comes next to you in fame, I ſhall not be introduced to him, unleſs I ſhall have the honour not to be thought wholly unworthy to deliver him a letter from the Dean of *St. Patrick*'s.

Alderman *Barber* got a fall in his parlour on his hip, by his foot getting into a hole of the carpet; it brought a fit of the gout upon him, and he is ſtill ſomewhat lame in his hip; but otherwiſe in very good health and ſpirits.

Doctor *Squire* holds out ſurprizingly: as ſoon as the vacancy ſhall happen, I will have notice, and there is no doubt but Mr. *Dunkin* will ſucceed him.

I am ever, dear Sir, with the higheſt eſteem and reſpect, your moſt obliged and moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

LETTER CLXXI.

Dr. KING to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, St. Mary-Hall, Oxford, January 5th, 1738-9.

AT length I have put *Rochefaucault* to the preſs, and about ten or twelve days hence it will be publiſhed. But I am in great fear leſt you ſhould diſlike the liberties I have taken. Although I have done nothing without the advice and approbation of thoſe among your friends in this country, who love and eſteem you moſt, and zealouſly intereſt themſelves in every thing that concerns your character. As they are much better judges of mankind than I am, I very readily ſubmitted to their opinion; however, if after having received the printed copies, which I will ſend you next week, you ſhall ſtill reſolve to have the poem publiſhed as intire as you put it into my hands, I will certainly obey your commands, if I can find a proper perſon to undertake the work. I ſhall go to *London* the latter end of the next week, when I'll write to you by a private hand more fully than I can venture to do by the poſt.

I was

I was at *Twickenham* in the *Chriſtmas* week. Mr. *Pope* had juſt then received a letter from you, and I had the pleaſure of hearing you were well and in good ſpirits. May thoſe good ſpirits continue with you to the laſt hour!

Believe me to be, with the greateſt truth, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt faithful ſervant, W. K.

Pray do me the honour to preſent my moſt humble ſervice to Mrs. *Whiteway*.

LETTER CLXXII.

DEANE SWIFT, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Jan. 12, 1738-9.

I HAD ſo great an honour conferred upon me yeſterday, that I know not how to expreſs the obligations I lie under for it, unleſs by endeavouring to make myſelf worthy of your preſent, I can demonſtrate to the world that I daily improve in wiſdom and knowledge, by ſtudying in thoſe books, which ſince the beginning of my life I have for ever eſteemed to be a compleat library of taſte, wit, poetry, and politicks; yes, and

in ſpite of dullneſs and prejudice, I will venture to ſay of religion alſo. This I am ſure of, that ſo great a preſent from ſo great a perſon, and in a manner ſo handſome and extraordinary, it is abſolutely impoſſible I ſhould ever be honoured with again. I always thought I added to my own reputation whenever I pointed out ſome of thoſe excellencies which ſhine through every page of them. But to be thought worthy of receiving them from your hands, was infinitely beyond even what my vanity could hope for. I have flattered myſelf for many years, that to the beſt of my power I have continually fought under the banners of Liberty, and that I have been ready, at a moment's call, either to lay down my life in the defence of it, or whenever there ſhould appear any probability of ſucceſs, to vindicate and aſſert that claim, which every man in every country has by nature a right to inſiſt upon; but whatever principles have guided my actions hitherto, I ſhall from this moment inliſt myſelf under the conduct of Liberty's General; and whenever I deſert her enſigns, to fight under thoſe of Tyranny and Oppreſſion, then, and not till then, will I part with thoſe books which you have ſo highly honoured

me

me with, and caſt them into the flames, that I may never afterwards be reproached either by the ſight of them, or the remembrance of the donor. I am, Sir, with the higheſt eſteem, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

DEANE SWIFT.

LETTER CLXXIII.

Dr. KING to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, Jan. 23d, 1738-9.

I HOPE you received a letter I wrote to you from *Oxford* about the thirtieth of laſt month, in which I acquainted you with the publication of *Rochefaucault*; and as I intereſt myſelf moſt heartily in every thing that concerns your character as an author, ſo I take great pleaſure in telling you, that none of your works have been better received by the public than this poem. I obſerve this with more than ordinary ſatisfaction, becauſe I may urge the approbation of the public as ſome kind of apology for myſelf, if I ſhall find you are diſſatisfied with the form in which this poem now appears. But if that ſhould happen, all the reſt of your friends

friends on this ſide of the water muſt ſhare the blame with me; for I have abſolutely conformed myſelf to their advice and opinion as to the manner of the publication. There are ſome lines, indeed, which I omitted with a very ill will, and for no other reaſon, but becauſe I durſt not inſert them, I mean the ſtory of the medals; however, that incident is pretty well known, and care has been taken that almoſt every reader may be able to ſupply the blanks. That part of the poem which mentions the death of queen *Anne*, and ſo well deſcribes the deſigns of the miniſtry, which ſucceeded upon the acceſſion of the late king, I would likewiſe willingly have publiſhed, if I could have done it with ſafety; but I don't know whether the preſent worthy ſet of miniſters would not have conſtrued this paſſage into high treaſon, by aid of the new doctrine of innuendos: at leaſt a lawyer, whom I conſulted on this occaſion, gave me ſome reaſon to imagine this might be the caſe. I am in truth more cautious than I uſed to be, well knowing that my ſuperiors look on me at preſent with a very evil eye, as I am the reputed author of the *Latin* poem I have ſent you by the ſame gentleman, who does me the favour to de-

liver

liver you this letter: for although that piece hath eſcaped the ſtate inquiſition, by being written in a language that is not at preſent very well underſtood at court, and might perhaps puzzle the attorney-general to explain, yet the ſcope of the poem and principal characters being well underſtood, the author muſt hereafter expect no mercy, if he give his enemies any grounds or colour to attack him. But notwithſtanding all my caution, if I perceive you diſlike this manner and form of the poem, I will, ſome way or other, contrive that it may be publiſhed as you ſhall direct.

I ſend you my beſt wiſhes, and I hope you will yet live many years in a perfect ſtate, for the ſake of your friends, for the benefit of your country, and for the honour of mankind; and I beg you to believe that I am, with the greateſt truth, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

W. K.

LETTER CLXXIV.

Dr. KING to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, January 30, 1738-9.

A VERY kind letter, which I have juſt received from you, has put me into great confuſion. I beg of you to be aſſured, that I think myſelf under the higheſt obligations to you, and that I ſet a true value on the friendſhip with which you have honoured me, and ſhall endeavour to preſerve it as long as I live. If our correſpondence has been interrupted, it hath been wholly owing to the ill treatment I received from the poſt-office; for ſome time I did not receive a letter that had not been opened, and very often my letters were delivered to me with the ſeals torn off. Whether thoſe poſt-officers really thought me, what I never thought myſelf, a man of importance, or whether they imagined my letters were a cover for ſome greater name, I don't know; but for my part, I grew peeviſh, to find my friendſhips, and all my little chit-chat, muſt conſtantly be expoſed to the view of every dirty fellow, that had leiſure or curioſity enough

to

to examine my letters. However, for ſome little time paſt, I have not had the ſame cauſe of complaint. Your letter was delivered to me in good condition; I begin to think my ſuperiors no longer ſuſpect me of holding any unwarrantable correſpondence, eſpecially ſince I find I may now venture to write to the Dean even by the *Oxford* poſt. Notwithſtanding what you ſay, I am in ſome pain about *Rochefaucault*, and doubt much whether he will be ſatisfied with the manner in which he finds it publiſhed; to which I conſented in deference to Mr. *Pope*'s judgment, and the opinion of others of the Dean's friends in this country, who, I am ſure, love and honour him, and kindly concern themſelves in every thing that may affect him. The town has received this piece ſo well, that in all parts, and in all companies, I hear it extremely commended; and not only the Dean's friends, but his greateſt enemies, acknowledge that he hath not loſt any part of his fire, and of that inimitable turn of wit and humour ſo peculiar to himſelf. For my part, I never read any of his works, either in proſe or verſe, that I do not call to mind that ſhort character which cardinal *Polignac* gave him in ſpeaking to me, *Il a*

l'eſprit createur, which I mentioned to you in a former letter, if I remember rightly. It may not be amiſs to tell you, that one *Gally*, or *Gaillie*, ſince this poem was printed, offered it to ſale to a bookſeller at *Temple-bar*; and I am now told, that there are two or three copies more in *London*. *Gaillie* pretends that he is juſt come from *Ireland*, and that he had directions to publiſh the poem here; ſo that perhaps the whole may at laſt appear whether he will or not.

I am glad to hear that my friend Mr. *Swift* is well. When are we to ſee him again in *Oxford?* Since you appeal to him for a voucher, although you need none with me, let him likewiſe do me the juſtice to tell you, that he never heard me mention your name but with the greateſt eſteem and reſpect; with which I ſhall ever be, Madam, your moſt obedient and moſt faithful ſervant,

W. K.

I ſent the Dean a pacquet by the gentleman under whoſe cover I ſend you this.

LETTER CLXXV.

Dr. KING to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, London, March 6, 1738-9.

I DO not remember any thing publiſhed in my time that hath been ſo univerſally well received as the Dean's laſt poem. Two editions have been already ſold off, though two thouſand were printed at firſt. In ſhort, all people read it, all agree to commend it; and I have been well aſſured, the greateſt enemies the Dean hath in this country, allow it to be a juſt and a beautiful ſatire. As I am very ſincerely and ſenſibly affected by every thing that may raiſe the Dean's character as a writer (if any thing can raiſe it higher) ſo you may believe I have had the greateſt pleaſure in obſerving the ſucceſs and general approbation which this poem hath met with; wherefore I was not a little mortified yeſterday when the bookſeller brought me the *Dublin* edition, and at the ſame time put into my hands a letter he had received from *Faulkner*, by which I perceive the Dean is much diſſatisfied with our manner of publication, and that ſo many lines have

been omitted, if *Faulkner* ſpeaks truth, and knows as much of the Dean's mind as he pretends to know. *Faulkner* hath ſent over ſeveral other copies to other bookſellers; ſo that I take it for granted this poem will ſoon be reprinted here from the *Dublin* edition, and then it may be perceived how much the Dean's friends have been miſtaken in their judgment, however good their intentions have been. In the mean time I will write to you on this occaſion without any reſerve; for I know you love the Dean, and kindly and zealouſly intereſt yourſelf in every thing that concerns his character; and if you will believe the ſame of me, you will do me great juſtice.

The Doctor's friends, whom I conſulted on this occaſion, were of opinion, that the latter part of the poem might be thought by the public a little vain, if ſo much were ſaid by himſelf of himſelf. They were unwilling that any imputation of this kind ſhould lie againſt this poem, conſidering there is not the leaſt tincture of vanity appearing in any of his former writings, and that it is well known, there is no man living more free from that fault than he is.

They

They were of opinion that theſe lines,

He laſh'd the vice, but ſpar'd the name.
No individual could reſent
Where thouſands equally were meant——

might be liable to ſome objections, and were not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, a juſt part of his character; becauſe ſeveral perſons have been laſhed by name, a *Betteſworth*, and in this poem *Chartres* and *Whitſhed*; and for my part, I do not think, or ever ſhall think, that it is an imputation on a ſatiriſt to laſh an infamous fellow by name. The lines which begin,

Here's Wolſton's *tracts the twelfth edition*, &c.

are plainly a miſtake, and were omitted for that reaſon only: for *Wolſton* never had a penſion; on the contrary, he was proſecuted for his blaſphemous writings; his book was burnt by the hands of the common hangman; he himſelf was impriſoned, and died in priſon. *Woolaſton*, the author of a book called, *The Religion of Nature delineated*, was indeed much admired at *Court*, his book univerſally read, his buſto ſet up by the late queen in her grotto at *Richmond* with *Clarke*'s

and *Locke*'s; but this *Woolaſton* was not a clergyman.

The two laſt lines,

That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wiſh it ſoon may have a better——

I omitted, becauſe I did not well underſtand them; a *better* what?——There ſeems to be what the grammarians call an *antecedent* wanting for that word; for neither *kingdom* or *debtor* will do, ſo as to make it ſenſe, and there is no other antecedent. The Dean is, I think, without exception, the beſt and moſt correct writer of *Engliſh* that hath ever yet appeared as an author; I was therefore unwilling any thing ſhould be cavilled at as ungrammatical: he is beſides the moſt patient of criticiſm of all I ever knew; which perhaps is not the leaſt ſign of a great genius——I have therefore ventured to make theſe objections to you; in which however, for the moſt part, I ſubmitted my own opinion to the judgment of others. I had ſomething to add concerning the notes, but I have not room in this paper—but I will give you the trouble of reading another letter. Believe me, Madam, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant, W. K.

LETTER CLXXVI.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Eſq; to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, London, April 5, 1739.

I AM indeed much aſhamed that I have ſo many favours from you to acknowledge at one time. You may believe me when I aſſure you that my ſilence hath not proceeded from want of reſpect and eſteem for you. I would not put on the affectation of much buſineſs as an excuſe to any body, much leſs to you; although the truth is, that I am hurried almoſt out of my life with the attendance and writing about things I have undertaken for ſome friends.

The Dean's recommendation and yours, without any other conſideration whatever, would induce me to do my utmoſt to ſerve Mr. *M'Aulay*, as I have told him by this poſt, when I thought I ſhould not trouble you with a few lines. He will acquaint you with what I have done, by which you will ſee that I loſt no time; and I have hopes to obtain the lord lieutenant's countenance for him.

I will endeavour to introduce Mr. *Swift* * to the acquaintance of ſome perſons before I leave this; whoſe countenance and friendſhip will at leaſt give a young gentleman a good air——his own merit entitles him to the eſteem and regard of ſuch as ſhall have the happineſs to be acquainted with him: I am much obliged to you for introducing me to him. I have only time to add my moſt hearty thanks for the ſame, and to aſſure you that any opportunity of expreſſing the eſteem I have for the Dean, which is the higheſt, and for you, will ever give me the greateſt pleaſure. I am, Madam, your moſt obliged and moſt truly faithful ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

LETTER CLXXVII.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, April the 10th, 1739.

IT is an age ſince I had the honour of a line from you. Your friend Mr. alderman *Barber*, whoſe veneration for you prompts

* *William Swift*, Eſq; then a ſtudent at the *Middle Temple*.

him

him to do any thing he can think of that can ſhew his reſpect and affection, made a preſent to the univerſity of *Oxford* of the original picture done for you by *Jarvis*, to do honour to the univerſity by your being placed in the gallery among the moſt renowned and diſtinguiſhed perſonages this iſland hath produced; but firſt had a copy taken, and then had the original ſet in a fine rich frame, and ſent it to *Oxford*, after concerting with lord *Bolingbroke*, the vice chancellor, and Mr. *Pope*, as I remember, the inſcription to be under the picture, a copy whereof is incloſed. The alderman had a very handſome compliment from the vice chancellor, in the name of all the heads of houſes there, and by their direction, wherein there is moſt honourable mention of the Dean of *St. Patrick*'s on that occaſion.

Seeing an article in the *London Evening-Poſt* upon your picture, which was drawn at the requeſt and expence of the chapter of your cathedral, being put up in the deanry; alderman *Barber* took the hint, and cauſed what you ſee in the *London Evening-Poſt* of this day to be printed therein. He knows nothing of my writing to you at this time; but I thought it right that you ſhould be ac-

quainted how intent he is, all manner of ways, to ſhew the effects of the higheſt friendſhip, kindled to a flame by the warmeſt ſenſe of gratitude, and the moſt exalted eſteem and veneration.

Mrs. *Whiteway*, and Mr. *M'Aulay*, can inform you how abſolute your commands are with me. Since you recommend him, he is ſure of the utmoſt I can do for him.

Sir, if I have not a few words from you, I ſhall conclude that you think me troubleſome, and are reſolved to get rid of my impertinence. It will be two or three months before I can get from hence, although I am impatient to be at home: but wherever I am, or however engaged, I am always, dear Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt truly faithful ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

My beſt reſpects wait upon Mrs. *Whiteway*.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, April 17, 1739.

I WROTE this morning to Mrs. *Whiteway* a few lines in much hurry, and I write this to you in *Guildhall*, by alderman *Barber*'s direction. Beside a letter from you to the Society, whose address is in Mrs. *Whiteway*'s letter, he thinks a memorial or petition from Mr. *Dunkin* to the Society will be of use; and if you write to Mr. *Pope*, the alderman thinks he will get one vote, which he can fix no way of obtaining but through *Pope*. I am ever, dear Sir, your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

I should think it would be right in Mr. *Dunkin* to come over the moment he hears of *Squires*'s death. I wrote by this post to a nephew, to let you know the moment he dies, if the life should be in him when my letter goes to him.

LETTER CLXXIX.

Dr. DUNKIN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, April 25, 1739.

AS it was through your countenance I had the honour of being firſt introduced to the moſt worthy Dean of *St. Patrick*, I muſt have thought myſelf under the higheſt obligation to you; but the continuance of your friendſhip, through ſo many repeated acts of generoſity, and the courſe of his gracious endeavours to raiſe my reputation and fortune, are ſuch things as I muſt ever remember and expreſs with a very deep ſenſe of gratitude.

The fatigue of writing ſo many letters lately in my favour, was indeed what I could not in reaſon expect even from his humanity, were I worthy of them; and I can only ſay, the Dean of *St. Patrick* is unwearied in doing good, and that He who could riſe to preſerve a nation, will deſcend to relieve an individual.

The ſenſe of my own demerit, and the juſt awe in which I ſtand before ſo great and good a man, will not allow me either that free-

freedom of ſpeech or writing, which is requiſite to let him underſtand with what love, veneration, and reſpect of his perſon, I reflect upon the many inſtances of his tender concern and uncommon zeal for my welfare. This is a duty I moſt earneſtly wiſh, but am altogether unable to perform, and ſuch as I intreat you, dear Madam, to undertake for me; your compliance in which will be yet another, among the many and weighty obligations laid upon your moſt dutiful, obedient, devoted ſervant,

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

LETTER CLXXX.

Mr. Secretary L—— * to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, May 16, 1739.

I CANNOT let Mr. *Swift* return to *Ireland* without my acknowledgements to you for the favour you have done Mr. *Lamb*. I know that I ought to aſcribe it wholly to Mr. *Pope*'s recommendation, as I have not the happineſs to be known to you myſelf; but give me leave to take this occaſion of

* Now lord *L*——.

aſſuring

aſſuring you how much I wiſh to be in the number of your friends. I think I can be ſo even at this diſtance, and though we ſhould never come to a nearer acquaintance; for the reputation of ſome men is amiable, and one can love their characters, without knowing their perſons.

If it could ever be in my power to do you any ſervice in this country, the employing me in it would be a new favour to, Sir, your obliged humble ſervant,

G. L——.

LETTER CLXXXI.

Dr. SCOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, London, Sept. 7, 1739.

ALTHOUGH I do not imagine that you have any remembrance of a perſon ſo little known to you as I am, yet I have taken the liberty to draw a kind of bill of friendſhip upon you, which I am inclined to believe you will anſwer, becauſe it is in favour of that kingdom, to which you have always ſtood a ſincere and firm friend. We have had here, for ſome years paſt, a number of anatomical figures, prepared in wax, which

which perfectly exhibit all the parts of an human body. They are the work of a *French* ſurgeon, who ſpent above forty years in preparing them, and who, to bring them to perfection, was at the trouble and expence of diſſecting ſome hundreds of bodies. The preſent proprietor of them is my friend, and it was by my perſuaſion that he was prevailed on to ſend them into *Ireland* for the inſtruction of the curious. I preſume you have ſeen them in *London*, and therefore I am inclined to think you will be of opinion, that a perſon may gain more perfect knowledge in anatomy, by viewing theſe preparations only a few times, than he would by attending many diſſections. Your encouraging ſuch of your acquaintance as are curious to ſee theſe figures, would greatly excite the curioſity of others. This is the favour I have taken the liberty to deſire of you, and which I believe you will be the more readily inclined to grant, when I have aſſured you, that the perſon who has the care of the figures, has it in his inſtructions to return the money that may be got by expoſing them to view, in *Iriſh* linen, ſo that the kingdom will be no way impoveriſhed by the ſmall expence which gentlemen may be at in procuring

curing uſeful inſtruction, or gratifying their curioſity. If the requeſt I have made be ſuch as you can't favour, my next is, that you will grant me your pardon for having made it.

I intend, God willing, to go into *Ireland* next ſpring, after the publication of a work which I have been engaged in for ſome years paſt, for the ſilencing of all infidels, heretics, ſchiſmatics of all kinds, and enthuſiaſts. I thought it neceſſary, becauſe in the way that the controverſy has been hitherto managed againſt ſuch people, the truth has been rather puzzled and perplexed than cleared, chriſtianity has been betrayed, and all true religion loſt in the world. I have advanced no one new opinion of my own; what I have ſet forth is what was clearly ſet forth in the ſcriptures from the beginning. I mean in the original ſcriptures of the Old Teſtament, ſo interpreted as to make them every where conſiſtent with themſelves; and to ſhew that the interpretations I have given are not only the true interpretations, but that the ſcriptures ſo interpreted are the revealed word of God. I have demonſtrated the truth of them by natural evidence, or by the works of God, and that the works

bear

bear evidence to nothing but the truth; that theſe revealed truths ſo demonſtrated are unqueſtionable and undeniable; and that they are the only powerful motives by which men are not only moved but enlightened and enabled to mortify all their luſts, which blind and deceive them here, and will be their everlaſting tormentors hereafter, but to work the works of charity, and of that perfect righteouſneſs which is of faith: ſo that the whole of all true religion, which has been one and the ſame in all ages, will appear to conſiſt in the mortifications of our bodily and ſpiritual luſts, which withhold men from the works of righteouſneſs; and in the belief of thoſe demonſtrative truths, by which alone we are enlightened, enabled, and moved to ſubdue them; and in obſerving thoſe natural memorials, which God hath ſet before us, and in partaking of thoſe reverential ordinances which he hath inſtituted to put us in mind of what we ought to do, in order to eternal life and the motives for ſo doing. I aſk pardon for this digreſſion; and if you have any commands that I am capable of executing here, if you will let me have the honour of receiving them, I ſhall take great pleaſure in obeying you;

for I am, with the greateſt reſpect and truth, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant, JOHN SCOTT.

LETTER CLXXXII.

Reverend Mr. THROP to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dec. 10, 1739.

THE many profeſſions of kindneſs you have made, and friendſhip you have ſhewn, to my mother and her family, particularly in declaring your abhorrence and deteſtation of the cruel and inhuman behaviour of that monſter —— to my unfortunate and innocent brother, induced my mother to trouble you with a few of the narratives of that caſe, to diſperſe among ſuch members of the houſe of commons as were of your acquaintance. The reaſon of our troubling you to do this, is becauſe we intend preſenting a petition to the members of the houſe of commons this ſeſſion, to oblige —— to wave his privilege, every other attempt we have tried ſince my brother's death proving fruitleſs.

Your appearing, Sir, in this affair, will not only make —— the more ready to do juſtice,

juſtice, but prevent others from ſupporting him in his villainies, which will be of infinite ſervice to my mother and her family.

The bearer carries you a dozen of caſes; and if you ſhould have occaſion for any more, they ſhall be ſent you by, Reverend Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient humble ſervant, ROBERT THROP.

I have written the names of the ſeveral perſons mentioned in the narrative at length upon the back of the title page.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, Dec. 31, 1739.

IT is impoſſible to have health in ſuch deſperate weather; but you are worſe uſed than others. Every creature of either ſex are uneaſy; for our kingdom is turned to be a *Muſcovy*, or worſe. Even I cannot do any good by walking: Is not warmth good againſt rheumatic pains? I hope *Deane Swift* * will be able to aſſiſt you both. I

* Then married to Mrs. *Harriſon*.

wiſh

wiſh for a happy turn in the weather. I am doubly deſolate, and wiſh I could ſleep until the ſun would comfort us. Would neither your ſon or daughter ſave you the pains of writing on your back? You are much more friendly to me than a thouſand of them. Adieu. I am ever yours. J. SWIFT.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM truly and heartily glad that you are a little mended, and can lie on your belly, or ſide, not altogether on your back. You are much in the right not to ſtir, and ſo was *Croker* not to ſuffer you. I am not yet worſe for the cold weather, but am angry at it. I am heartily ſorry for yourſelf and daughter; but Mr. *Swift* dares not be ſick, for his chief buſineſs is to look after you and your daughter. I walk only in my bedchamber and cloſet, which hath alſo a fire. I am ever yours. J. SWIFT.

New-year's day, 1739-40.

I wiſh you may have many and all healthy ones.

LETTER CLXXXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Jan. 18, 1739-40.

I HAVE been many days heartily concerned for your ill health; it is now twenty-five days ſince we have found nothing but froſt and miſery, and they may continue for as many more. This day is yet the coldeſt of them all. Dr. *Wilſon* and I are both very uneaſy to find no better meſſage from you. I received, as I was going to dinner, the incloſed letter from your beloved of ——, which I ſhall make you happy with. It will ſhew you the goodneſs, the wiſdom, the gratitude, the truth, the civility of that excellent divine, adorned with an orthography (ſpelling) fit for himſelf. Pray read it a hundred times, but return it after you have read it an hundred times. My love and ſervice to your ſon and daughter; let them both read the incloſed.

I would not loſe your lover's letter for 100*l.* It muſt be ſent back by the bearer. Let me know the exact number of lyes that

are in it; but I fear that will take up your time too much. I am ever yours,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

Feb. 3, 1739-40.

THE bad account I had of your health for many days, or rather weeks, hath made me continually uneaſy to the laſt degree; and Mr. *Swift*, who was with me ſo long yeſterday, could not in conſcience give me any comfort: but your kind letter hath raiſed my ſpirits in ſome meaſure. I hope we have almoſt done with this curſed weather, yet ſtill my garden is all in white. I read your letter to Doctor *Wilſon*, who is ſomewhat better, and he reſolves to apply your medicine, I mean your improvements of what you preſcribe to add to his ſurgeon's method. I am ever, dear Madam, entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

R———T N———, Eſq; * to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, Bath, April 2, 1740.

I HAD not until very lately an opportunity of letting Mr. *Pope* know his obligations to you; of which he is very ſenſible, and has deſired me to beg that you will remit to me, by a ſafe hand, whatever letters of his are now in your poſſeſſion. I ſhall be in town next week; ſo that you may be pleaſed to direct to me, by the firſt convenient opportunity, at my houſe in *Dover-ſtreet, London*. I am, Madam, with great eſteem, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

R. N.

My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. *Swift*. I ſhall ſay nothing of the picture †, becauſe I am ſure you remember it. I muſt beg that you will let Mr. *Bindon* ‡ know I would have the picture no

* Now Lord *C*———. † Of Dr. *Swift*.

‡ The greateſt painter of his time in theſe kingdoms. On account of his age, and ſome little failure

no more than a head upon a three-quarter cloth, to match one which I now have of Mr. *Pope*.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, April 29, 1740.

I FIND that you and I are fellow-sufferers almoſt equally in our healths, although I am more than twenty years older. But I am and have been theſe two days in ſo miſerable a way, and ſo cruelly tortured, that can hardly be conceived. The whole laſt night I was equally ſtruck as if I had been in *Phalaris*'s brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. I am at this inſtant unable to move without exceſſive pain, although not the thouſandth part of what I ſuffered all laſt night and this morning. This you will now ſtyle the gout. I continue ſtill very deaf. Doctor *Wilſon*'s left eye is ſtill diſordered, and very uneaſy. You

in his ſight, he threw aſide his pencil about ſixteen or eighteen years ago; and afterwards lived to a good old age, greatly beloved and reſpected by all who had the happineſs either of his friendſhip or acquaintance. He died within theſe three years.

have

have now your family at home: I desire to present them with my kind and hearty service.

I am ever intirely yours, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

LETTTER CLXXXIX.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

SIR, May 16, 1740.

SHOULD I make an apology for writing to you, I might be asked why I did so? If I have erred, my design at least is good, both to you and the Dean of *St. Patrick*; for I write in relation to my friend, and I write to his friend, which I hope will plead my excuse. As I saw a letter of yours to him, wherein I had the honour to be named, I take the liberty to tell you (with grief of heart) his memory is so much impaired, that in a few hours he forgot it; nor is his judgment sound enough, had he many tracts by him, to finish or correct them, as you have desired. His health is as good as can be expected, free from all the tortures of old age; and his deafness, lately returned, is

all the bodily uneaſineſs he hath to complain of. A few years ago he burnt moſt of his writings unprinted, except a few looſe papers, which are in my poſſeſſion, and which I promiſe you (if I out-live him) ſhall never be made publick without your approbation. There is one treatiſe in his own keeping, called *Advice to Servants*, very unfiniſhed and incorrect, yet what is done of it, hath ſo much humour, that it may appear as a poſthumous work. The Hiſtory of the four laſt years of queen *Anne*'s reign I ſuppoſe you have ſeen with Dr. *King*, to whom he ſent it ſome time ago, and, if I am rightly informed, is the only piece of his (except *Gulliver*) which he ever propoſed making money by, and was given to Dr. *King* with that deſign, if it might be printed: I mention this to you, leſt the Doctor ſhould die, and his heirs imagine they have a right to diſpoſe of it. I intreat, Sir, you will not take notice to any perſon of the hints I have given you in this letter; they are only deſigned for yourſelf: to the Dean's friends in *England* they can only give trouble, and to his enemies and ſtarvling wits cauſe of triumph. I incloſe this to alderman *Barber*, who I am ſure will deliver it ſafe, yet knows

knows nothing more than its being a paper that belongs to you.

The ceremony of anſwering women's letters, may perhaps make you think it neceſſary to anſwer mine; but I do not expect it, becauſe your time either is or ought to be better employed, unleſs it be in my power to ſerve you in buying *Iriſh* linen, or any other command you are pleaſed to lay on me, which I ſhall execute, to the beſt of my capacity, with the greateſt readineſs, integrity, and ſecrecy; for whether it be my years, or a leſs degree of vanity in my compoſition than in ſome of my ſex, I can receive ſuch an honour from you without mentioning it. I ſhould, ſome time paſt, have writ to you on this ſubject, had I not fancied that it glanced at the ambition of being thought a perſon of conſequence, by interfering between you and the Dean; a character of all others which I diſlike.

I have ſeveral of your letters to the Dean, which I will ſend by the firſt ſafe hand that I can get to deliver them to yourſelf; I believe it may be Mr. *M'Aulay*, the gentleman the Dean recommended through your friendſhip to the prince of *Wales*.

I believe this may be the only letter which you ever received without aſking a favour, a compliment, extolling your genius, running in raptures on your poetry, or admiring your diſtinguiſhable virtue. I am, Sir, with very high reſpect, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Mr. *Swift*, who waited on you laſt *Summer*, is ſince that married to my daughter: he deſires me to preſent you his moſt obedient reſpects and humble thanks for the particular honour conferred upon him in permitting him to ſpend a day with you at *Twickenham*; a favour he will always remember with gratitude.

LETTER CXC.

Mr. POPE to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, Twickenham, June 18, 1740.

I AM extremely ſenſible of the favour of your letter, and very well ſee the kindneſs as well as honour which moved you to it.

I have no merit for the one, but being (like yourſelf) a ſincere friend to the Dean, though much a leſs uſeful one; for all my friendſhip can only operate in wiſhes, yours in good works. He has had the happineſs to meet with ſuch in all the ſtages of his life; and I hope in God and in you, that he will not want one in the laſt. Never imagine, Madam, that I can do otherwiſe than eſteem that ſex, which has furniſhed him with the beſt friends.

The favour you offer me, I accept with the utmoſt thankfulneſs; and I think no perſon more fit to convey it to my hands than Mr. *M'Aulay*, of whom I know you have ſo good an opinion. Indeed any one whom you think worthy your truſt, I ſhall think deſerves mine, in a point I am ever ſo tender of.

I wiſh the very ſmall opportunity I had of ſhewing Mr. *Swift*, your ſon, my regards for him, had been greater; and I wiſh it now more, ſince he is become ſo near to you, for whom my reſpect runs hand in hand with my affection for the Dean; and I cannot wiſh well for the one without doing ſo for the other.

I turn my mind all I can from the melancholy ſubject of your letter. May God Almighty alleviate your concern, and his complaints, as much as poſſible in this ſtate of infirmities, while he lives; and may your tenderneſs, Madam, prevent any thing after his death which may any way depreciate his memory. I dare ſay nothing of ill conſequence can happen from the commiſſion given Dr. *King*.

You ſee, Madam, I write to you with abſolute freedom, as becomes me to the friend of my friend, and to a woman of ſenſe and ſpirit. I will ſay no more, that you may find I treat you with the ſame delicacy that you do me (and for which I thank you) without the leaſt compliment: and it is none when I add, that I am, with eſteem, Madam, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient ſervant,

A. POPE.

LETTER CXCI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

I HAVE been very miſerable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am ſo ſtupid and confounded, that I cannot expreſs the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can ſay is, That I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly underſtand one word I write. I am ſure my days will be very few; few and miſerable they muſt be.

I am, for thoſe few days, yours intirely,
J. SWIFT.

If I do not blunder, it is Saturday,
July 26, 1740.

If I live till *Monday*, I ſhall hope to ſee you, perhaps for the laſt time.

LETTER CXCII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, January 13, 1740-41.

YOUR ſon *, who was with me yeſterday, and ſtaid the whole afternoon till near ten o'clock, gave me a very melancholy account of your ill health, extremely to my grief. I ſend a ſervant with this letter, and you will pleaſe to employ Mr. *Swift* to anſwer it, becauſe I am in very great pain about you; for the weather is ſo extremely ſharp, that it muſt needs add to your diſorders. Pray let your ſon or daughter write a few lines to give me ſome ſort of comfort. My cold is now attended with a cough this bitter cold weather; but I am impatient until your ſon or daughter gives me ſome hopes. I am ever your aſſured friend and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

* Mr. *Swift*.

LETTER CXCIII.

Earl of ORRERY to Dr. SWIFT.

Duke-Street, Weſtminſter, July 7, 1741.

THANKS to you, dear Sir, for your frequent remembrance of me by my great friend and patron Maſter *George Faulkner:* thanks to you for the honours you have ſhewed my wife: but above all, thanks to you for uſing exerciſe and taking care of your health. It is the ſtrongeſt inſtance of affection your friends either deſire or deſerve. In mentioning your friends, I muſt particularize Mr. *Pope:* he obeys your commands, and flings away much time upon me: *Nec deficit alter aureus*; Doctor *King* does the ſame. Thus deities condeſcended to viſit and converſe with mortals.

Poor lord *Oxford* is gone to thoſe regions from whence travellers never return, unleſs in an airy viſit to faithleſs lovers, as *Margaret* to *William*; or to cities devoted to deſtruction, as *Hector* amidſt the flames of *Troy*. The deceaſed earl has left behind him many books, many manuſcripts, and no money: his lady brought him five hundred thouſand

pounds,

pounds, four of which have been ſacrificed to indolence, good-nature, and want of worldly wiſdom: and there will ſtill remain, after proper ſales and right management, five thouſand pounds a year for his widow.

Mr. *Cæſar* died about two months ago. Mrs. *Cæſar* is ſtill all tears and lamentations, although ſhe certainly may be numbered *inter felices, ſua ſi bona norint.*

Lord *Bathurſt* is at *Cirenceſter*, erecting pillars and ſtatues to queen *Anne*. Lord *Bolingbroke* lives in *France:* poſterity, it is to be hoped, may be the better for his retirement. The duke of *Argyle* reigns or ought to reign in *Scotland.*——Such is the ſtate of *Europe*; but our diſappointment in *America* has caſt a gloomy face over *London* and *Weſtminſter*. The citizens have recourſe to mum and tobacco, by which means they puff away care, and keep diſmay at a proper diſtance; in the mean time, my friends the ducks and geeſe in the *Park* cackle on, and join in chorus to the ſounds of victory that are daily drummed forth on the parade, but reach no farther than the atmoſphere of *Whitehall.*——What news next? The weather—but you certainly know it is hot; for in truth, notwithſtanding this letter comes

from my heart, and is written in the pleaſure of thinking of you, yet I ſweat to aſſure you how much I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

ORRERY.

LETTER CXCIV.

Earl of ORRERY to DEANE SWIFT, Eſq;

SIR, Marſton, Dec. 4, 1742.

I AM much obliged to you for the full, though melancholy, account you have ſent me of my ever honoured friend. It is the more melancholy to me, as I have heard him often lament the particular misfortune incident to human nature, of an utter deprivation of ſenſes many years before a deprivation of life. I have heard him deſcribe perſons in that condition, with a livelineſs and a horror, that on this late occaſion have recalled to me his very words. Our litany, methinks, ſhould have an addition of a particular prayer againſt this moſt dreadful misfortune. I am ſure mine ſhall. The bite of a mad dog (a moſt tremendous evil) ends ſoon in death; but the effects of his loſs of memory

memory may laſt even to the longeſt age of man; therefore I own my friendſhip for him has now changed my thoughts and wiſhes into the very reverſe of what they were. I rejoice to hear he grows lean. I am ſorry to hear his appetite is good. I was glad when there ſeemed an approaching mortification in his eye-lid. In one word, the man I wiſhed to live the longeſt, I wiſh the ſooneſt dead. It is the only bleſſing that can now befal him. His reaſon will never return; or if it ſhould, it will only be to ſhew him the miſery of having loſt it. I am impatient for his going where imperfection ceaſes, and where perfection begins; where *Wilſons* cannot break in and ſteal, and where envy, hatred, and malice have no influence or power. Whilſt he continues to breathe, he is an example, ſtronger and more piercing than he or any other divine could preach, againſt pride, conceit, and vain glory. Good God! Doctor *Swift* beaten and marked with ſtripes by a beaſt in human ſhape, one *Wilſon*. But he is not only an example againſt preſumption and haughtineſs, but in reality an incitement to marriage. Men in years ought always to ſecure a friend to take care of declining life,

and

and watch narrowly as they fall the laſt minute particles of the hour glaſs. A batchelor will ſeldom find, among all his kindred, ſo true a nurſe, ſo faithful a friend, ſo diſintereſted a companion, as one tied to him by the double chain of duty and affection. A wife could not be baniſhed from his chamber, or his unhappy hours of retirement: nor had the Dean felt a blow, or wanted a companion, had he been married, or in other words, had *Stella* lived. All that a friend could do, has been done by Mrs. *Whiteway*; all that a companion could perſuade, has been attempted by Mrs. *Ridgeway*: the reſt ——but I ſhall run on for ever; and I ſet out at firſt only with an intention of thanking you for your letter, and aſſuring you that I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant, ORRERY.

P. S. I beg to hear from you from time to time, if any new occurrence happens in the Dean's unhappy ſtate.

THE

ANSWER

OF THE

Right Honourable W——M P——Y, Eſq;

TO THE

Right Honourable Sir R——T W——E *.

SIR, Oct. 15, 1730.

A PAMPHLET was lately ſent me, entitled, *A Letter from the Right Honourable Sir* R. W. *to the Right Honourable* W. P. *Eſq; occaſioned by the late Invectives on the King, her Majeſty, and all the Royal Family.* By theſe initial letters of our names, the world is to underſtand that you and I muſt be meant. Although the letter ſeems to require an anſwer, yet becauſe it appears to be written rather in the ſtyle and manner uſed by ſome of your penſioners, than your

* Written by Dr. *Swift.*

own, I ſhall allow you the liberty to think the ſame of this anſwer, and leave the publick to determine which of the two actors can better perſonate their principals. That frigid and fuſtian way of haranguing wherewith your repreſenter begins, continues, and ends his declamation, I ſhall leave to the criticks in eloquence and propriety to deſcant on; becauſe it adds nothing to the weight of your accuſations, nor will my defence be one grain the better by expoſing its puerilities.

I ſhall therefore only remark upon this particular, that the frauds and corruptions in moſt other arts and ſciences, as law, phyſick (I ſhall proceed no further) are uſually much more plauſibly defended than in that of politicks; whether it be, that by a kind of fatality the vindication of a corrupt miniſter is always left to the management of the meaneſt and moſt proſtitute writers; or whether it be, that the effects of a wicked or unſkilful adminiſtration, are more publick, viſible, pernicious and univerſal. Whereas the miſtakes in other ſciences are often matters that affect only ſpeculation; or at worſt, the bad conſequences fall upon few and private perſons. A nation is quickly ſenſible

of

of the miſeries it feels, and little comforted by knowing what account it turns to by the wealth, the power, the honours conferred on thoſe who ſit at the helm, or the ſalaries paid to their pen-men; while the body of the people is ſunk into poverty and deſpair. A *Frenchman* in his wooden ſhoes may, from the vanity of his nation, and the conſtitution of that government, conceive ſome imaginary pleaſure in boaſting the grandeur of his monarch, in the midſt of his own ſlavery: but a freeborn *Engliſhman*, with all his loyalty, can find little ſatisfaction at a miniſter overgrown in wealth and power from the loweſt degree of want and contempt; when that power or wealth are drawn from the bowels and blood of the nation, for which every fellow ſubject is a ſufferer, except the great man himſelf, his family, and his penſioners. I mean ſuch a miniſter (if there hath ever been ſuch a one) whoſe whole management hath been a continued link of ignorance, blunders, and miſtakes in every article beſides that of enriching and aggrandizing himſelf.

For theſe reaſons the faults of men, who are moſt truſted in publick buſineſs, are, of all others, the moſt difficult to be defended.

A man may be perſuaded into a wrong opinion, wherein he hath ſmall concern: but no oratory can have the power over a ſober man againſt the conviction of his own ſenſes: and therefore, as I take it, the money thrown away on ſuch advocates might be more prudently ſpared, and kept in ſuch a miniſter's own pocket, than laviſhed in hiring a corporation of pamphleteers to defend his conduct, and prove a kingdom to be flouriſhing in trade and wealth, which every particular ſubject (except thoſe few already excepted) can lawfully ſwear, and, by dear experience knows, to be a falſhood.

Give me leave, noble Sir, in the way of argument, to ſuppoſe this to be your caſe; could you in good conſcience, or moral juſtice, chide your paper advocates for their ill ſucceſs in perſuading the world againſt manifeſt demonſtration? Their miſcarriage is owing, alas! to want of matter. Should we allow them to be maſters of wit, raillery, or learning, yet the ſubject would not admit them to exerciſe their talents; and, conſequently, they can have no recourſe but to impudence, lying, and ſcurrility.

I muſt confeſs, that the author of your letter to me hath carried this laſt qualification

tion to a greater height than any of his fellows: but he hath, in my opinion, failed a little in point of politeneſs from the original which he affects to imitate. If I ſhould ſay to a prime miniſter, Sir, you have ſufficiently provided that *Dunkirk* ſhould be abſolutely demoliſhed and never repaired; you took the beſt advantages of a long and general peace to diſcharge the immenſe debts of the nation; you did wonders with the fleet; you made the *Spaniards* ſubmit to our quiet poſſeſſion of *Gibraltar* and *Portmahon*; you never enriched yourſelf and family at the expence of the publick.——Such is the ſtyle of your ſuppoſed letter, which however, if I am well informed, by no means comes up to the refinements of a fiſhwife in *Billingſgate*. *You never had a baſtard by* Tom *the waterman*; *you never ſtole a ſilver tankard*; *you were never whipped at the cart's tail.*

In the title of your letter, it is ſaid to be *occaſioned by the late invectives on the King, her Majeſty, and all the Royal Family:* and the whole contents of the paper (ſtripped from your eloquence) goes on upon a ſuppoſition affectedly ſerious, that their majeſties, and the whole royal family, have been lately bitterly and publickly inveighed againſt

in the moſt enormous and treaſonable manner. Now, being a man, *as you well know*, altogether out of buſineſs, I do ſometimes loſe an hour in reading a few of thoſe controverſial papers upon politicks, which have ſucceeded for ſome years paſt to the polemical tracts between *Whig* and *Tory*: and in this kind of reading (if it may deſerve to be ſo called) although I have been often but little edified, or entertained, yet hath it given me occaſion to make ſome obſervations. Firſt, I have obſerved, that however men may ſincerely agree in all the branches of the low-church principle, in a tenderneſs for diſſenters of every kind, in a perfect abhorrence of popery and the pretender, and in the moſt firm adherence to the proteſtant ſucceſſion in the royal houſe of *Hanover*; yet plenty of matter may ariſe to kindle their animoſities againſt each other from the various infirmities, follies, and vices inherent in mankind.

Secondly, I obſerved, that although the vulgar reproach which charges the quarrels between miniſters, and their oppoſers, to be only a contention for power between thoſe who are in, and thoſe who would be in if they could; yet as long as this proceeds no further

further than a ſcuffle of ambition among a few perſons, it is only a matter of courſe, whereby the publick is little affected. But when corruptions are plain, open, and undiſguiſed, both in their cauſes and effects, to the hazard of a nation's ruin, and ſo declared by all the principal perſons and the bulk of the people, thoſe only excepted who are gainers by thoſe corruptions: and when ſuch miniſters are forced to fly for ſhelter to the throne, with a complaint of diſaffection to majeſty againſt all who durſt diſlike their adminiſtration. Such a general diſpoſition in the minds of men, cannot, I think, by any rules of reaſon, be called the *clamour of a few diſaffected incendiaries*, gaſping after power. It is the true voice of the people; which muſt and will at laſt be heard, or produce conſequences that I dare not mention.

I have obſerved thirdly, that among all the offenſive printed papers which have come to my hand, whether good or bad, the writers have taken particular pains to celebrate the virtues of our excellent king and queen, even where theſe were, ſtrictly ſpeaking, no part of the ſubject: nor can it be properly objected that ſuch a proceeding was only a blind to cover their malice towards you and your

your aſſiſtants; becauſe to affront the king, queen, or the royal family, as it would be directly oppoſite to the principles that thoſe kind of writers have always profeſſed, ſo it would deſtroy the very end they have in purſuit. And it is ſomewhat remarkable, that thoſe very writers againſt you, and the regiment you command, are ſuch as moſt diſtinguiſh themſelves upon all, or upon no occaſions, by their panegyricks on their prince; and, as all of them do this without favour or hire, ſo ſome of them continue the ſame practice under the ſevereſt proſecution by you and your janiſſaries.

You ſeem to know, or at leaſt very ſtrongly to conjecture, who thoſe perſons are that give you ſo much weekly diſquiet. Will you dare to aſſert that any of theſe are *Jacobites*, endeavour to alienate the hearts of the people, to defame the prince, and then dethrone him (for theſe are your expreſſions) and that I am their patron, their bulwark, their hope, and their refuge? Can you think I will deſcend to vindicate myſelf againſt an aſperſion ſo abſurd? God be thanked, we have had many a change of miniſtry without changing our prince: for if it had been otherwiſe, perhaps revolutions might have been

been more frequent. Heaven forbid that the welfare of a great kingdom, and of a brave people, ſhould be truſted with the thread of a ſingle ſubject's life; for I ſuppoſe it is not yet in your view to entail the miniſtryſhip in your family. Thus I hope we may live to ſee different miniſters and different meaſures, without any danger to the ſucceſſion in the royal proteſtant line of *Hanover*.

You are pleaſed to advance a topick, which I could never heartily approve of in any party, although they have each in their turn advanced it while they had the ſuperiority. You tell us, It is hard that while every private man ſhall have the liberty to chuſe what ſervants he pleaſeth, the ſame privilege ſhould be refuſed to a king. This aſſertion, crudely underſtood, can hardly be ſupported. If by ſervants be only meant thoſe who are purely menial, who provide for their maſter's food and cloathing, or for the convenience and ſplendor of his family, the point is not worth debating. But the bad or good choice of a chancellor, a ſecretary, an ambaſſador, a treaſurer, and many other officers, is of very high conſequence to the whole kingdom: ſo is likewiſe that amphi-

bious

bious race of courtiers between ſervants and miniſters; ſuch as the ſteward, chamberlain, treaſurer of the houſhold and the like, being all of the privy council, and ſome of the cabinet, who according to their talents, their principles, and their degree of favour, may be great inſtruments of good or evil, both to the ſubject and the prince; ſo that the parallel is by no means adequate between a prince's court and a private family. And yet if an inſolent footman be troubleſome in the neighbourhood; if he breaks the people's windows, inſults their ſervants, breaks into other folks houſes to pilfer what he can find, although he belong to a duke, and be a favourite in his ſtation, yet thoſe who are injured may, without juſt offence, complain to his lord, and for want of redreſs get a warrant to ſend him to the ſtocks, to *Bridewell*, or to *Newgate*, according to the nature and degree of his delinquencies. Thus the ſervants of the prince, whether menial or otherwiſe, if they be of his council, are ſubject to the enquiries and proſecutions of the great council of the nation, even as far as to capital puniſhment; and ſo muſt ever be in our conſtitution, till a miniſter can procure a majority even of that council to ſhel-

ter him; which I am ſure you will allow to be a deſperate criſis under any party of the moſt plauſible denomination.

The only inſtance you produce, or rather inſinuate, to prove the late invectives againſt the king, queen, and royal family, is drawn from that deduction of the *Engliſh* hiſtory, publiſhed in ſeveral papers by the *Craftſman*; wherein are ſhewn the bad conſequences to the publick, as well as to the prince, from the practices of evil miniſters in moſt reigns, and at ſeveral periods, when the throne was filled by wiſe monarchs as well as by weak. This deduction, therefore, cannot reaſonably give the leaſt offence to a *Britiſh* king, when he ſhall obſerve that the greateſt and ableſt of his predeceſſors, by their own candor, by a particular juncture of affairs, or by the general infirmity of human nature, have ſometimes put too much truſt in confident, inſinuating, and avaricious miniſters.

Wiſdom, attended by virtue and a generous nature, is not unapt to be impoſed on. Thus *Milton* deſcribes *Uriel, the ſharpeſt-ſighted ſpirit in heaven,* and *regent of the ſun,* deceived by the diſſimulation and flattery of the devil, for which the poet gives a philoſophical reaſon, but needleſs here to quote.

Is

Is any thing more common, or more uſeful, than to caution wiſe men in high ſtations againſt putting too much truſt in undertaking ſervants, cringing flatterers, or deſigning friends? Since the *Aſiatic* cuſtom of governing by prime miniſters hath prevailed in ſo many courts of *Europe*, how careful ſhould every prince be in the choice of the perſon on whom ſo great a truſt is devolved, whereon depend the ſafety and welfare of himſelf and all his ſubjects. Queen *Elizabeth*, whoſe adminiſtration is frequently quoted as the beſt pattern for *Engliſh* princes to follow, could not reſiſt the artifices of the earl of *Leiceſter*, who, although univerſally allowed to be the moſt ambitious, inſolent, and corrupt perſon of his age, was yet her greateſt, and almoſt her only favourite: (his religion indeed being partly puritan and partly infidel, might have better tallied with preſent times) yet this wiſe queen would never ſuffer the openeſt enemies of that overgrown lord to be ſacrificed to his vengeance; nor durſt he charge them with a deſign of introducing popery or the *Spaniſh* pretender.

How many great families do we all know, whoſe maſters have paſſed for perſons of good abilities, during the whole courſe of their

their lives, and yet the greateſt part of whoſe eſtates have ſunk in the hands of their ſtewards and receivers; their revenues paid them in ſcanty portions, at large diſcount, and treble intereſt, though they did not know it; while the tenants were daily racked, and at the ſame time accuſed to their landlords of inſolvency. Of this ſpecies are ſuch managers, who, like honeſt *Peter Waters*, pretend to clear an eſtate, keep the owner pennyleſs, and, after ſeven years, leave him five times more in debt, while they ſink half a plum into their own pockets.

Thoſe who think themſelves concerned, may give you thanks for that gracious liberty you are pleaſed to allow them of *taking vengeance on the miniſters, and there ſhooting their envenom'd arrows*. As to myſelf; I neither owe you vengeance, nor make uſe of ſuch weapons: but it is your weakneſs, or ill-fortune, or perhaps the fault of your conſtitution, to convert wholeſome remedies into poiſon; for you have received better and more frequent inſtructions than any miniſter of your age and country, if God had given you the grace to apply them.

I dare promiſe you the thanks of half the kingdom, if you will pleaſe to perform the pro-

promiſe you have made of ſuffering the *Craftſman* and company, or whatever other *infamous wretches and execrable villains* you mean, to take their vengeance only on your own ſacred miniſterial perſon, without bringing any of your brethren, much leſs the moſt remote branch of the royal family, into the debate. This generous offer I ſuſpected from the firſt; becauſe there were never heard of ſo many, ſo unneceſſary, and ſo ſevere proſecutions as you have promoted during your miniſtry, in a kingdom where the liberty of the preſs is ſo much pretended to be allowed. But in reading a page or two, I found you thought it proper to explain away your grant; for there you tell us, that *theſe miſcreants* (meaning the writers againſt you) *are to remember that the laws have* ABUNDANTLY LESS *generous, leſs mild and merciful ſentiments* than yourſelf, and into their ſecular hands the poor authors muſt be delivered to fines, priſons, pillories, whippings, and the gallows. Thus your promiſe of impunity, which began ſomewhat jeſuitically, concludes with the mercy of a *Spaniſh* inquiſitor.

If it ſhould ſo happen that I am neither *abettor, patron, protector*, nor *ſupporter* of theſe

theſe imaginary invectives *againſt the king, her majeſty, or any of the royal family*, I deſire to know what ſatisfaction I am to get from you, or the creature you employed in writing the libel which I am now anſwering? It will be no excuſe to ſay, that I differ from you in every particular of your political reaſon and practice; becauſe that will be to load the beſt, the ſoundeſt, and moſt numerous part of the kingdom with the denominations you are pleaſed to beſtow upon me, that they are *Jacobites, wicked miſcreants, infamous wretches, execrable villains, and defamers of the king, queen, and all the royal family*, and *guilty of high treaſon*. You cannot know my ſtyle; but I can eaſily know your works, which are performed in the ſight of the ſun. Your good inclinations are viſible; but I begin to doubt the ſtrength of your credit, even at court, that you have not power to make his majeſty believe me the perſon which you repreſent in your libel: as moſt infallibly you have often attempted, and in vain, becauſe I muſt otherwiſe have found it by the marks of his royal diſpleaſure. However, to be angry with you to whom I am indebted for the greateſt obligation I could poſſibly receive, would be the

higheſt ingratitude. It is to You I owe that reputation I have acquired for ſome years paſt of being a lover of my country and its conſtitution: to You I owe the libels and ſcurrilities conferred upon me by the worſt of men, and conſequently ſome degree of eſteem and friendſhip from the beſt. From You I learned the ſkill of diſtinguiſhing between a *patriot* and a *plunderer* of his country: and from You I hope in time to acquire the knowledge of being a loyal, faithful, and uſeful ſervant to the beſt of princes, king *George* the ſecond; and therefore I can conclude, by your example, but with greater truth, that I am not only with humble ſubmiſſion and reſpect, but with infinite gratitude, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt obliged ſervant,

W. P.

TO THE

COUNT DE GYLLENBORG.

SIR, Dublin in Ireland, Nov. 2, 1719.

IT is now about ſixteen years ſince I firſt entertained the deſign of writing a hiſtory of *England*, from the beginning of *William Rufus* to the end of queen *Elizabeth*; ſuch a hiſtory, I mean, as appears to be moſt wanted by foreigners, and gentlemen of our own country; not a voluminous work, nor properly an abridgment, but an exact relation of the moſt important affairs and events, without any regard to the reſt. My intention was to inſcribe it to the king * your late maſter, for whoſe great virtues I had ever the higheſt veneration, as I ſhall continue to bear to his memory. I confeſs it is with ſome diſdain that I obſerve great authors deſcending to write any dedications at all: and for my own part, when I looked

* *Charles* XII. king of *Sweden*, who was unfortunately killed by a cannon-ball at the ſiege of *Frederickſhall*, in the year 1718.

round on all the princes of *Europe*, I could think of none who might deſerve that diſtinction from me, beſides the king your maſter; (for I ſay nothing of his preſent *Britannick* majeſty, to whoſe perſon and character I am an utter ſtranger, and like to continue ſo) neither can I be ſuſpected of flattery on this point, ſince it was ſome years after that I had the honour of an invitation to his court, before you were employed as his miniſter in *England*, which I heartily repent that I did not accept; whereby, as you can be my witneſs, I might have avoided ſome years uneaſineſs and vexation, during the laſt four years of our late excellent queen, as well as a long melancholy proſpect ſince, in a moſt obſcure diſagreeable country, and among a moſt profligate and abandoned people.

I was diverted from purſuing this hiſtory, partly by the extreme difficulty, but chiefly by the indignation I conceived at the proceedings of a faction, which then prevailed; and the papers lay neglected in my cabinet until you ſaw me in *England*; when you know how far I was engaged in thoughts and buſineſs of another kind. Upon her majeſty's lamented death, I returned to my

ſtation

ſtation in this kingdom; ſince which time there is not a northern curate among you who hath lived more obſcure than myſelf, or a greater ſtranger to the commoneſt tranſactions of the world. It is but very lately that I found the following papers, which I had almoſt forgotten. I publiſh them now, for two reaſons; firſt, for an encouragement to thoſe who have more youth *, and leiſure, and good temper than I, towards purſuing the work as far as it was intended by me, or as much further as they pleaſe; the ſecond reaſon is, to have an opportunity of declaring the profound reſpect I have for the memory of your royal maſter, and the ſincere regard and friendſhip I bear to yourſelf; for I muſt bring to your mind how proud I was to diſtinguiſh you among all the foreign miniſters, with whom I had the honour to be acquainted. I am a witneſs of the zeal you ſhewed not only for the honour and intereſt of your maſter, but for the advantage of the Proteſtant religion in *Germany*, and how knowingly and feelingly you often ſpoke to me upon that ſubject. We all loved you, as poſſeſſed of every quality that

* The author was then in his fifty-ſecond year.

could adorn an *Engliſh* gentleman, and eſteemed you as a faithful ſubject to your prince, and an able negociator; neither ſhall any reverſe of fortune have power to leſſen you either in my friendſhip or eſteem: and I muſt take leave to aſſure you further, that my affection towards perſons hath not been at all diminiſhed by the frown of Power upon them. Thoſe whom you and I once thought great and good men, continue ſtill ſo in my eyes and my heart; only with a

* * * * * * * * * * *

Cætera deſiderantur.

The REIGN of

WILLIAM the SECOND,

SURNAMED RUFUS.

AT the time of the Conqueror's death, his eldeſt ſon *Robert*, upon ſome diſcontent with his father, being abſent in *France* *, *William*, the ſecond ſon, made uſe of this juncture, and without attending his father's funeral, haſtened to *England*, where, purſuant to the will of the deceaſed prince †, the nobility, although more inclined to favour *Robert*, were prevailed with to admit

* He was then at *Abbeville* in *Picardy*.

† *William the Conqueror* on his death-bed left *Normandy* and *Le Maine* to his ſon *Robert*, as being his right of inheritance; not without adding, as ſome hiſtorians relate, that any people whom *Robert* was to govern, would be miſerable. *England*, he ſaid, was not his property by inheritance; he would not preſume to bequeath to any one that kingdom, but left it to the diſpoſal of Heaven: however, ſo it pleaſed God, he ſhould be glad that *William*, *his obedient and beſt beloved ſon*, ſhould enjoy it after his death; and accordingly ordered letters to be expedited to archbiſhop *Lanfranc*, for facilitating *William*'s acceſſion and eſtabliſhment there.

him king, partly by his promiſes to abate the rigor of the late reign, and reſtore the laws and liberties which had been then aboliſhed, but chiefly by the credit and ſolicitations of *Lanfranc*; for that prelate had formerly a ſhare in his education, and always a great affection for his perſon. At *Wincheſter* he took poſſeſſion of his father's treaſure ‡, in obedience to whoſe command, as well as to ingratiate himſelf with the people, he diſtributed it among churches and religious houſes, and applied it to the redeeming of priſoners, and other acts of popularity.

In the mean time *Robert* returned to *Normandy*, took poſſeſſion of that duchy, with great applauſe and content of his people, and, ſpighted at the indignity done him by his father, and the uſurpation of his brother in conſequence thereof, prepared a great fleet and army to invade *England*; nor did there want an occaſion to promote his intereſt, if the ſlowneſs, the ſoftneſs, and credulity of his nature, could have ſuffered him to make a right improvement of it.

‡ Which was ſixty thouſand pounds in ſilver, beſides gold, jewels, and plate. *Brompton.*

Odo biſhop of *Baieux* *, of whom frequent mention is made in the preceding reign †, a prelate of incurable ambition, either on account of his age or character being reſtored to his liberty and poſſeſſions in *England*, grew into envy and diſcontent, upon ſeeing *Lanfranc* preferred before him by the new king in his favour and miniſtry. He therefore formed a conſpiracy with ſeveral nobles of *Norman* birth to depoſe the king, and ſent an invitation to *Robert* to haſten over. Mean time the conſpirators, in order to diſtract the king's forces, ſeized on ſeveral parts of *England* at once; *Briſtol*, *Norwich*, *Leiceſter*, *Worceſter* ‡, *Shrewſbury*, *Bath*, and *Durham*, were ſecured by ſeveral noblemen: *Odo* himſelf ſeized *Rocheſter*, reduced the coaſts of *Kent*, and ſent meſſages to *Robert* to make all poſſible ſpeed.

* *Odo* was half brother to *William the Conqueror*, and the firſt earl of *Kent* of *Norman* blood. He was releaſed from his confinement by order of the late king, at the ſolicitation of *Robert* earl of *Mortain*, *Odo*'s brother.

† One might imagine from theſe words, that Dr. *Swift* had written an account of the reign of *William the Conqueror*, if it had not been for what he ſays in his letter to Count *Gyllenborg*.

‡ *Worceſter* however at this time ſuffered only a blockade. See the account of the operations there in *Green*'s late ſurvey of the city of *Worceſter*, p. 195.

The

The king alarmed at theſe many and ſudden defections, thought it his beſt courſe to begin his defence by ſecuring the good will of the people. He redreſſed many grievances, eaſed them of certain oppreſſive taxes and tributes, gave liberty to hunt in his foreſt, with other marks of indulgence, which however forced from him by the neceſſity of the time, he had the ſkill or fortune ſo to order as they neither loſt their good grace nor effect; for immediately after he raiſed great forces both by land and ſea, marched into *Kent*, where the chief body of his enemies was in arms, recovered *Tunbridge* and *Pevenſey*, in the latter of which *Odo* himſelf was taken priſoner, and forced to accompany the king to *Rocheſter*. This city refuſing to ſurrender at the king's ſummons, *Odo* undertook to prevail with the obſtinacy of the inhabitants; but being admitted into the town, was there detained, either by a real or ſeeming force; however, the king provoked at their ſtubbornneſs and fraud, ſoon compelled them to yield, retook his priſoner, and forcing him for ever to abjure *England*, ſent him into *Normandy*.

By theſe actions, performed with ſuch great celerity and ſucceſs, the preparations

of

of duke *Robert* were wholly diſappointed, himſelf, by the neceſſity of his affairs, compelled * to a treaty with his brother, upon the terms of a ſmall penſion, and a mutual promiſe of ſucceeding to each other's dominions on failure of iſſue, forced to reſign his pretenſions, and return with a ſhattered fleet to *Normandy*.

About this time died archbiſhop *Lanfranc*; by whoſe death the king, looſed from that awe and conſtraint he was under, ſoon

* *Samuel Daniel*, a very judicious epitomizer of our ancient hiſtory, places the concluſion of this treaty in 1087, ſoon after the eſtabliſhment of *Rufus* on the *Engliſh* throne, who might well think ſuch an expedient neceſſary at that time, for the reconciling an elder brother to the moſt mortifying of diſappointments. If the treaty was then made, *Robert*'s infraction of it by an embarkation of troops in the very next year to ſuccour the *Engliſh* rebels, was a plauſible call for revenge, and accounts for the king's invaſion of *Normandy* in 1090. *Speed*, whom Dr. *Swift* follows here, has been ſo far miſled by *Knighton*, as to repreſent *Robert* making an actual deſcent on the *Engliſh* coaſt, landing at *Southampton*, amuſed there by humble meſſages from *Rufus*, cajoled into a reſignation of his claim, and induced to go back a penſioner inſtead of a king. But there is no trace of ſuch tranſactions in the purer narratives of more ancient hiſtorians. And if we follow thoſe of *Normandy*, who ought to have the beſt information of *Robert*'s motions, the duke neither embarked with nor after his troops: he promiſed indeed to follow them with a greater force; but *indolence* got the better of his ambition.

began

began to diſcover thoſe irregularities of his nature, which till then he had ſuppreſſed and diſguiſed, falling into thoſe acts of oppreſſion and extortion that have made his name and memory infamous. He kept the ſee of *Canterbury* four years vacant, and converted the revenues to his own uſe, together with thoſe of ſeveral other biſhopricks and abbies ‡, and diſpoſed all church preferments to the higheſt bidder. Nor were his exactions leſs upon the laity, from whom he continually extorted exorbitant fines for pretended tranſgreſſion of certain penal laws, and entertained informers to obſerve mens actions and bring him intelligence.

It is here worth obſervation, that theſe corrupt proceedings of the prince have, in the opinion of ſeveral learned men, given riſe to two cuſtoms, which are a long time

‡ As for *Rufus*'s appropriating to himſelf the revenues of vacant ſees, this was the reſult and expected conſequence of the feudal eſtabliſhment made by his father. For when the Conqueror had reduced epiſcopal and abbatial manours to military and baronial tenure, the care and profits of them, between the demiſe of each tenant and the entry or inſtallation of his ſucceſſor, by neceſſity of that tenure, devolved on the crown. But *Rufus* is deſervedly cenſured for keeping the prelacies vacant longer than was neceſſary, merely with an avaricious view.

grown

grown to have the force of laws. For, firſt the ſucceſſors of this king, continuing the cuſtom of ſeizing on the accruing rents in the vacancy of ſees and abbies, it grew in proceſs of time to be exacted as a right, or acknowledgment to the king as founder; whence the revenues of vacant biſhopricks belong at this day to the crown. The ſecond cuſtom had an original not unlike. Several perſons, to avoid the perſecutions of the king's informers, and other inſtruments of oppreſſion, withdrew themſelves and their effects to foreign countries; upon which the king iſſued a proclamation, forbidding all men to leave the kingdom without his licence; from whence, in the judgment of the ſame authors, the writ *ne exeas regno* had its beginning.

By theſe and the like arbitrary methods having amaſſed great treaſures, and finding all things quiet at home, he raiſed a powerful army to invade his brother in *Normandy*; but upon what ground or pretext, the writers of that age are not very exact; whether it were from a principle frequent among unjuſt princes, That old oppreſſions are beſt juſtified by new; or, whether having a talent for ſudden enterpriſes, and juſtly appre-

apprehending the reſentments of duke *Robert*, he thought it the wiſer courſe to prevent injuries than to revenge them. In this expedition he took ſeveral cities and caſtles from his brother, and would have proceeded farther, if *Robert* had not deſired and obtained the aſſiſtance of *Philip* king of *France*, who came with an army to his relief. King *William* not thinking it ſafe or prudent to proceed further againſt his enemy ſupported by ſo great an ally, yet loth to loſe the fruits of his time and valour, fell upon a known and old expedient, which no prince ever practiſed oftner, or with greater ſucceſs, and that was, to buy off the *French* king with a ſum of money. This had its effect; for that prince not able to oppoſe ſuch powerful arms, immediately withdrew himſelf and his forces, leaving the two brothers to concert the meaſures of a peace.

This was treated and agreed with great advantages on the ſide of king *William*; for he kept all the towns he had taken, obliged his brother to baniſh *Edgar Atheling* out of *Normandy*, and, for a further ſecurity, brought over with him to *England* the duke himſelf to attend him in his expedition againſt *Malcolm* king of *Scotland*, who during his abſence

had invaded the borders. The king having raiſed great forces both by ſea and land, went in perſon to repel the inroads of the *Scots*: but the enterpriſe was without ſucceſs; for the greateſt part of his fleet was deſtroyed by a tempeſt, and his army very much diminiſhed by ſickneſs and famine, which forced him to a peace of little honour; by which, upon the condition of homage from that prince, the king of *England* agreed to deliver him up thoſe twelve towns (or manours) in *England* which *Malcolm* had held under *William the Conqueror*; together with a penſion of twelve thouſand marks *.

* So *Brompton* writes. But it is doubtful whether the *Normanic* or *Saxonic* mark of ſilver be underſtood. The former was a weight of eight ounces, the latter but an ounce and a half. If we compute by the mark of the *Normans*, the annuity ſtipulated for *Malcolm* was equivalent to about 186,000 *l.* of modern currency; a penſion ſcarce reconcilable with the ſtate of our exchequer in thoſe days. If the ſmaller or *Saxonic* mark be meant here (which had not yet fallen into diſuſe, as appears by the calculations by it in the laws of king *Henry* I.) the penſion is more reaſonable, being equivalent to about 35,000 *l.* of our preſent money. This at leaſt is rather to be admitted than the account of the greater part of our hiſtorians, who ſet down the proviſion made for the *Scottiſh* king at *twelve marks of gold per annum*, which amounts but to 72 *lb. Norman*, or 1700 *l.* in modern money; a penſion unworthy the magnificence of *Ruſus*, and too mean for any reigning prince to accept.

At

At this time were ſown the ſeeds of another quarrel between him and duke *Robert*, who ſoliciting the king to perform ſome covenants of the laſt peace, and meeting with a repulſe, withdrew in great diſcontent to *Normandy*.

King *William*, in his return from *Scotland*, fell dangerouſly ſick at *Gloceſter*, where, moved by the ſeaſonable exhortations of his clergy, or rather by the fears of dying, he began to diſcover great marks of repentance, with many promiſes of amendment and retribution, particularly for his injuries to the church. To give credit to which good reſolutions, he immediately filled ſeveral vacant ſees, giving that of *Canterbury* to *Anſelm*, a foreigner of great fame for piety and learning. But as it is the diſpoſition of men who derive their vices from their complexions, that their paſſions uſually beat ſtrong and weak with their pulſes, ſo it fared with this prince, who upon recovery of his health ſoon forgot the vows he had made in his ſickneſs, relapſing with greater violence into the ſame irregularities of injuſtice and oppreſſion, whereof *Anſelm*, the new archbiſhop, felt the firſt effects. This prelate, ſoon after his promotion, offered the king a ſum of money

by way of preſent †; but took care it ſhould be ſo ſmall, that none might interpret it to be

† This whole account of the difference between the king and the archbiſhop is taken from *Eadmer*, a monk of *Canterbury*, and a creature of *Anſelm*'s. A benevolence had been demanded from all the nobility and the prelates towards the expence of the king's expedition to *Normandy* in 1094. If *Anſelm*, as it is ſaid, offered 500 *l.* towards it, as the ſhare or quota of his own ſee, that ſum (equivalent to at leaſt 11,500 *l.* of our currency) was far greater than a poor *Italian* monk, not yet poſſeſſed of the temporalities of *Canterbury*, could be expected to raiſe, and what, if his friends could advance it for him, the neceſſities of the king would not ſuffer him to reject: ſo that this part of *Eadmer*'s apology for his patron confutes itſelf. But in fact, the true ſource of the conteſt between this prelate and the king was, the former's violent attachment to one of the contenders for the papacy, *Otho* of *Oſtia*, ſtyled *Urban* II. whom, when *Italy* had ſcarce acknowledged him, (for in 1091 the antipope *Clement* III. took *Rome*, and the caſtle of *St. Angelo*, and drove *Urban* from St. *Peter*'s chair) *Anſelm* would imperiouſly impoſe on the king, prelates, and whole realm of *England*, as their apoſtolic father and pontiff. The king replied, That *his* predeceſſors in *Canterbury* had never taken ſo much upon them; and that when two popes had been choſen, *his* declaring for either without approbation of the king, was an endeavour *to pluck from his ſovereign's head the crown of* England. A great council was ſummoned on this occaſion at *Rockingham*, *Mar.* 11, 1095, when the nobility and biſhops inſiſted on *Anſelm*'s ſubmiſſion to the king: he pleaded his privilege as primate, and would be judged by none but the pope, and by no pope but *Urban* II. It was however there determined, that *Anſelm* ſhould not demand his archiepiſcopal pall of *Urban* II. unleſs the king ſhould conſent. All the prelates, except the biſhop of *Rocheſter*, ſays *Du Pin*, re-

be a conſideration of his late preferment. The king rejected it with ſcorn; and as he uſed but little ceremony in ſuch matters, inſiſted in plain terms for more. *Anſelm* would not comply; and the king enraged, ſought all occaſions to make him uneaſy; until at length the poor archbiſhop, tired out with perpetual uſurpations (or at leaſt what was then underſtood to be ſuch) upon his juriſdiction, privileges, and poſſeſſions, de-

ſolved not to own *Anſelm* as primate, ſo long as he ſhould take part with the biſhop of *Oſtia (Urban* II.) But a rebellion which broke out in the Empire, wherein *Conrad* the emperor's ſon roſe in arms againſt his father, proved extremely fortunate both for *Urban*, and for his factious inſtrument *Anſelm*. Wicked *Urban* was the ſeducer of this unnatural ſon; and the price of his benediction ſoon appeared. So far as *Conrad*'s ſword could influence, *Clement* III. was ejected: ſo that in 1095 *Urban* was acknowledged through *Lombardy*, but as yet was not maſter of *Rome*. Fortune now befriended, and even *William* of *England* was ready to acknowledge him. Accordingly this pope ſent an archiepiſcopal pall, for the ceremony of the king's inveſting *Anſelm* with the primacy: but the haughty monk refuſed the inveſtiture from the king's hand, and obſtinately perſiſted, until the pope's meſſengers were allowed to lay the pall on the altar of *Canterbury* cathedral; whence he vouchſafed to take it (as the canting phraſe was) from *St. Peter's hand*, although the king had acknowledged and obliged his kingdom to acknowledge *Urban* on this expreſs condition, That he ſhould be gratified with delivering *Urban*'s pall to the archbiſhop elect. Thus *Rufus*, who would not be bullied, was at laſt bubbled by a prieſt.

ſired the king licence for a journey to *Rome*; and upon a refuſal, went without it. As ſoon as he was withdrawn, the king ſeized on all his revenues, converting them to his own uſe, and the archbiſhop continued an exile until the ſucceeding reign.

The particulars of this quarrel between the king and archbiſhop are not, in my opinion, conſiderable enough to deſerve a place in this brief collection, being of little uſe to poſterity, and of leſs entertainment; neither ſhould I have mentioned it at all, but for the occaſion it gives me of making a general obſervation, which may afford ſome light into the nature and diſpoſition of thoſe ages. Not only this king's father and himſelf, but the princes for ſeveral ſucceſſions, of the faireſt character, have been ſeverely taxed for violating the rights of the clergy, and perhaps not altogether without reaſon. It is true, this character hath made the lighter impreſſion, as proceeding altogether from the party injured, the cotemporary writers being generally churchmen: and it muſt be confeſſed, that the uſurpations of the church and court of *Rome* were in thoſe ages riſen to ſuch heights, as to be altogether inconſiſtent either with the legiſlature or adminiſtration

of any independant ſtate; the inferior clergy, both ſecular and regular, inſiſting upon ſuch immunities as wholly exempted them from the civil power; and the biſhops removing all controverſies with the crown by appeal to *Rome:* for they reduced the matter to this ſhort iſſue, That God was to be obeyed rather than men; and conſequently the biſhop of *Rome*, who is Chriſt's repreſentative, rather than an earthly prince. Neither doth it ſeem improbable that all *Chriſtendom* would have been in utter vaſſalage, both temporal and ſpiritual, to the *Roman* ſee, if the Reformation had not put a ſtop to thoſe exorbitancies, and in a good meaſure opened the eyes even of thoſe princes and ſtates who ſtill adhere to the doctrines and diſcipline of that Church.

While the king continued at *Glocester*, *Malcolm* king of *Scotland* came to his court, with intentions to ſettle and confirm the late peace between them. It happened that a controverſy aroſe about ſome circumſtances relating to the homage which *Malcolm* was to pay, in the managing whereof king *William* diſcovered ſo much haughtineſs and diſdain, both in words and geſtures, that the *Scottiſh* prince, provoked by ſuch unworthy treat-

treatment returned home with indignation; but ſoon came back at the head of a powerful army, and, entring *Northumberland* with fire and ſword, laid all waſte before him. But as all enterprizes have in the progreſs of them a tincture of thoſe paſſions by which they were ſpirited at firſt, ſo this invaſion begun upon private revenge, which is a blind ungovernable paſſion, was carried on with equal precipitation, and proved to be ruinous in the event; for *Robert Mowbray*, earl of *Northumberland*, to prevent the deſtruction of his own country, where he had great poſſeſſions, gathering what forces he could ſuddenly raiſe, and without waiting any directions from the king, marched againſt the *Scots*, who were then ſet down before *Alnwick* caſtle: there, by an ambuſh, *Malcolm* and his eldeſt ſon *Edward* were ſlain, and the army, diſcouraged by the loſs of their princes, entirely defeated. This diſaſter was followed in a few days by the death of queen *Margaret*, who, not able to ſurvive her misfortunes, died for grief. Neither did the miſeries of that kingdom end till, after two uſurpations, the ſurviving ſon of *Malcolm*, who had fled to *England* for re-

fuge, was reſtored to his crown by the aſſiſtance of king *William*.

About this time the hidden ſparks of animoſity between the two brothers, buried but not extinguiſhed in the laſt peace, began to flame out into new diſſenſions: duke *Robert* had often ſent his complaints to the king for breach of articles, but without redreſs, which provoked him to expoſtulate in a rougher manner, till at length he charged the king in plain terms with injuſtice and perjury: but no men are found to endure reproaches with leſs temper than thoſe who moſt deſerve them: the king, at the ſame time filled with indignation, and ſtung with guilt, invaded *Normandy* a ſecond time, reſolving to reduce his brother to ſuch terms as might ſtop all further complaints. He had already taken ſeveral ſtrong holds, by force either of arms or of money, and intending intirely to ſubdue the duchy, gave orders to have twenty thouſand men immediately raiſed in *England*, and ſent over to him. The duke, to defend himſelf againſt theſe formidable preparations, had recourſe again to his old ally the king of *France*, who very readily advanced with an army to his aſſiſtance,

aſſiſtance, as an action wherein he could every way find his own accounts; for, beſide the appearance of glory and juſtice by protecting the injured, he fought indeed his own battle, by preſerving his neighbouring ſtate in the hands of a peaceful prince, from ſo powerful and reſtleſs an enemy as the king of *England*; and was largely paid for his trouble into the bargain: for king *William*, either loth to engage in a long and dangerous war, or haſtened back by intelligence of ſome troubles from *Wales*, ſent offers to his army, juſt ready to embark for *Normandy*, that upon payment of ten ſhillings a man they might have leave to return to their own homes. This bargain was generally accepted; the money was paid to the king of *France*, who immediately withdrew his troops; and king *William*, now maſter of the conditions, forced his brother to a peace upon much harder terms than before.

In this paſſage there are ſome circumſtances which may appear odd and unaccountable to thoſe who will not give due allowance for the difference of times and manners: that an abſent prince, engaged in an unjuſt war with his own brother, and

ill-beloved at home, ſhould have ſo much power and credit, as by his commiſſion to raiſe twenty thouſand men on a ſudden, only as a recruit to the army he had already with him; that he ſhould have a fleet prepared ready, and large enough to tranſport ſo great a number; that upon the very point of embarking he ſhould ſend them ſo diſgraceful an offer; and that ſo great a number of common ſoldiers ſhould be able and willing to pay ſuch a ſum of money *, equal to at leaſt twelve times as much in our times †;

* The *Saxon* Chronicle, *Simeon Dunelmenſis*, and *Matthew Paris* ſay, That *Ralf* the treaſurer took from the men the money which had been paid them for their maintenance. Yes, ſays Sir *Henry Spelman*, the money which the country had allowed them for their ſubſiſtence; ſo that if each man paid ten ſhillings, it might not be from his own purſe.

† It might more juſtly be ſaid, equal to four and twenty times as much in our times: for the genuine ſilver in the ſum of ten ſhillings of *Norman* tale, was of equal weight with the ſilver that is found in twenty-nine ſhillings of our preſent ſtandard coin; *i. e.* weighed 5 oz. and about 13 pwt. and each ounce of ſilver was at that time worth at leaſt eight times more than at preſent. Whence we may collect, that ten ſhillings of *Rufus*'s money was equivalent to at leaſt twelve pounds ſterl. of our preſent currency. The curious reader may conſult biſhop *Fleetwood*'s *Chronicon preciоſum*, and a ſynoptical table of the variations in the ſtandard of *Engliſh* coin, by *Martin Folkes*, Eſq; publiſhed in an anonymous *Eſſay upon Money and Coins*.

and

and that, after being thus deluded and ſpoiled at once, they ſhould peaceably diſband and retire to their ſeveral homes. But all this will be leſs difficult to comprehend, when we reflect on the method of raiſing and ſupporting armies, very different from ours, which was then in uſe, and ſo continued for many ages after. All men who had lands *in capite* were bound to attend the king in his wars with a proportioned number of ſoldiers, who were their tenants on eaſy rents in conſideration of military ſervice. This was but the work of a few days, and the troops conſiſted of ſuch men as were able to maintain their own charges either at home or abroad: neither was there any reaſon to apprehend that ſoldiers would ever become inſtruments for introducing ſlavery, who held ſo great a ſhare in the property.

The king, upon his return from *Normandy*, made an unſucceſsful expedition againſt the *Welſh*, who upon the advantages of his abſence had, according to their uſual cuſtom, made cruel inroads upon the adjoining counties of *Cheſter*, *Shrewſbury*, and *Hereford*. Upon the king's approach they fled into their faſtneſſes among the mountains, where he purſued them for ſome time with

with great rage and vexation, as well as the loſs of great numbers of his men, to no purpoſe. From hence he was recalled by a more formidable enemy nearer home: for *Robert* earl of *Northumberland*, overrating his late ſervices againſt the *Scots*, as much perhaps and as unjuſtly as they were undervalued by the king, refuſed to come to his court, which, in thoſe days, was looked on as the firſt uſual mark of diſcontent in a nobleman; and was often charged by princes as a formal accuſation. The earl having diſobeyed the king's ſummons, and concerted matters with other accomplices, broke out into open rebellion, with intentions to depoſe king *William*, and ſet up *Stephen* earl of *Albemarle*, ſon of a ſiſter to *William the Conqueror*: but all was prevented by the celerity of this active prince; who, knowing that inſurrections are beſt quelled in their beginnings, marched with incredible ſpeed, and ſurprized the rebels at *Newcaſtle*, took the caſtles of *Tinmouth* and *Bamburg* * ; where the obſtinacy of the defendants provoked him, contrary to his nature, to commit cruelties upon their perſons, by cutting

* Now called *Bamborough*.

off

off their hands and ears, and other the like inhumanities. The earl himſelf was taken priſoner as he endeavoured to make his eſcape; but ſuffered no other puniſhment than to be confined for the reſt of his life ‡.

About this time began the Holy War for recovering of *Paleſtine*; which having not been the enterprize of any one prince or ſtate, but that wherein moſt in *Chriſtendom* had a ſhare, it cannot with juſtice be ſilently paſſed over in the hiſtory of any nation.

Pope *Urban* the ſecond, in a council at *Clermont*, made a pathetick exhortation, ſhewing with what danger and indignity to *Chriſtendom* the *Turks* and *Saracens* had, for ſome ages, not only overrun all *Aſia* and *Africa*, where Chriſtianity had long flouriſhed; but had alſo made encroachments into *Europe*, where they had entirely ſubdued *Spain*, and ſome other parts; that *Jeruſalem*, the holy city, where our Saviour did ſo many miracles, and where his ſepulchre ſtill remained, to the ſcandal of the Chriſtian name, lay groaning under the tyranny of Infidels; that the ſwords which Chriſtian princes had drawn againſt each

‡ Which was thirty years.

other

other, ought to be turned againſt the common enemy of their name and religion; that this ſhould be reckoned an ample ſatisfaction for all their paſt ſins; that thoſe who died in this expedition ſhould immediately go to heaven, and the ſurvivors would be bleſſed with the ſight of our Lord's ſepulchre.

Moved by theſe arguments, and the influence of the perſon who delivered them, ſeveral nobles and prelates immediately took upon them the Croſs; and the council diſſolving in this high fit of zeal, the clergy, upon their return home, prevailed ſo far in their ſeveral countries, that in moſt parts of *Europe* ſome great prince or lord became a votary for *The Holy Land*; as *Hugh the Great*, brother to the king of *France*; *Godfrey* duke of *Lorrain*; *Reimond* count of *Toulouſe*; *Robert* duke of *Normandy*, and many others. Neither ought it to be forgotten that moſt of theſe noble and generous princes, wanting money to maintain the forces they had raiſed, pawned their dominions to thoſe very prelates who had firſt engaged them in this enterprize: doubtleſs a notable mark of the force of oratory in the churchmen of thoſe ages, who were able to inſpire that devotion into

into others, whereof they ſeemed ſo little ſenſible themſelves.

But a great ſhare in the honour of promoting this religious war, is attributed to the zeal and induſtry of a certain *French* prieſt, commonly called *Peter the Hermit*; who being at *Jeruſalem* upon pilgrimage ſome time before, and entering often into private treaty with the patriarch of that city, came back fully inſtructed in all the meaſures neceſſary for ſuch a war: to theſe was joined the artifice of certain dreams and viſions that might paſs for divine admonition: all which, added to the piety of his exhortations, gave him ſuch credit with the pope, and ſeveral princes of *Chriſtendom*, that he became in his own perſon the leader of a great army againſt the infidels, and was very inſtrumental for engaging many others in the ſame deſign.

What a ſpirit was thus raiſed in *Chriſtendom* among all ſorts of men, cannot better be conceived than from the vaſt numbers of theſe warlike pilgrims; who, at the ſiege of *Nice*, are ſaid to have conſiſted of 600,000 foot, and 100,000 horſe: and the ſucceſs at firſt was anſwerable to the greatneſs of their numbers, the valour of their leaders, and the

univer-

univerſal opinion of ſuch a cauſe; for, beſides ſeveral famous victories in the field, not to mention the towns of leſs importance, they took *Nice*, *Antioch*, and at laſt *Jeruſalem*, where duke *Godfrey* was choſen king without competition. But zeal, with a mixture of enthuſiaſm, as I take this to have been, is a compoſition only fit for ſudden enterprizes, like a great ferment in the blood, giving double courage and ſtrength for the time, until it ſink and ſettle by nature into its old channel: for, in a few years the piety of theſe adventurers began to ſlacken, and give way to faction and envy, the natural corruptions of all confederacies: however, to this ſpirit of devotion there ſucceeded a ſpirit of honour, which long continued the vein and humour of the times; and the *Holy Land* became either a ſchool, wherein young princes went to learn the art of war, or a ſcene wherein they affected to ſhew their valour, and gain reputation, when they were weary of peace at home.

The Chriſtians held poſſeſſion of *Jeruſalem* above eighty years *, and continued their expeditions to the *Holy Land* almoſt as many

* They held it eighty-eight years; from *July* 1099, to *October* 1187.

more, with various events; and after they were entirely driven out of *Aſia*, the popes have almoſt in every age endeavoured in vain to promote new cruſadoes; neither does this ſpirit ſeem quite extinct among us even to this day; the uſual projects of ſanguine men for uniting *Chriſtendom* againſt the *Turk*, being without doubt a traditional way of talk derived to us from the ſame fountain.

Robert, in order to furniſh himſelf out for this war, pawned his duchy to the king for 10,000 marks of gold †; which ſum was levied with ſo many circumſtances of rigor and exaction, towards the church and laity, as very much encreaſed the diſcontents of both againſt the prince.

1099. I ſhall record one act of this king's, which being chiefly perſonal, may paſs rather for a part of his character, than a point of hiſtory.

As he was hunting one day in the *New Foreſt*, a meſſenger expreſs from *Normandy*, brought him intelligence, that *Helie*, count *de la Fleche*, had laid cloſe ſiege to *Mans*, and expected to carry the town in a few days; the king leaving his chace, commanded ſome

† Equal to 1,400,000 *l.* as money paſſes now.

about

about him to point whereabout *Mans* lay; and ſo rode ſtraight on without reflection, until he came to the coaſt. His attendants adviſed him to wait until he had made preparations of men and money; to which he only returned; "They that love me, will "follow me." He entered the ſhip in a violent ſtorm; which the mariners beholding with aſtoniſhment, at length in great humility gave him warning of the danger; but the king commanded them inſtantly to put off to ſea, and not be afraid; for he had never in his life heard of any king that was drowned. In a few days he drove the enemy from before the city, and took the count himſelf priſoner, who raging at his defeat and captivity, exclaimed ‡, "That this blow "was

‡ There is ſo much pleaſantry and humour, as well as ſpirit and heroiſm in this ſtory, as we have it recorded by *William de Malmeſbury*, who repreſents the menace as thrown out in the king's preſence, that I ſhall make no apology for ſetting down his words at length. "Author turbarum Helias capitur; cui ad ſe adducto "rex ludibundus, 'Habeo te, magiſter, inquit.' At "ille, cujus alta nobilitas neſciret etiam in tanto peri- "culo ſapere; 'Fortuitò, inquit, me cepiſti: ſi poſ- "ſum evadere, novi quid facerem.' Tunc Williel- "mus, præ furore ferè extra ſe poſitus, & obtuens "Heliam, 'Tu, inquit, nebulo, tu quid faceres! "Diſcede; abi; fuge. Concedo tibi ut facias quic- "quid poteris: et per vultum de Luca, nihil ſi me "viceris,

" was from Fortune; but Valour could " make repriſals, as he ſhould ſhew, if ever " he regained his liberty." This being told the king, he ſent for the count, let him underſtand that he had heard of his menaces, then gave him a fine horſe, bid him begone immediately, and defyed him to do his worſt.

It would have been an injury to this prince's memory, to let paſs an action, by which he acquired more honor than from any other in his life, and by which it appeared that he was not without ſome ſeeds of magnanimity, had they been better cultivated, or not overrun by the number or prevalency of his vices.

I have met with nothing elſe in this king's reign that deſerved to be remembred; for, as to an unſucceſsful expedition or two againſt *Wales*, either by himſelf or his generals; they were very inconſiderable both in action and event, nor attended with any circumſtances that might render a relation of them of any uſe to poſterity, either for inſtruction or example.

" viceris, nihil pro hâc veniâ tecum paciſcar." *i. e.* By the face of St. *Luke*, if thou ſhouldſt have the fortune to conquer me, I ſcorn to compound with thee for my releaſe.

His death was violent and unexpected, the effect of caſualty; although this perhaps is the only misfortune of life to which the perſon of a prince is generally leſs ſubject than that of other men. Being at his beloved exerciſe of hunting in the *New Foreſt* in *Hampſhire*, a large ſtag croſſed the way before him, the king hot on his game, cryed out in haſte to *Walter Tyrrel*, a knight of his attendants, to ſhoot; *Tyrrel*, immediately let fly his arrow, which glancing againſt a tree, ſtruck the king through the heart, who fell dead to the ground without ſpeaking a word. Upon the ſurpriſe of this accident, all his attendants, and *Tyrrel* * among the reſt, fled different ways; until the fright being a little over, ſome of them returned, and cauſing the body to be laid in a collier's cart, for want of other conveniency, conveyed it in a very unbecoming contemptuous manner to *Wincheſter*, where it was buried the next day without ſolemnity, and which is worſe, without grief.

I ſhall conclude the hiſtory of this prince's reign, with a deſcription and character of his body and mind, impartially from the col-

* Yet *Eadmer* ſaith, That *Tyrrel* told him, he had not been in the Foreſt that day.

lections

lections I have made; which method I ſhall obſerve likewiſe in all the ſucceeding reigns.

He was in ſtature ſomewhat below the uſual ſize, and big-bellyed, but he was well and ſtrongly knit. His hair was yellow or ſandy; his face red, which got him the name of *Rufus*; his forehead flat; his eyes were ſpotted, and appeared of different colours; he was apt to ſtutter in ſpeaking, eſpecially when he was angry; he was vigorous and active, and very hardy to endure fatigues, which he owed to a good conſtitution of health, and the frequent exerciſe of hunting; in his dreſs he affected gayety and expence, which having been firſt introduced by this prince into his court and kingdom, grew, in ſucceeding reigns, an intolerable grievance. He alſo firſt brought in among us the luxury and profuſion of great tables. There was in him, as in all other men, a mixture of virtues and vices, and that in a pretty equal degree, only the misfortune was, that the latter, although not more numerous, were yet much more prevalent than the former. For being entirely a man of pleaſure, this made him ſacrifice all his good qualities, and gave him too many occaſions of producing his ill ones. He had

one very ſingular virtue for a prince, which was that of being true to his word and promiſe †: he was of undoubted perſonal valour, whereof the writers in thoſe ages produce ſeveral inſtances; nor did he want ſkill and conduct in the proceſs of war. But, his peculiar excellency, was that of great diſpatch, which, however uſually decried, and allowed to be only a happy temerity, does often anſwer all the ends of ſecrecy and counſel in a great commander, by ſurpriſing and daunting an enemy when he leaſt expects it; as may appear by the greateſt actions and events upon the records of every nation.

He was a man of ſound natural ſenſe, as well as of wit and humour, upon occaſion. There were ſeveral tenets in the *Romiſh* church he could not digeſt; particularly that of the ſaint's interceſſion; and living in an age overrun with ſuperſtition, he went ſo far into the other extream, as to be cenſured for an Atheiſt. The day before his death, a monk relating a terrible dream,

† Yet he was ſometimes guilty of breach of his faith in treaties. But, he is not the only prince who in different characters had different meaſures of right and wrong; a public and a private conſcience.

which

which ſeemed to forbode him ſome misfortune, the king being told the matter, turned it into a jeſt; ſaid, The man was a Monk, and dreamt like a Monk, for lucre ſake; and therefore commanded *Fitzhamon* to give him an hundred ſhillings, that he might not complain he had dreamt to no purpoſe.

His vices appear to have been rather derived from the temper of his body, than any original depravity of his mind; for being of a ſanguine complexion, wholly bent upon his pleaſures, and prodigal in his nature, he became engaged in great expences ‡. To ſupply theſe, the people were perpetually oppreſſed with illegal taxes and exactions; but that ſort of avarice which ariſes from prodigality and vice, as it is always needy,

‡ Not from his attachment to groſſer pleaſures; but from his vanity, ſtudy of magnificence, buildings, affectation of generoſity, and profuſeneſs in rewarding the bravery of his ſoldiers. The Monks bring againſt him a general charge of incontinency; but mention no particulars: No ſpurious iſſue is heard of; no miſtreſs raiſed to rank and ſplendour; not the name of any of his private favourites has reached us. Had he been as tractable to *Anſelm*, as *Edgar* was to *Dunſtan*; had he laid his ſceptre under the feet of that inſolent bigot; the ſame Monks would have celebrated his piety, and palliated his failings; as the popes were equally grateful to *Dunſtan*, *Anſelm*, and *Becket*, by exalting thoſe incendiaries into ſaints.

ſo it is much more ravenous and violent than the other, which put the king and his evil inſtruments (among whom *Ralph*, biſhop of *Durham*, is of ſpecial infamy) upon thoſe pernicious methods of gratifying his extravagances by all manner of oppreſſion; whereof ſome are already mentioned, and others are too foul to relate.

He is generally taxed by writers for diſcovering a contempt of religion in his common diſcourſe and behaviour; which I take to have riſen from the ſame fountain, being a point of art, and a known expedient, for men who cannot quit their immoralities, at leaſt to baniſh all reflexions that may diſturb them in the enjoyment, which muſt be done either by not thinking of religion at all; or, if it will obtrude, by putting it out of countenance.

Yet there is one inſtance that might ſhew him to have ſome ſenſe of religion as well as juſtice. When two Monks were outvying each other in canting the price of an abbey, he obſerved a third at ſome diſtance, who ſaid never a word; the king demanded why he would not offer; the Monk ſaid, he was poor, and beſides, would give nothing if he were ever ſo rich; the king replyed,

Then

Then you are the fitteſt perſon to have it, and immediately gave it him. But this is, perhaps with reaſon enough, aſſigned more to caprice than conſcience; for he was under the power of every humour and paſſion that poſſeſſed him for the preſent; which made him obſtinate in his reſolves, and unſteady in the proſecution.

He had one vice or folly that ſeemed rooted in his mind, and of all others, moſt unbefitting a prince: This was, a proud diſdainful manner, both in his words and geſture; and having already loſt the love of his ſubjects by his avarice and oppreſſion, this finiſhed the work, by bringing him into contempt and hatred among his ſervants; ſo that few among the worſt of princes have had the luck to be ſo ill-beloved, or ſo little lamented.

He never married, having an invincible abhorrence for the ſtate, although not for the ſex.

He died in the thirteenth year of his reign, the forty-third of his age, and of *Chriſt* 1100, *Auguſt* 2.

His works of piety were few, but in buildings he was very expenſive, exceeding any king of *England* before or ſince, among

which *Weſtminſter-Hall*, *Windſor Caſtle*, the *Tower* of *London*, and the whole city of *Carliſle*, remain laſting monuments of his magnificence.

The REIGN of

HENRY the FIRST.

THIS prince was the youngeſt ſon of *William the Conqueror*, and bred to more learning than was uſual in that age, or to his rank, which got him the ſurname of *Beauclerc*; the reputation whereof, together with his being born in *England*, and born ſon of a king, although of little weight in themſelves, did very much ſtrengthen his pretenſions with the people. Beſides, he had the ſame advantage of his brother *Robert*'s abſence, which had proved before ſo ſucceſsful to *Rufus*, whoſe treaſures he likewiſe ſeized on immediately at his death, after the ſame manner, and for the ſame end, as *Rufus* did thoſe of his father the *Conqueror*. *Robert* had been now five years abſent in the *Holy War*, where he acquitted himſelf with great glory; and although he

was

was now in *Apulia*, upon his return homeward, yet the nobles pretending not to know what was become of him, and others giving out that he had been elected king of *Jeruſalem*, *Henry* laid hold of the occaſion, and calling together an aſſembly of the clergy, nobles, and people of the realm at *London*, upon his promiſes to reſtore king *Edward*'s laws, and redreſs the grievances which had been introduced by his father and brother, they conſented to elect him king *. Immediately after his coronation, he proceeded upon reforming the abuſes of the late reign: he baniſhed diſſolute perſons from the court, who had long infeſted it under the protection and example of *Rufus*: he reſtored the people to the uſe of lights in the night,

* Notwithſtanding the phraſe *electus eſt* be uſed on this very occaſion by *Henry* of *Huntingdon*, and *William* of *Malmeſbury*, there ſeems to be a manifeſt impropriety in it. The barons convened at *London*, upon news of *William*'s death, pretended to no power of electing a monarch, but of declaring to whom the crown had devolved. A falſe charge of illegitimacy was made uſe of to deſtroy the title of *Robert*. *Impoſuerunt ei illegitimatem, quòd non fuerat procreatus de legitimo thoro Willielmi Conqueſtoris; undè unanimi aſſenſu ſuo ipſum refutaverunt, & pro Rege omninò recuſaverunt, & Henricum fratrem in Regem creaverunt.* *Knyghton.* The body of barons, or great council of the land, were in all ſuch emergencies deemed the interpreters or judges of the law of ſucceſſion.

which

which the *Conqueror* had forbidden, after a certain hour, by the ringing of a bell. Then he publiſhed his charter, and ordered a copy thereof to be taken for every county in *England*. This charter was in ſubſtance; The freedom of Mother Church from former oppreſſions; leave to the heirs of nobles to ſucceed in the poſſeſſion of their lands, without being obliged to redeem them, only paying to the king a moderate relief†; abolition of fines for licence of marriage to their

† This was in appearance a very important conceſſion, and yet proved of little uſe; for ſo long as the meaſure and proportion of ſuch *relief* (or fine upon admittance) was left undetermined, a door was ſtill open for grievous exactions. Whence the barons, in their famous convention with king *John*, obliged him to ſettle the *relief* of their heirs, at 100 pounds for an earl's barony, 100 marks for a common barony, and 100 ſhillings for a knight's fief; which was the ancient fine upon ſucceſſion, and was ſuppoſed to be a fourth part of the yearly income of the reſpective inheritances. See *Magna Charta*, art. 3. "*Hæres ſuus plenæ ætatis* "——*habeat hæreditatem ſuam per antiquum relevium*; "*ſcil. hæres comitis*, &c." That there were very great abuſes in this branch of the royal revenue in the preceding reign, may appear from the *relief* exacted of *Robert de Beleſme* earl of *Shrewſbury*, upon his ſucceeding in 1098 to the baronies of his elder brother: this, we are told by *Ordericus Vitalis*, was 3000 *l.* an enormous ſum in thoſe times, and equivalent to about 69,700 *l.* in the preſent. A nobleman, reduced to compound in this manner with the crown, before he could have legal poſſeſſion of his paternal eſtate, might well be ſaid to redeem it.

heireſſes;

heireſſes; a promiſe of not refuſing ſuch licence, unleſs the match propoſed be with the king's enemy ‡, &c. the next of kin to be guardians of the lands of orphans; puniſhments for coiners of falſe money; a confirmation of *St. Edward*'s laws; and a general amneſty.

About the ſame time he performed two acts of juſtice, which, by gratifying the revenge and the love of the people, gained very much upon their affections to his perſon: the firſt was, to impriſon *Ralph* biſhop of *Durham*, who having been raiſed by the late king from a mean and ſordid birth to be his prime confident and miniſter, became the chief inſtrument, as well as contriver, of all his oppreſſions: the ſecond was, in recalling and reſtoring archbiſhop *Anſelm*, who having been forced by the continual perſecutions of the ſame prince, to leave *England*, had lived ever ſince in baniſhment, and deprived of all his revenues.

The king had not been many months on his throne, when the news came that duke *Robert*, returned from the *Holy Land*, was received by his ſubjects with great marks of

‡ *i. e.* with a traitor or malecontent.

joy

joy and honour, and in univerſal reputation for his valour and ſucceſs againſt the Infidels: ſoon after which, *Ralph* biſhop of *Durham*, either by the negligence or corruption of his keepers, eſcaped out of priſon, and fled over to the duke; whom he ſtirred up to renew and ſolicit his pretenſions to the crown of *England*, by writing to ſeveral nobles, who, either through old friendſhip, or new diſcontent, or an opinion of his title, gave him promiſes of their aſſiſtance, as ſoon as he ſhould land in *England*: but the duke having returned exceeding poor from the *Holy Land*, was not yet in a condition for ſuch an undertaking, and therefore thought fit to defer it to a more ſeaſonable opportunity.

As the king had hitherto, with great induſtry, ſought all occaſions to gratify his people, ſo he continued to do in the choice of a wife. This was *Matilda*, daughter of *Malcolm* the late king of *Scots*; a lady of great piety and virtue, who, by the power or perſuaſion of her friends, was prevailed with to leave her cloyſter for a crown, after ſhe had, as ſome writers report, already taken the veil. Her mother was ſiſter to *Edgar Atheling*, the laſt heir male of the

Saxon

Saxon race; of whom frequent mention hath been made in the two preceding reigns: and thus the *Saxon* line, to the great contentment of the *Engliſh* nation, was again reſtored.

Duke *Robert*, having now with much difficulty and oppreſſion of his ſubjects, raiſed great forces, and gotten ready a fleet to convey them, reſolved once more to aſſert his title to the crown of *England*: to which end he had for ſome time held a ſecret correſpondence with ſeveral nobles, and lately received freſh invitations. The king, on the other ſide, who had received timely intelligence of his brother's preparations, gave orders to his admirals to watch the ſea-ports, and endeavour to hinder the enemy's landing: but the commanders of ſeveral ſhips, whether *Robert* had won them by his bribes, or his promiſes, inſtead of offering reſiſtance, became his guides, and brought his fleet ſafe into *Portſmouth*, where he landed his men, and from thence marched to *Wincheſter*, his army hourly encreaſing by great numbers of people, who had either an affection for his perſon, an opinion of his title, or a hatred to the king. In the mean time *Henry* advanced with his forces, to be near the duke,

and

and obſerve his motions; but, like a wiſe general, forbore offering battle to an invader, until he might do it with manifeſt advantage. Beſides, he knew very well that his brother was a perſon whoſe policy was much inferior to his valour, and therefore to be ſooner overcome in a treaty than a fight: to this end, the nobles on both ſides began to have frequent interviews; to make overtures; and at laſt concert the terms of a peace; but wholly to the advantage of the king, *Robert* renouncing his pretenſions in conſideration of a ſmall penſion, and of ſucceeding to the crown on default of male iſſue in his brother.

The defection of nobles and other people to the duke was ſo great, that men generally thought if it had come to a battle, the king would have loſt both the victory and his crown. But *Robert*, upon his return to *Normandy* after this diſhonourable peace, grew out of all reputation with the world, as well as into perfect hatred and contempt among his own ſubjects, which in a ſhort time was the cauſe of his ruin.

The king having thus by his prudence got rid of a dangerous and troubleſome rival, and ſoon after by his valour quelled the in-

ſurrections

ſurrections of the earls of *Shrewſbury* and *Mortain*, whom he forced to fly into *Normandy*, found himſelf in full peace at home and abroad, and therefore thought he might venture a contention with the Church about the right of inveſting biſhops; upon which ſubject many other princes at that time had controverſy with their clergy: but, after long ſtruggling in vain, were all forced to yield at laſt to the decree of a ſynod in *Rome*, and to the pertinacy of the biſhops in the ſeveral countries. The form of inveſting a biſhop, was by delivery of a ring and a paſtoral ſtaff; which, at *Rome*, was declared unlawful to be performed by any lay-hand whatſoever; but the princes of *Chriſtendom* pleaded immemorial cuſtom to authorize them: and king *Henry*, having given the inveſtiture to certain biſhops, commanded *Anſelm* to conſecrate them. This the archbiſhop refuſed with great firmneſs, purſuant to what he underſtood to be his duty, and to ſeveral immediate commands of the pope. Both ſides adhering to their own ſentiments, the matter was carried to *Rome*, where *Anſelm* went in perſon, by the king's deſire; who, at the ſame time, ſent ambaſſadors thither to aſſert and defend

his

his cauſe; but the pope ſtill inſiſting, *Anſelm* was forbidden to return to *England*. The king ſeized on all his revenues, and would not reſtore him, until upon other conceſſions of the pope, *Henry* was content to yield up his pretenſions to the inveſtiture; but, however, kept the right of electing ſtill in his own hands.

Whatever might have been the method of electing biſhops, in the more primitive ages, it ſeems plain to me that in theſe times, and ſomewhat before, although the election was made *per clerum & populum*; yet the king always nominated at firſt, or approved afterwards, and generally both, as may be ſeen by the ſtyle in which their elections ran, as well as by the perſons choſen, who were uſually churchmen of the court, or in ſome employment near the king. But whether this were a gradual encroachment of the regal upon the ſpiritual power, I had rather leave others to diſpute.

1104. About this time duke *Robert* came to *England*, upon a viſit to the king, where he was received with much kindneſs and hoſpitality; but, at the ſame time, the queen had private directions to manage his eaſy temper, and work him to a conſent of remitting

mitting his penſion: this was compaſſed without much difficulty: but, upon the duke's return to *Normandy*, he was ſeverely reproved for his weakneſs by *Ralph* biſhop of *Durham*, and the two earls of *Mortain* and *Shrewſbury*. Theſe three having fled from *England* for rebellion, and other treaſons, lived exiles in *Normandy*; and, bearing an inveterate hatred to the king, reſolved to ſtir up the duke to a reſentment of the injury and fraud of his brother. *Robert*, who was various in his nature, and always under the power of the preſent perſuader, eaſily yielded to their incitements: reproached the king in bitter terms, by letters and meſſages, that he had cozened and circumvented him; demanding ſatisfaction, and withal threatening revenge. At the ſame time, by the advice of the three nobles already mentioned, he began to arm himſelf as formidably as he could, with deſign to ſeize upon the king's poſſeſſions in *Normandy*: but as this reſolution was raſhly taken up, ſo it was as faintly purſued, and ended in his deſtruction: neither hath any prince reaſon to expect better fortune, that engages in a war againſt a powerful neighbour upon the counſel or inſtigation of exiles,

iles, who having no farther view than to ſerve their private intereſt, or gratify their revenge, are ſure to ſucceed in one or t'other, if they can embark princes in their quarrel, whom they fail not to incite by the falſeſt repreſentations of their own ſtrength, and the weakneſs of their enemy: for as the king was now ſettled in his throne too firm to be ſhaken, ſo *Robert* had wholly loſt all credit and friendſhip in *England*; was ſunk in reputation at home; and, by his unlimited profuſeneſs, reduced ſo low, that, having pawned moſt of his dominions, he had offered *Rouen*, his capital city, in ſale to the inhabitants. All this was very
1105 well known to the king, who, reſolving to make his advantage thereof, pretended to be highly provoked at the diſgraceful ſpeeches and menaces of his brother; which he made the formal occaſion of a quarrel: therefore he firſt ſent over ſome forces to ravage his country; and, underſtanding that the duke was coldly ſupported by his own ſubjects, many of whom came over to the king's army, he ſoon followed in perſon with more; took ſeveral towns; and, placing garriſons therein, came back to *England*, deſigning with the firſt pretext

or opportunity to return with a more potent army, and wholly ſubdue the duchy to his obedience.

Robert, now grown ſenſible of his weakneſs, became wholly diſpirited; and following his brother into *England*, in a moſt dejected manner begged for peace: but the king, now fully determined upon his ruin, turned away in diſdain, muttering at the ſame time ſome threatning words. This indignity rouſed up once more the ſinking courage of the duke; who, with bitter words, deteſting the pride and inſolence of *Henry*, withdrew in a rage, and haſting back to *Normandy*, made what preparations he could for his own defence. The king obſerving his nobles very ready to engage with him in this expedition; and being aſſured that thoſe in *Normandy* would, upon his approach, revolt from the duke, ſoon followed with a mighty army, and the flower of his kingdom. Upon his arrival he was attended, according to his expectation, by ſeveral *Norman* lords; and, with this formidable force, ſat down before *Tenerchebray*: the duke, accompanied by the two exiled earls, advanced with what ſtrength he had, in hopes to draw the enemy from the ſiege of ſo im-

portant a place, although at the hazard of a battle. Both armies being drawn out in battalia, that of the king's, truſting to their numbers, began the charge with great
1106 fury, but without any order. The duke, with forces far inferior, received the enemy with much firmneſs; and, finding they had ſpent their firſt heat, advanced very regularly againſt their main body, before they could recover themſelves from the confuſion they were in. He attacked them with ſo much courage, that he broke their whole body, and they began to fly on every ſide. The king believing all was loſt, did what he could by threats and gentle words to ſtop the flight of his men, but found it impoſſible: then he commanded two bodies of horſe, which were placed in either wing, to join, and wheeling about, to attack the enemy in the rear. The duke, who thought himſelf ſo near a victory, was forced to ſtop his purſuit; and ordering his men to face about, began the fight anew; mean time the ſcattered parts of the main body, which had ſo lately fled, began to rally, and pour in upon the *Normans* behind, by which duke *Robert*'s army was almoſt encompaſſed; yet they kept their ground awhile,

awhile, and made ſeveral charges, until at length, perfectly overborne by numbers, they were utterly defeated. There duke *Robert*, doing all the parts of a great captain, was taken priſoner, together with the earl of *Mortain*, and almoſt his whole army: for being hemmed in on all ſides, few of them could make their eſcape. 1107 Thus, in the ſpace of forty years, *Normandy* ſubdued *England*, and *England* *Normandy*; which are events perhaps hardly to be paralleled in any other ages or parts of the world.

The king, having ſtaid awhile to ſettle the ſtate of *Normandy*, returned with his brother into *England*, whom he ſent priſoner to *Cardiff* caſtle, with orders that he ſhould be favourably uſed, which, for ſome time, were duly obſerved; until being accuſed of attempting to make his eſcape (whether it were real or feigned) he had his eyes put out with a burning baſin, by the king's expreſs commands; in which miſerable condition he lived for fix and twenty years.

It is believed the king would hardly have engaged in this unnatural and invidious war, with ſo little pretence or provocation, if the pope had not openly approved and ſanctified

his cauſe, exhorting him to it as a meritorious action; which ſeems to have been but an ill return from the vicar of Chriſt to a prince who had performed ſo many brave exploits for the ſervice of the Church, to the hazard of his perſon, and ruin of his fortune. But the very bigotted monks, who have left us their accounts of thoſe times, do generally agree in heavily taxing the *Roman* court for bribery and corruption. And the king had promiſed to remit his right of inveſting biſhops, which he performed immediately after his reduction of *Normandy*, and was a matter of much more ſervice to the pope, than all the atchievements of duke *Robert* in the Holy Land, whoſe merits, as well as pretenſions, were now antiquated and out of date.

1109. About this time the emperor *Henry* V. ſent to deſire *Maude* the king's daughter in marriage, who was then a child about eight years old: that prince had lately been embroiled in a quarrel with the ſee of *Rome*, which began upon the ſame ſubject of inveſting biſhops, but was carried to great extremities: for invading *Italy* with a mighty army, he took the pope priſoner, forced him to yield to whatever terms he thought fit to impoſe,

impoſe, and to take an oath of fidelity to him between his hands: however, as ſoon as *Henry* had withdrawn his forces, the pope aſſembling a council, revoked all his conceſſions, as extorted by compulſion, and raiſed great troubles in *Germany* againſt the emperor, who, in order to ſecure himſelf, ſought this alliance with the king.

About this time likewiſe died archbiſhop *Anſelm*, a prelate of great piety and learning, whoſe zeal for the ſee of *Rome*, as well as for his own rights and privileges, ſhould in juſtice be imputed to the errors of the time, and not of the man. After his death, the king, following the ſteps of his brother, held the ſee vacant five years, contenting himſelf with an excuſe, which looked like a jeſt, That he only waited until he could find another ſo good a man as *Anſelm*.

In the fourteenth year of this king's reign, the *Welſh*, after their uſual manner, invaded the Marches with great fury and deſtruction; but the king, hoping to put a final end to thoſe perpetual troubles and vexations given to his kingdom by that unquiet people, went in perſon againſt them with a powerful army; and to prevent their uſual ſtratagem of retreating to their woods and

mountains, and other faſtneſſes, he ordered the woods to be cut down, beſet all their places of ſecurity, and hunting them like wild beaſts, made ſo terrible a ſlaughter, that at length obſerving them to fling down their arms, and beg for quarter, he commanded his ſoldiers to forbear; then receiving their ſubmiſſions, and placing garriſons where he thought neceſſary, he returned, in great triumph and ſatisfaction, to *London*.

1114. The princeſs *Maude* being now marriageable, was delivered to the emperor's ambaſſador; and for a portion to the young lady a tax was impoſed of three ſhillings upon every hide of land in *England*, which grew afterwards into a cuſtom *, and was in ſucceeding times confirmed by acts of parliament, under the name of *Reaſonable Aid for marrying the King's Daughter*, although levied after a different manner.

* This ſort of impoſition was new to the *Engliſh*; but was a conſequence of the military tenure eſtabliſhed by the Conqueror. The like *aid*, or *ſcutage*, as it was called, had been levied in other parts of *Europe*, wherever the feudal ſyſtem had taken place, as oft as the lord of the fief had occaſion to celebrate the nuptials of his eldeſt daughter, or the knighthood of his eldeſt ſon. We ſhould have heard of this demand earlier in *England*, if any ſuch occaſion had happened. *Maude* was the firſt princeſs-royal given in marriage after the conqueſt.

As

As the inſtitution of parliaments in *England* is agreed by ſeveral writers to be owing to this king, ſo the date of the firſt hath been aſſigned by ſome to the fifteenth year of his reign; which however is not to be affirmed with any certainty: for great councils were convoked not only in the two preceding reigns, but for time immemorial by the *Saxon* princes, who firſt introduced them into this iſland, from the ſame original with the other *Gothick* forms of government in moſt parts of *Europe*. Theſe councils or aſſemblies were compoſed according to the pleaſure of the prince who convened them, generally of nobles and biſhops, ſometimes were added ſome conſiderable commoners; but they ſeldom met, except in the beginning of a reign, or in times of war, until this king came to the crown; who being a wiſe and popular prince, called theſe great aſſemblies upon moſt important affairs of his reign, and ever followed their advice, which, if it proved ſucceſsful, the honour and advantage redounded to him, and if otherwiſe, he was free from the blame: thus when he choſe a wife for himſelf, and a huſband for his daughter, when he deſigned his expedition againſt *Robert*, and even for the election

of

of an archbiſhop to the ſee of *Canterbury*, he proceeded wholly by the advice of ſuch general aſſemblies, ſummoned for the purpoſe. But the ſtyle of theſe conventions, as delivered by ſeveral authors, is very various; ſometimes it is *comites, barones, & cleri* †; his marriage was agreed on, *conſilio majorum natu & magnatum terræ*. One author ‡ calls it *conſilium principum, ſacerdotum, & reliqui populi*. And for the election of an archbiſhop, the *Saxon* Chronicle ſays, That he commanded by letters all biſhops, abbots, and thanes to meet him at *Gloceſter ad procerum conventum*. Laſtly, ſome affirm theſe aſſemblies to have been an imitation of the three eſtates in *Normandy*. I am very ſenſible how much time and pains have been employed by ſeveral learned men to ſearch out the original of parliaments in *England*, wherein I doubt they have little ſatisfied others or themſelves. I know likewiſe that to engage in the ſame enquiry, would neither ſuit my abilities nor my ſubject. It may be ſufficient for my purpoſe, if I be able to give ſome little light into this matter, for the curioſity of thoſe who are leſs informed.

† *Brompton.* ‡ *Polydore Virgil.*

The

The inſtitution of a ſtate or common-wealth out of a mixture of the three forms of government received in the ſchools, however it be derided as a ſoleciſm and abſurdity by ſome late writers on politicks, hath been very ancient in the world, and is celebrated by the graveſt authors of antiquity. For although the ſupreme power cannot properly be ſaid to be divided, yet it may be ſo placed in three ſeveral hands, as each to be a check upon the other; or formed into a balance, which is held by him that has the executive power, with the nobility and people in counterpoiſe in each ſcale. Thus the kingdom of *Media* is repreſented by *Xenophon* before the reign of *Cyrus*; ſo *Polybius* tells us, the beſt government is a mixture of the three forms, *regno, optimatium, & populi imperio:* the ſame was that of *Sparta* in its primitive inſtitution by *Lycurgus*, made up of *reges, ſeniores, & populus*; the like may be aſſerted of *Rome, Carthage*, and other ſtates: and the *Germans* of old fell upon the ſame model, from whence the *Goths* their neighbours, with the reſt of thoſe northern people, did perhaps borrow it. But an aſſembly of the three eſtates is not properly of *Gothick* inſtitution: for theſe fierce people,

when

when upon the decline of the *Roman* empire they firſt invaded *Europe*, and ſettled ſo many kingdoms in *Italy*, *Spain*, and other parts, were all heathens; and when a body of them had fixed themſelves in a tract of land left deſolate by the flight or deſtruction of the natives, their military government by time and peace became civil; the general was king, his great officers were his nobles and miniſters of ſtate, and the common ſoldiers the body of the people; but theſe were freemen, and had ſmaller portions of land aſſigned them. The remaining natives were all ſlaves; the nobles were a ſtanding council; and upon affairs of great importance, the freemen were likewiſe called by their repreſentatives to give their advice. By which it appears, that the *Gothick* frame of government conſiſted at firſt but of two ſtates or aſſemblies, under the adminiſtration of a ſingle perſon. But after the converſion of theſe princes and their people to the Chriſtian faith, the Church became endowed with great poſſeſſions, as well by the bounty of kings, as the arts and induſtry of the clergy, winning upon the devotion of their new converts: and power, by the common maxim, always accompanying property,

perty, the eccleſiaſticks began ſoon to grow conſiderable, to form themſelves into a body, and to call aſſemblies or ſynods by their own authority, or ſometimes by the command of their princes, who in an ignorant age had a mighty veneration for their learning as well as piety. By ſuch degrees the Church arrived at length, by very juſtifiable ſteps, to have her ſhare in the commonwealth, and became a third eſtate in moſt kingdoms of *Europe*; but theſe aſſemblies, as we have already obſerved, were ſeldom called in *England* before the reign of this prince, nor even then were always compoſed after the ſame manner: neither does it appear from the writers who lived neareſt to that age, that the people had any repreſentative at all, beſide the barons and other nobles, who did not ſit in thoſe aſſemblies by virtue of their birth or creation, but of the lands or baronies they held. So that the preſent conſtitution of the *Engliſh* parliament hath, by many degrees and alterations, been modelled to the frame it is now in; which alterations I ſhall obſerve in the ſucceeding reigns as exactly as I can diſcover them by a diligent ſearch into the hiſtories of the ſeveral ages, without engaging in the contro-

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verted points of law about this matter, which would rather perplex the reader than inform him.

1116. But to return, *Louis the Groſs* king of *France*, a valiant and active prince, in the flower of his age, ſucceeding to that crown about the time that *Robert* was deprived of *Normandy*, grew jealous of the neighbourhood and power of king *Henry*, and begun early to entertain deſigns either of ſubduing that duchy to himſelf, or at leaſt of making a conſiderable party againſt the king in favour of *William* ſon of *Robert*, whom for that end he had taken into his protection. Purſuant to theſe intentions, he ſoon found an occaſion for a quarrel: expoſtulating with *Henry*, that he had broken his promiſe by not doing homage for the duchy of *Normandy*, as well as by neglecting to raze the caſtle of *Giſors*, which was built on the *French* ſide of the river *Epte*, the common boundary between both dominions *.

But

* Some years before there had been a treaty concluded between *France* and *Normandy*; wherein, among other points, it was agreed, That the frontier town *Giſors* ſhould be ſequeſtered in the hands of a baron called *Payen*, who was to receive into it neither *Engliſh*, nor *Norman*, nor *French* troops; but in caſe it ſhould fall into the hands of either of the two kings, it was ſtipulated

But an incident ſoon offered, which gave king *Henry* a pretext for retaliating almoſt in the ſame manner: for it happened that upon ſome offence taken againſt his nephew *Theobald* count of *Blois* by the *French* king, *Louis* in great rage ſent an army to invade and ravage the earl's territories. *Theobald* defended himſelf for a while with much valour; but at length in danger to be overpowered, requeſted aid of his uncle the king of *England*, who ſupported him ſo effectually with men and money, that he was able not only to defend his own country, but very much to infeſt and annoy his enemy. Thus a war was kindled between the two kings; *Louis* now openly aſſerted the title of *William* the ſon of *Robert*, and entering into an alliance with the earls of *Flanders* and *Anjou*, began to concert meaſures for driving king *Henry* out of *Normandy*.

The king having timely intelligence of his enemy's deſigns, began with great vigour and diſpatch to prepare himſelf for war: he

ſtipulated that the walls ſhould be razed within the ſpace of forty days. Notwithſtanding this, *Henry* had ſeized the place; and when called upon to ſequeſter it, or elſe to raze the walls, declined the doing either. Father *Daniel*.

raiſed,

raiſed, with much difficulty and diſcontent of his people, the greateſt tax that had ever been known in *England*; and paſſing over into *Normandy* with a mighty army, joined his nephew *Theobald*. The king of *France*, who had entertained hopes that he ſhould over-run the duchy before his enemy could arrive, advanced with great ſecurity towards the frontiers of *Normandy*; but obſerving an enemy of equal number and force already prepared to engage him, he ſuddenly ſtopt his march. The two armies faced one another for ſome hours, neither ſide offering battle; the reſt of the day was ſpent in light ſkirmiſhes begun by the *French*, and repeated for ſome days following with various ſucceſs; but the remainder of the year paſſed without any conſiderable action.

1119. At length the violence of the two princes brought it to a battle: for *Lewis*, to give a reputation to his arms, advanced towards the frontiers of *Normandy*, and after a ſhort ſiege took *Gué Nicaiſe* *; there the king met him, and the fight began, which continued with great obſtinacy on both ſides for nine hours. The *French* army was di-

* At that time reckoned an important fortreſs on the river *Epte*.

vided into two bodies, and the *Engliſh* into three; by which means, that part where the king fought in perſon, being attacked by a ſuperior number, began to give way; and *William Criſpin*, a *Norman* baron, ſingling out the king of *England* (whoſe ſubject he had been, but baniſhed for treaſon) ſtruck him twice in the head with ſo much violence, that the blood guſhed out of his mouth. The king inflamed with rage and indignation, dealt ſuch furious blows, that he ſtruck down ſeveral of his enemies, and *Criſpin* among the reſt, who was taken priſoner at his horſe's feet. The ſoldiers encouraged by the valour of their prince, rallied and fell on with freſh vigour, and the victory ſeemed doubtful, when *William* the ſon of king *Henry*, to whom his father had intruſted the third body of his army, which had not yet engaged, fell on with this freſh reſerve upon the enemy, who was already very much harraſſed with the toil of the day: this quickly decided the matter; for the *French*, though valiantly fighting, were overcome, with the ſlaughter of ſeveral thouſand men; their king quitted the field, and withdrew to *Andeli*; but the king of *England* recovering *Gué Nicaiſe*, returned triumphant to *Rouen*.

This important victory was followed by the defection of the earl of *Anjou* to king *Henry*, and the earl of *Flanders* fell in the battle; by which the king of *France* was at once deprived of two powerful allies. However, by the interceſſion of the former, a peace was ſoon after made between both crowns. *William* the king's ſon did homage to *Louis* for the dukedom of *Normandy*; and the other *William*, following the fortunes of his father, was left to his pretenſions and complaints.

It is here obſervable, that from this time until *Wales* was ſubdued to the *Engliſh* crown, the eldeſt ſons of *England* were called dukes of *Normandy*, as they are now princes of *Wales*.

1120. The king having ſtaid ſome time in *Normandy*, for the ſettlement of his duchy after the calamities and confuſions of a war, returned to *England*, to the very great ſatiſfaction of his people and himſelf. He had enlarged his dominions by the conqueſt of *Normandy*; he had ſubdued all his competitors, and forced even the king of *France*, their great protector, after a glorious victory, to his own conditions of a peace; he was upon very good terms with the pope, who

had a great eſteem and friendſhip for his perſon, and made him larger conceſſions than was uſual from that ſee, and in thoſe ages. At home he was reſpected by the clergy, reverenced by the nobles, and beloved by the people; in his family he was bleſſed with a ſon of much hopes, juſt growing to years of manhood, and his daughter was an empreſs; ſo that he ſeemed to poſſeſs as great a ſhare of happineſs as human life is capable to admit. But the felicity of man depends upon a conjunction of many circumſtances, which are all ſubject to various accidents, and every ſingle accident is able to diſſolve the whole contexture; which truth was never verified more than in this prince, who by one domeſtick misfortune, not to be prevented or foreſeen, found all the pleaſure and content he propoſed to himſelf by his prudence, his induſtry, and his valour, wholly diſappointed and deſtroyed: for *William* the young prince having embarked at *Barfleur* ſome time after his father, the mariners being all drunk, ſuffered the ſhip to run upon a rock, where it was daſhed to pieces: the prince made a ſhift to get into the boat, and was making to the ſhore, until forced back by the cries of his ſiſter, whom

he received into the boat, ſo many others crouded in at the ſame time, that it was immediately overturned. There periſhed, beſide the prince, a natural ſon and daughter of the king's, his niece, and many other perſons of quality, together with all their attendants and ſervants, to the number of a hundred and forty, beſides fifty mariners, but one perſon eſcaping.

Although the king ſurvived this cruel misfortune many years, yet he could never recover his former humour, but grew melancholy and moroſe; however, in order to provide better for the peace and ſettlement of the kingdom after his death, about five months after the loſs of his ſon, his former queen having died three years before, he married *Adelais*, a beautiful young lady of the family of *Lorrain* *, in hopes of iſſue by her, but never had any.

The death of the prince gave occaſion to ſome new troubles in *Normandy*; for the earls of *Meulant* and *Evreux*, *Hugh de Montfort*, and other aſſociates, began to raiſe inſurrections there, which were thought to be privately fomented by the *French* king,

* She was daughter of *Godfrey* duke of *Louvain*, or the *Lower Lorrain*.

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out of enmity to king *Henry*, and in favour of *William* the ſon of *Robert*, to whom the earl of *Anjou* had lately given his daughter in marriage. But *William* 1124
of *Tankerville*, the king's lieutenant in *Normandy*, ſurprizing the enemy's forces by an ambuſh, intirely routed them, took both the earls priſoners, and ſent one of them *(Meulant)* to his maſter; but the count *d'Evreux* made his eſcape.

1126. King *Henry* having now loſt hope of iſſue by his new queen, brought with him, on his return to *England*, his daughter *Maude*, who by the emperor's death had been lately left a widow and childleſs; and in a parliament or general aſſembly which he had ſummoned at *Windſor*, he cauſed the crown to be ſettled on her and her children, and made all his nobles take a ſolemn oath to defend her title. This was performed by none with ſo much forwardneſs as *Stephen* earl of *Boulogne*, who was obſerved to ſhew a more than ordinary zeal in the matter. This young lord was the king's nephew, being ſecond ſon of the earl of *Blois* by *Adela* the Conqueror's daughter: he was in high favour with the king his uncle, who had married him to the daughter and heireſs of

the earl of *Boulogne*, given him great poſſeſſons in *England*, and made him indeed too powerful for a ſubject.

The king having thus fixed the ſucceſſion of the crown in his daughter by an act of ſettlement and an oath of fealty, looked about to provide her with a ſecond huſband, and at length determined his choice in *Geoffry Plantagenet* earl of *Anjou*, the ſon of *Fulk* lately deceaſed.

This prince, whoſe dominions confined on *France* and *Normandy*, was uſually courted for an ally by both kings in their ſeveral quarrels; but having little faith or honour, he never ſcrupled to change ſides as often as he ſaw or conceived it for his advantage. After the great victory over the *French*, he cloſed in with king *Henry*, and gave his daughter to the young prince *William*; yet at the ſame time, by the private encouragement of *Louis*, he prevailed on the king of *England* to be eaſy in the conditions of a peace. Upon the unfortunate loſs of the prince, and the troubles in *Normandy* thereupon, he fell again from the king, gave his other daughter to *William* the ſon of *Robert*, and ſtruck up with *France* to take that prince again into protection. But dying ſoon after,

and

and leaving his ſon *Geoffry* to ſucceed in that earldom, the king was of opinion he could not any where beſtow his daughter with more advantage, both for the ſecurity and enlargement of his dominions, than by giving her to this earl; by which marriage *Anjou* would become an acquiſition to *Normandy*, and this be a more equal match to ſo formidable a neighbour as *France*. In a ſhort time the marriage was concluded; and this earl *Geoffry* had the honour to introduce into the royal family of *England* the ſurname of *Plantagenet*, borne by ſo many ſucceeding kings, which began with *Henry* II. who was the eldeſt ſon of this marriage.

But the king of *France* was in great diſcontent at this match: he eaſily foreſaw the diſmal conſequences to himſelf and his ſucceſſors from ſuch an increaſe of dominion united to the crown of *England:* he knew what impreſſions might be made in future times to the ſhaking of his throne by an aſpiring and warlike king, if they ſhould happen in a weak reign, or upon any great diſcontents in that kingdom. Which conjectures being highly reaſonable (and ſince often verified by events) he caſt about to find ſome way of driving the king of *England*

intirely out of *France*; but having neither pretext nor ſtomach in the midſt of a peace to begin an open and formal quarrel, there fell out an accident which gave him plauſible occaſion of purſuing his deſign.

Charles the Good earl of *Flanders* having been lately murdered by ſome of his ſubjects, upon private revenge, the king of *France* went in perſon to take revenge of the aſſaſſins; which he performed with great juſtice and honour. But the late earl leaving no heir of his body, and ſeveral competitors appearing to diſpute the ſucceſſion, *Louis* rejected ſome others who ſeemed to have a fairer title, and adjudged it to *William* the ſon of *Robert*, the better to ſecure him to his intereſts upon any deſign he might engage in againſt the king of *England*. Not content with this, he aſſiſted the earl in perſon, ſubdued his rivals, and left him in peaceable poſſeſſion of his new dominion.

King *Henry*, on the other ſide, was very apprehenſive of his nephew's greatneſs, well knowing to what end it was directed; however, he ſeemed not to regard it, contenting himſelf to give the earl employment at home by privately nouriſhing the diſcontents of his new ſubjects, and abetting under-hand another

other pretender: for *William* had ſo intirely loſt the hearts of his people, by his intolerable avarice and exactions, that the principal towns in *Flanders* revolted from him, and invited *Thierrie* earl of *Alſace* to be their governor. But the king of *France* generouſly reſolved to appear once more in his defence, and took his third expedition into *Flanders* for that purpoſe. He had marched as far as *Artois*, when he was ſuddenly recalled to defend his own dominions from the fury of a powerful and provoked invader: for *Henry* king of *England*, moved with indignation to ſee the *French* king in the midſt of a peace ſo frequently and openly ſupporting his moſt dangerous enemy, thought it the beſt way to divert *Louis* from kindling a fire againſt him abroad, by forcing him to extinguiſh one at home: he therefore entered into the bowels of *France*, ravaging and laying waſte all before him, and quickly grew ſo formidable, that the *French* king to purchaſe a peace was forced to promiſe never more to aſſiſt or favour the earl of *Flanders*; however, as it fell out, this article proved to be wholly needleſs; for the young earl ſoon after gave battle to *Thierrie*, and put his whole army to the rout; but purſuing his victory,

victory, he received a wound in his wriſt, which, by the unſkilfulneſs of a ſurgeon, coſt him his life *.

This one ſlight inconſiderable accident did, in all probability, put a ſtop to very great events; for if that young prince had ſurvived his victory, it is hardly to be doubted but through the juſtneſs of his cauſe, the reputation of his valour, and the aſſiſtance of the king of *France*, he would in a little time have recovered *Normandy*, and perhaps his father's liberty, which were the two deſigns he had in agitation; nor could he well have miſſed the crown of *England* after the king's death, who was now in his decline, when he had ſo fair a title, and no competitors in view but a woman and an infant.

1129. Upon the king's return from *Normandy*, a great council of the clergy was held at *London*, for the puniſhing of prieſts who lived in concubinage †, which was the great grievance

* The lance paſſed through or under the ball of his thumb into his wriſt. The wound gangrening, he died within five days.

† For celibacy was now placed among the firſt of eccleſiaſtic virtues. Not concubines only but wives were deemed a reproach to the ſacred order; and canons

grievance of the Church in thoſe ages, and had been condemned by ſeveral canons. This

nons were made for inflicting equal puniſhments on clergymen who cohabited with either: nay, the wives of prieſts were denied to be wives, and degraded into the rank of concubines.

At ſome preceding councils in this reign, ſevere decrees paſſed to reſtrain eccleſiaſtics from matrimony, and to chaſtiſe thoſe who being married ſhould neglect to repudiate their wives. If a *prieſt*, *deacon*, *ſubdeacon*, &c. ſhould ſuffer *any woman, except a mother, ſiſter, aunt, or perſon equally unſuſpected*, to dwell in the houſe with *him*, he was to be puniſhed with *loſs of benefice* and *loſs of his order*, and the concubinary or ſuſpected female to be *arreſted*, *diſciplined*, or reduced *to be a ſlave*. [*Concil. Lond. anno* 1126. c. 13.—*Weſtmonaſt. anno* 1127. c. 5,7.] Theſe were laws which the policy of *Rome* ſuggeſted, but which the king and lay-barons might not fully approve. They were laws that could not, however, be put generally in execution, conſidering the number and power of the married clergy as this time (to whoſe claim of the *honourable and undefiled bed* the laſt blow had not yet been given) without the aid and concurrence of the civil power: the king ſeemed ready to cooperate, and found his advantage in ſo doing. In the very beginning of his reign, he was remarkably active in enforcing the new canons againſt clerical incontinency, by levying fines on the tranſgreſſors, without waiting for their conviction in an eccleſiaſtical court, or rather in lieu of the penalties which ſuch court might inflict.

This was thought an invaſion of the ſpiritual power, and beſides a motive of avarice was ſuppoſed to lurk under the zeal he pretended for the chaſtity of the Church. *Anſelm*, though lately reſtored to royal favour, and to the poſſeſſion of the revenues of his ſee, could not brook ſuch proceedings: he diſpatched out of *Normandy* a chiding epiſtle to the king. A ſhort extract from

This aſſembly thinking to take a more effectual courſe againſt that abomination, as it was called, decreed ſevere penalties upon thoſe who ſhould be guilty of breaking it, intreating the king to ſee the law put in execution; which he very readily undertook, but performed otherwiſe than was expected, eluding the force of the law by an evaſion to his own advantage: for exacting fines of the delinquent prieſts, he ſuffered them to keep

from it may ſhew the ſpirit of the man, and the ſtyle in which biſhops durſt admoniſh their ſovereigns. "Audio quòd veſtra excellentia vindictam exercet ſuper "preſbyteros Angliæ, et forisfacturam exigit ab iis qui "non ſervaverunt præceptum concilii, quod ego cum "veſtro favore tenui apud Lundoniam cum aliis epiſcopis, &c. quod hactenus inauditum & inuſitatum "in eccleſiâ Dei de ullo rege & de aliquo principe. "Non enim pertinet—hujuſmodi culpam vindicare, "niſi ad ſingulos epiſcopos—aut, ſi & epiſcopi in hoc "negligentes fuerint, ad archiepiſcopum & primatem— "precor igitur—& conſulo,—ne vos contra eccleſiaſticam conſuetudinem in tam grave peccatum mittatis—dico enim vobis, quòd valdè timere debetis, "quòd pecunia taliter accepta—non adjuvabit terrena "negotia; ut taceam, quantum noceat animæ, quantum poſtea perturbabit." The king, after ſuch an increpation, was cautious of interfering with eccleſiaſtical diſcipline. Freſh ſynods threw out more invectives and fiercer menaces againſt the concubinage, under which term was included the marriage of clerks; but the evil was ſtill unremoved. Thus matters ſtood before the opening of the council of *London* in 1129, whoſe impolitic management is here cenſured by Dr. *Swift*.

their

their concubines without further diſturbance. A very unaccountable ſtep in ſo wiſe a body for their own concernments, as the clergy of thoſe times is lookt upon to have been; and although perhaps the fact be not worth recording, it may ſerve as a leſſon to all aſſemblies never to truſt the execution of a law in the hands of thoſe who will find it more to their intereſts to ſee it broken than obſerved *.

1132.

* The king might now, it ſeems, animadvert upon licentious and married prieſts without fear of a primate's reprimand; the Church itſelf had reſigned this branch of her diſcipline to him: but he was far from anſwering the warm expectations of the advocates for celibacy. Fines indeed he exacted from ſuch as treſpaſſed againſt the canons: this was a happy expedient for repleniſhing his coffers; but when thoſe fines had been paid by clerks under cenſure, he connived at their retaining *wives*, and indulged them the protection of the civil power. For we muſt not ſay with *Alfred* and other Jeſuits, that he connived at their keeping ſtrumpets, notwithſtanding that the term *focariæ*, uſed by *Matthew Paris*, may ſeem to favour ſuch reproach. *Uxores* is the appellation expreſsly given to thoſe ſpared and pitied domeſticks by *Henry Huntingdon*, *Hovedon*, the Annals of *Margan* and of *Waverley*, and the Chronicon of *Heningford*. [See *Collier*, *Eccl. Hiſt.* vol. i. p. 322.] If it was an overſight in the clergy to intruſt the king with the execution of their laws againſt concubinage, *Henry* however acted, on this occaſion, the good politician, by diſpenſing with thoſe who could not bear a ſeparation from their wives. It was not his buſineſs to extinguiſh connubial love, or deſtroy family connexions

in

1132. The empreſs *Maude* was now happily delivered of a ſon, who was afterwards king of *England* by the name of *Henry* the Second: and the king calling a parliament, had the oath of fealty repeated by the nobles and clergy to her and her iſſue, which in the compaſs of three years they all broke or forgot.

1134. I think it may deſerve a place in this hiſtory to mention the laſt ſcene of duke *Robert*'s life, who, either through the poorneſs or greatneſs of ſpirit, having outlived the loſs of his honour, his dominions, his liberty, his eye-ſight, and his only ſon, was at laſt forced to ſink under the load of eighty years, and muſt be allowed for the greateſt example either of inſenſibility or contempt of earthly things, that ever appeared in a ſovereign or private perſon. He was a prince hardly equalled by any in his time for valour, conduct, and courteſy; but his ruin began from the eaſineſs of his nature, which whoever knew how to manage, were ſure to be refuſed nothing they could aſk. By ſuch profuſion he was reduced to thoſe un-

in that order. A married clergy, he might reaſonably imagine, would never become ſlaves to *Rome*, nor conſpire with any pope to ſubvert the civil conſtitution.

happy

happy expedients of remitting his rights for a penſion, of pawning his towns, and multiplying taxes, which brought him into hatred and contempt with his ſubjects; neither do I think any virtue ſo little commendable in a ſovereign as that of liberality, where it exceeds what his ordinary revenues can ſupply; where it paſſes thoſe bounds, his ſubjects muſt all be oppreſſed to ſhew his bounty to a few flatterers, or he muſt ſell his towns, or baſely renounce his rights, by becoming penſioner to ſome powerful prince in the neghbourhood; all which we have lived to ſee performed by a late monarch in our own time and country.

1135. Since the reduction of *Normandy* to the king's obedience, he found it neceſſary for his affairs to ſpend in that duchy ſome part of his time almoſt every year, and a little before the death of *Robert* he made his laſt voyage there. It was obſervable in this prince, that having ſome years paſt very narrowly eſcaped ſhipwreck in his paſſage from *Normandy* into *England*, the ſenſe of his danger had made very deep impreſſions on his mind, which he diſcovered by a great reformation in his life, by redreſſing ſeveral grievances, and doing many acts of piety; and

to ſhew the ſteadineſs of his reſolutions, he kept them to the laſt, making a progreſs through moſt parts of *Normandy*, treating his ſubjects in all places with great familiarity and kindneſs, granting their petitions, eaſing their taxes, and, in a word, giving all poſſible marks of a religious, wiſe, and gracious prince.

Returning to *St. Denys le Forment* from his progreſs a little indiſpoſed, he there fell into a fever upon a ſurfeit of lamprey, which in a few days ended his life. His body was conveyed to *England*, and buried at *Reading* in the abbey-church himſelf had founded.

It is hard to affirm any thing peculiar of this prince's character; thoſe authors who have attempted it mentioning very little but what was common to him with thouſands of other men; neither have they recorded any of thoſe perſonal circumſtances or paſſages, which only can diſcover ſuch qualities of the mind as moſt diſtinguiſh one man from another. Theſe defects may perhaps appear in the ſtories of many ſucceeding kings; which makes me hope I ſhall not be altogether blamed for ſometimes diſappointing the reader in a point wherein I could wiſh to be the moſt exact.

As

As to his perſon, he is deſcribed to be of middle ſtature; his body ſtrong ſet and fleſhy; his hair black; his eyes large; his countenance amiable, and very pleaſant, eſpecially when he was merry. He was temperate in meat and drink, and a hater of effeminacy, a vice or folly much complained of in his time, eſpecially that circumſtance of long artificial hair, which he forbad upon ſevere penalties. His three principal virtues were prudence, valour, and eloquence. Theſe were counterbalanced by three great vices; avarice, cruelty, and luſt; of which the firſt is proved by the frequency of his taxes; the ſecond by his treatment of duke *Robert*; and the laſt was notorious. But the proof of his virtues doth not depend on ſingle inſtances, manifeſting themſelves through the whole courſe of a long reign, which was hardly attended by any misfortune that prudence, juſtice, or valour could prevent. He came to the crown at a ripe age, when he had paſſed thirty years, having learned, in his private life, to ſtruggle with hardſhips, whereof he had his ſhare, from the capriciouſneſs and injuſtice of both his brothers; and by obſerving their failures, he had learned to avoid them in himſelf, being ſteady

and uniform in his whole conduct, which were qualities they both ſeemed chiefly to want. This likewiſe made him ſo very tenacious as he was obſerved to be in his love and hatred. He was a ſtrict obſerver of juſtice, which he ſeems never to have violated, but in that particular caſe, which political caſuiſts are pleaſed to diſpenſe with, where the diſpute is about a crown. In that he †

* * * * * *

Conſider him as a private man, he was perhaps the moſt accompliſhed perſon of his age, having a facetious wit, cultivated by learning, and advanced with a great ſhare of natural eloquence, which was his peculiar talent: and it was no doubt the ſenſe he had of this laſt perfection in himſelf, that put him ſo often upon calling together the great councils of the nation, where natural oratory is of moſt figure as well as uſe.

† Here the ſentence breaks off ſhort, and is left unfiniſhed.

The REIGN of

STEPHEN.

THE veneration which people are ſuppoſed naturally to pay to a right line, and a lawful title in their kings, muſt be upheld by a long uninterrupted ſucceſſion, otherwiſe it quickly loſes opinion, upon which the ſtrength of it, although not the juſtice, is entirely founded: and where breaches have been already made in the lineal deſcent, there is little ſecurity in a good title (though confirmed by promiſes and oaths) where the lawful heir is abſent, and a popular aſpiring pretender near at hand. This, I think, may paſs for a maxim, if any conſequences drawn from hiſtory can pretend to be called ſo, having been verified ſucceſſively three times in this kingdom, I mean by the two preceding kings, and by the prince whoſe reign we are now writing. Neither can this obſervation be juſtly controuled by any inſtances brought of future princes, who being abſent at their predeceſſor's death, have peaceably ſucceeded, the circumſtances being very dif-

ferent in every caſe, either by the weakneſs or juſtice of pretenders, or elſe by the long eſtabliſhment of lineal ſucceſſion.

1135. *Stephen* earl of *Boulogne*, whoſe deſcent hath been already ſhewn in the foregoing reign, as the ſecond of three brothers, whereof the eldeſt was *Theobald* earl of *Blois*, a ſovereign prince, and *Henry* the youngeſt was biſhop of *Wincheſter*, and the pope's legate in *England*. At the time of king *Henry*'s death, his daughter the empreſs was with her huſband the earl of *Anjou*, a grave and cautious prince, altogether unqualified for ſudden enterprizes: but earl *Stephen*, who had attended the king in his laſt expedition, made ſo great diſpatch for *England**, that the council had not time to meet and make any declaration about a ſucceſſor. When the lords were aſſembled, the legate had already, by his credit and influence among them, brought over a great party to his brother's intereſts; and the earl himſelf, knowing with what ſucceſs the like methods were uſed by his two laſt predeceſſors, was very

* *Stephen* was at *Boulogne* when he received the news of *Henry*'s death. The lords preſent with the king at the time of his deceaſe, were the earls of *Gloceſter*, *Surry*, and *Leiceſter*; the counts of *Mortagne* and *Meulant*, and ſome governors of caſtles.

liberal

liberal of his promiſes to amend the laws, ſupport the church, and redreſs grievances: for all which the biſhop undertook to be guarantee. And thus was *Stephen* elected by thoſe very perſons who had ſo lately, and in ſo ſolemn a manner, more than once ſworn fealty to another.

The motives whereby the nobility was ſwayed to proceed after this manner, were obvious enough. There had been a perpetual ſtruggle between them and their former kings in the defence of their liberties; for the ſecurity whereof, they thought a king elected without other title, would be readier to enter into any obligations, and being held in conſtant dependance, would be leſs tempted to break them: therefore, as at his coronation they obtained full ſecurity by his taking new and additional oaths in favour of their liberties, their oath of fealty to him was but conditional, to be of force no longer than he ſhould be true to thoſe ſtipulations.

But other reaſons were contrived and given out to ſatisfy the people: they were told it was an indignity for ſo noble a nation to be governed by a woman; that the late king had promiſed to marry his daughter within the realm, and by conſent of parliament, nei-

ther of which was obſerved: and laſtly, *Hugh Bigod*, ſteward to king *Henry*, took a voluntary oath, before the archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, that his maſter, in his laſt ſickneſs, had, upon ſome diſpleaſure, diſinherited his daughter.

He received the crown with one great advantage that could beſt enable him to preſerve it: this was the poſſeſſion of his uncle's treaſures, amounting to one hundred thouſand pounds, and reckoned as a prodigious ſum in thoſe days; by the help of which, without ever raiſing one tax upon the people, he defended an unjuſt title againſt the lawful heir during a perpetual conteſt of almoſt twenty years.

In order to defend himſelf againſt any ſudden invaſion, which he had cauſe enough to expect, he gave all men licence to build caſtles upon their lands, which proved a very miſtaken piece of politicks, although grounded upon ſome appearance of reaſon. The king ſuppoſed that no invader would venture to advance into the heart of his country without reducing every caſtle in his way, which muſt be a work of much time and difficulty, nor would be able to afford men to block them up, and ſecure his retreat:

treat: which way of arguing may be good enough to a prince of an undiſputed title, and entirely in the hearts of his ſubjects: but numerous caſtles are ill defenders of an uſurpation, being the common retreat of malecontents, where they can fly with ſecurity, and diſcover their affections as they pleaſe: by which means the enemy, although beaten in the field, may ſtill preſerve his footing in the bowels of a country; may wait ſupplies from abroad, and prolong a war for many years: nor, while he is maſter of any caſtles, can he ever be at mercy by any ſudden misfortune; but may be always in a condition of demanding terms for himſelf. Theſe, and many other effects of ſo pernicious a counſel, the king found through the whole courſe of his reign; which was entirely ſpent in ſieges, revolts, ſurprizes, and ſurrenders, with very few battles, but no deciſive action: a period of much miſery and confuſion, which affords little that is memorable for events, or uſeful for the inſtruction of poſterity.

1136. The firſt conſiderable enemy that appeared againſt him was *David* king of *Scots*, who having taken the oath of fealty to *Maude* and her iſſue, being further en-

gaged by the ties of blood, and ſtirred up through the perſuaſions of ſeveral *Engliſh* nobles, began to take up arms in her cauſe; and invading the northern parts, took *Carliſle* and *Newcaſtle*; but upon the king's ſpeedy approach with his forces, a peace was preſently made, and the towns reſtored. However, the *Scottiſh* prince would, by no means, renounce his fidelity to the empreſs, by paying homage to *Stephen*; ſo that an expedient was found to have it performed by his eldeſt ſon: in conſideration of which the king gave, or rather reſtored, to him the earldom of *Huntington*.

Upon his return to *London* from this expedition, he happened to fall ſick of a lethargy, and it was confidently given out that he was dead. This report was, with great induſtry and artifice, diſperſed by his enemies, which quickly diſcovered the ill inclination of ſeveral lords, who, although they never believed the thing, yet made uſe of it for an occaſion or pretext to fortify their caſtles, which they refuſed to ſurrender to the king himſelf; but *Stephen* was reſolved, as he ſaid, to convince them that he was alive and well; for coming againſt them before he was expected, he recovered *Exeter*,

Norwich *, and other fortified places, although not without much difficulty.

It is obvious enough to wonder how a prince of ſo much valour, and other excellent endowments, elected by the church and ſtate, after a compliance with all conditions they could impoſe on him, and in an age when ſo little regard was had to the lineal deſcent, laſtly confirmed by the pope himſelf, ſhould be ſoon deſerted and oppoſed by thoſe very perſons who had been the moſt inſtrumental to promote him. But, beſide his defective title, and the undiſtinguiſhed liberty of building caſtles, there were three circumſtances which very much contributed to thoſe perpetual revolts of the nobles againſt him: firſt, that upon his coming to the crown he was very liberal in diſtributing lands and honours to ſeveral young gentlemen of noble birth, who came to make their court, whereby he hoped to get the reputation of a generous prince, and to ſtrengthen his party againſt the empreſs: but, by this encouragement, the number of pretenders quickly grew too faſt upon him; and when he had granted all he was able,

* *Hugh Bigod* had ſeized *Norwich* caſtle.

he

he was forced to diſmiſs the reſt with promiſes and excuſes, who, either out of envy or diſcontent, or elſe to mend their fortunes, never failed to become his enemies upon the firſt occaſion that offered. Secondly, when he had reduced ſeveral caſtles and towns which had given the firſt example of defection from him, he hardly inflicted the leaſt puniſhment on the authors; which unſeaſonable mercy, that in another prince and another age would have been called greatneſs of ſpirit, paſſed in him for puſillanimity and fear, and is reckoned, by the writers of thoſe times, to have been the cauſe of many ſucceeding revolts. The third circumſtance was of a different kind: for, obſerving how little good effect he had found by his liberality and indulgence, he would needs try the other extream, which was not his talent. He began to infringe the articles of his charter; to recal or diſown the promiſes he had made; and to repulſe petitioners with rough treatment, which was the more unacceptable by being new and unexpected.

1137. Mean time the earl of *Anjou*, who was not in a condition to aſſert his wife's title to *England*, hearing *Stephen* was employed at home, entered *Normandy* with ſmall force,

force, and found it no difficult matter to ſeize ſeveral towns. The *Normans*, in the preſent diſtraction of affairs, not well knowing what prince to obey, at laſt ſent an invitation to *Theobald* earl of *Blois*, king *Stephen*'s eldeſt brother, to accept their dukedom upon the condition of protecting them from the preſent inſults of the earl of *Anjou*. But before this matter could come to an iſſue, *Stephen*, who, upon reduction of the towns already mentioned, had found a ſhort interval of quiet from his *Engliſh* ſubjects, arrived with unexpected ſpeed into *Normandy*; where *Geoffry* of *Anjou* ſoon fled before him, and the whole duchy came over to his obedience; for the further ſettlement whereof he made peace with the king of *France*; conſtituted his ſon *Euſtace* duke of *Normandy*; and made him ſwear fealty to that prince, and do him homage. His brother *Theobald*, who began to expoſtulate upon this diſappointment, he pacified with a penſion of two thouſand marks *: and even the earl of *Anjou* himſelf, who, in right of his wife, made demands of *Stephen* for the king-

* The mark of *Normandy* is to be underſtood here. Such a penſion in that age was equivalent to one of 31,000 *l.* ſterling in the preſent.

dom

dom of *England*, finding he was no equal match at preſent, was perſuaded to become his penſioner for five thouſand more †.

Stephen, upon his return to *England*, met with an account of new troubles from the north; for the king of *Scots*, under pretence of obſerving his oath of fealty to the empreſs, infeſted the borders, and frequently making cruel inroads, plundered and laid waſte all before him.

1138. In order to revenge this baſe and perfidious treatment, the king, in his march northward, ſat down before *Bedford*, and took it after a ſiege of twenty days. This town was part of the earldom of *Huntington*, given by *Stephen* in the late peace to the eldeſt ſon of the *Scottiſh* king, for which the young prince did homage to him; and it was upon that account defended by a garriſon of *Scots*. Upon intelligence of this ſurrender, king *David*, overcome with fury, entered *Northumberland*, where, letting looſe the rage of his ſoldiers, he permitted and encouraged them to commit all manner of

† Five thouſand marks of ſilver coin was, in this reign, of the ſame value as the ſum of 77,500 *l.* modern currency, is now. Here again the *Normanic Mark* ſeems to be uſed.

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inhumanities; which they performed in ſo execrable a manner as would ſcarce be credible, if it were not atteſted by almoſt the univerſal conſent of writers: they ript up women with child, drew out the infants, and toſſed them upon the points of their lances: they murdered prieſts before the altars; then cutting the heads from off the crucifixes, in their ſtead put on the heads of thoſe they had murdered: with many other inſtances of monſtrous barbarity too foul to relate: but cruelty being uſually attended with cowardice, this perfidious prince, upon the approach of king *Stephen*, fled into places of ſecurity. The king of *England*, finding no enemy on whom to employ his revenge, marched forward into the country, deſtroying with fire and ſword all the ſouthern parts; and would, in all probability, have made terrible impreſſions into the heart of *Scotland*, if he had not been ſuddenly recalled by a more dangerous fire at home, which had been kindled in his abſence, and was now broken out into a flame.

Robert earl of *Gloceſter*, natural ſon of the late king, came into *England* ſome time after the advancement of *Stephen* to the crown; and, yielding to the neceſſity of the time, took

took the oath of fealty upon the ſame condition uſed by the other nobles, to be of force ſo long as the king ſhould keep his faith with him, and preſerve his dignity inviolate: but, being in his heart wholly devoted to the intereſts of the empreſs his ſiſter, and moved by the perſuaſions of ſeveral religious men, he had, with great ſecrecy and application, ſo far practiſed upon the levity or diſcontents of ſeveral lords, as to gain them to his party: for the king had, of late, very much alienated the nobles againſt him; firſt, by ſeizing ſeveral of their perſons, and diſpoſſeſſing them of their lands; and, ſecondly, by taking into his favour *William L'Ypres*, a *Flemiſh* commander, of noble birth, but baniſhed by his prince. This man, with many of his followers, the king employed chiefly both in his councils and his armies, and made him earl of *Kent*, to the great envy and diſpleaſure of his *Engliſh* ſubjects. The earl of *Gloceſter*, therefore, and his accomplices, having prepared all things neceſſary for an inſurrection, it was agreed among them, that while the king was engaged againſt the *Scots*, each of them ſhould ſecure what towns and caſtles they could, and openly declare for the empreſs. Accordingly

cordingly earl *Robert* ſuddenly fortified himſelf in *Briſtol*; the reſt followed his example; *Hereford*, *Shrewſbury*, *Ludlow*, *Dover* *, and many other places, were ſeized by ſeveral lords, and the defection grew ſo formidable, that the king, to his great grief, was forced to leave his *Scottiſh* expedition unfiniſhed, and return with all poſſible ſpeed to ſuppreſs the rebellion begun by his ſubjects; having firſt left the care of the north to *Thurſtan* archbiſhop of *York*; with orders carefully to obſerve the motions of the *Scots*.

Whilſt the king was employed in the ſouth in reducing his diſcontented lords, and their caſtles, to his obedience, *David*, preſuming upon the diſtance between them, reentered *England* with more numerous forces, and greater deſigns, than before: for, without loſing more time than what was neceſſary to pillage and deſtroy the country as he marched, he reſolved to beſiege *York*, which, if he could force to ſurrender, would ſerve as a convenient frontier againſt the *Engliſh*.

* *Robert* earl of *Gloceſter* had been intruſted by *Stephen* with the cuſtody of *Dover* Caſtle: but *Robert* lying now under heavy ſuſpicion, the king reſolved to ſecure that important fortreſs by force, ſent *Matilda* his queen to lay ſiege to it; to whom, after ſome defence, *Walchelin*, the deputy-governor, ſurrendered it.

To this end, advancing near the city, and having pitched his tents, he ſat down before it with his whole army. In the mean time archbiſhop *Thurſtan*, having already ſummoned the nobles and gentry of the ſhire and parts adjacent, had, by powerful perſuaſions, incited them to defend their country againſt a treacherous, bloody, and reſtleſs enemy: ſo that before the king of *Scotland* could make any progreſs in the ſiege, the whole power of the north was united againſt him, under the earl of *Albemarle*, and ſeveral other nobles. Archbiſhop *Thurſtan* happening to fall ſick, could not go in perſon to the army, but ſent the biſhop of *Durham* in his ſtead; by whoſe encouragements the *Engliſh*, although in number far inferior, advanced boldly towards the enemy, and offered them battle, which was as readily accepted by the *Scots*, who, ſending out a party of horſe to ſecure the riſing ground, were immediately attacked by the *Engliſh*, and, after a ſharp diſpute, entirely defeated. In the heat of the battle the king of *Scots*, and his ſon *Henry* earl of *Huntington*, gave many proofs of great perſonal valour. The young prince fell with ſuch fierceneſs upon a body of the *Engliſh*, that he utterly broke and diſperſed them; and

and was purſuing his victory, when a certain man, bearing aloft the head of an enemy he had cut off, cried out, It was the head of the *Scottiſh* king, which being heard and believed on both ſides, the *Engliſh*, who had lately fled, rallied again, aſſaulting their enemies with new vigour; the *Scots*, on the other ſide, diſcouraged by the ſuppoſed death of their prince, began to turn their backs: the king and his ſon uſed all endeavours to ſtop their flight, and made ſeveral brave ſtands againſt the enemy; but the greateſt part of their army being fled, and themſelves almoſt encompaſſed, they were forced to give way to fortune, and with much difficulty made their eſcape.

The loſs on the *Engliſh* ſide was inconſiderable; but of *Scots*, by general conſent of writers, ten thouſand were ſlain. And thus ended the war of the Standard, as it was uſually called by the authors of that age, becauſe the *Engliſh*, upon a certain engine, raiſed the maſt of a ſhip, on the top whereof, in a ſilver box, they put the conſecrated wafer, and faſtned the ſtandards of *St. Peter* and other ſaints: this gave them courage, by remembring they were to fight in the preſence of God; and ſerved likewiſe for a

mark where to re-aſſemble when they ſhould happen to be diſperſed by any accident or misfortune.

1139. Mean time the king was equally ſucceſsful againſt his rebellious lords at home, having taken moſt of their caſtles and ſtrong holds; and the earl of *Gloceſter* himſelf, no longer able to make any reſiſtance, withdrew into *Normandy*, to concert new meaſures with the empreſs his ſiſter. Thus the king had leiſure and opportunity for another expedition into *Scotland*, to purſue and improve his victory, where he met with no oppoſition: however, he was at length perſuaded with much difficulty to accept his own conditions of a peace; and *David* delivered up to him his eldeſt ſon *Henry*, as hoſtage for performance of articles between them.

The king, in his return homeward, laid ſiege to *Ludlow* caſtle, which had not been reduced with the reſt: here prince *Henry* of *Scotland*, boiling with youth and valour, and expoſing his perſon upon all occaſions, was lifted from his horſe by an iron grapple let down from the wall, and would have been hoiſted up into the caſtle, if the king had not immediately flown to his aſſiſtance, and brought him off with his own hands by main force

force from the enemy, whom he ſoon compelled to ſurrender the caſtle.

1140. *Stephen* having thus ſubdued his inveterate enemies the *Scots*, and reduced his rebellious nobles, began to entertain hopes of enjoying a little eaſe. But he was deſtined to the poſſeſſion of a crown with perpetual diſturbance; for he was hardly returned from his northern expedition, when he received intelligence that the empreſs, accompanied by her brother the earl of *Gloceſter*, was preparing to come for *England*, in order to diſpute her title to the kingdom. The king, who knew by experience what a powerful party ſhe already had to eſpouſe her intereſts, very reaſonably concluded, the defection from him would be much greater, when ſhe appeared in perſon to countenance and reward it; he therefore began again to repent of the licence he had granted for building caſtles, which were now like to prove ſo many places of ſecurity for his enemies, and fortifications againſt himſelf; for he knew not whom to truſt, vehemently ſuſpecting his nobles ever ſince their laſt revolt. He therefore caſt about for ſome artifice to get into his hands as many of their caſtles as

he could: in the ſtrength and magnificence of which kind of ſtructures, the biſhops had far outdone the reſt, and were upon that, as well as other accounts, very much maligned and envied by the temporal lords, who were extream jealous of the church's encreaſing power, and glad upon all occaſions to ſee the prelates humbled. The king, therefore, having formed his project, reſolved to make trial where it would be leaſt invidious, and where he could foreſee leaſt danger in the conſequences. At a parliament or aſſembly of nobles at *Oxford*, it was contrived to raiſe a quarrel between the ſervants of ſome biſhops and thoſe of *Alan* count of *Dinan* in *Bretagne*, upon a contention of rooms in their inns. *Stephen* took hold of this advantage, ſent for the biſhops, taxed them with breaking his peace, and demanded the keys of their caſtles, adding threats of impriſonment if they dared to diſobey. Thoſe whom the king chiefly ſuſpected, or rather who had built the moſt and ſtrongeſt caſtles, were *Roger* biſhop of *Saliſbury*, with his nephew and natural ſon the biſhops of *Ely* and *Lincoln*, whom the king, by many circumſtances of rigor, compelled to ſurrender, going

ing himſelf in perſon to ſeize the *Devizes* *, then eſteemed the nobleſt ſtructure of *Europe*, and built by the fore-mentioned biſhop *Roger*, whoſe treaſure, to the value of forty thouſand marks †, there likewiſe depoſited, fell, at the ſame time, into the king's hand, which in a few days broke the biſhop's heart, already worn with age and infirmity.

It may, perhaps, not be thought a digreſſion to ſay ſomething of the fortunes of this prelate, who, from the loweſt beginnings, came to be, without diſpute, the greateſt churchman of any ſubject in his age. It happened that the late king *Henry*, in the reign of his brother, being at a village in *Normandy*, wanted a prieſt to ſay maſs before him and his train, when this man, who was a poor curate thereabouts, offered his ſervice, and performed it with ſo much dexterity and ſpeed, that the ſoldiers who attended the prince recommended him to their maſter, upon that account, as a very proper chap-

* According to *Ordericus Vitalis* this caſtle was defended by *Maude* of *Ramſbury*, the biſhop's concubine. *Epiſcopi pellex principalem munitionem ſervabat.*

† This prelate's treaſure is doubtleſs computed by the ſmaller or *Saxon* mark; the uſe of which ſtill prevailed in *England:* and even thus computed, it amounts to a vaſt ſum, equal to about 116,350 *l.* of modern money.

lain for military men; but it ſeems he had other talents; for having gotten into the prince's ſervice, he ſoon diſcovered great application and addreſs, much order and œconomy in the management of his maſter's fortunes, which were wholly left to his care. After *Henry*'s advancement to the crown, this chaplain grew chief in his favour and confidence; was made biſhop of *Saliſbury*, chancellor of *England*, employed in all his moſt weighty affairs, and uſually left vicegerent of the realm while the king was abſent in *Normandy*. He was among the firſt that ſwore fealty to *Maude* and her iſſue; and among the firſt that revolted from her to *Stephen*, offering ſuch reaſons in council for ſetting her aſide, as, by the credit and opinion of his wiſdom, were very prevalent. But the king, in a few years, forgot all obligations, and the biſhop fell a ſacrifice in his old age to thoſe treaſures he had been ſo long heaping up for its ſupport. A juſt reward for his ingratitude towards the prince that raiſed him, to be ruined by the ingratitude of another, whom he had been ſo very inſtrumental to raiſe.

But *Henry* biſhop of *Wincheſter*, the pope's legate, not able to endure this violation of the

the church, called a council of all the prelates to meet at *Wincheſter*, where the king being ſummoned, appeared by his advocate, who pleaded his cauſe with much learning; and the archbiſhop of *Rouen* coming to the council, declared his opinion, That although the canons did allow the biſhops to poſſeſs caſtles, yet in dangerous times they ought to deliver them up to the king. This opinion *Stephen* followed very ſteadily, not yielding a tittle, although the legate his brother uſed all means, both rough and gentle, to work upon him.

The council of biſhops broke up without other effect than that of leaving in their minds an implacable hatred to the king, in a very opportune juncture for the intereſts of *Maude*, who, about this time, landed at *Portſmouth* with her brother *Robert* earl of *Gloceſter*. The whole force ſhe brought over for this expedition conſiſted but of one hundred and forty knights *; for ſhe truſted altogether in her cauſe and her friends. With this ſlender attendance ſhe went to *Arundel*,

* In theſe times none ſerved on horſeback but gentlemen or knights, in right of their fiefs, or their repreſentatives, called *Men at arms*; and each of theſe was attended by at leaſt two ſervants or retainers mounted and armed.

and was there received into the caſtle by the widow of the late king; while earl *Robert*, accompanied only by twenty men, marched boldly to his own city of *Gloceſter*, in order to raiſe forces for the empreſs, where the townſmen turned out the king's garriſon as ſoon as they heard of his approach.

King *Stephen* was not ſurprized at the news of the empreſs's arrival, being a thing he had always counted upon, and was long preparing himſelf againſt. He was glad to hear how ill ſhe was provided, and reſolved to uſe the opportunity of her brother's abſence; for, haſting down to *Arundel* with a ſufficient ſtrength, he laid ſiege to the caſtle, in hopes, by ſecuring her perſon, to put a ſpeedy end to the war.

But there wanted not ſome very near about the king, who, favouring the party of *Maude*, had credit enough to prevail with him not to venture time and reputation againſt an impregnable fortreſs, but rather, by withdrawing his forces, permit her to retire to ſome leſs fortified place, where ſhe might more eaſily fall into his hands. This advice the king took againſt his own opinion; the empreſs fled out of *Arundel* by night; and, after frequent ſhifting her ſtages through ſeveral

veral towns, which had already declared in her favour, fixt herſelf at laſt at *Lincoln*; where, having all things provided neceſſary for her defence, ſhe reſolved to continue, and expect either a general revolt of the *Engliſh* to her ſide, or the deciſion of war between the king and her brother.

1141. But *Stephen*, who had purſued the empreſs from place to place, hearing ſhe had ſhut herſelf up in *Lincoln*, reſolved to give her no reſt; and to help on his deſign, it fell out that the citizens in hatred to the earl of *Cheſter*, who commanded there for the empreſs, ſent a private invitation to the king, with promiſe to deliver the town and their governor into his hands. The king came accordingly, and poſſeſſed himſelf of the town; but *Maude* and the earl made their eſcape a few days before. However, many great perſons of *Maude*'s party remained priſoners to the king, and among the reſt the earl of *Cheſter*'s wife, who was daughter to the earl of *Gloceſter*. Theſe two earls reſolving to attempt the relief of their friends, marched with all their forces near *Lincoln*, where they found the enemy drawn up and ready to receive them. The next morning, after battle offered by the lords, and accepted by

by the king, both ſides made ready to engage. The king having diſpoſed his cavalry on each wing, placed himſelf at the head of his foot, in whom he repoſed moſt confidence. The army of the lords was divided in three bodies; thoſe whom king *Stephen* had baniſhed were placed in the middle, the earl of *Cheſter* led the van, and the earl of *Gloceſter* commanded the rear. The battle was fought at firſt with equal advantage, and great obſtinacy on both ſides: at length the right wing of the king's horſe, preſſed by the earl of *Cheſter*, galloped away, not without ſuſpicion of treachery; the left followed the example. The king beheld their flight, and encouraging thoſe about him, fell with undaunted valour upon the enemy; and being for ſome time bravely ſeconded by his foot, did great execution. At length overpowered by numbers, his men began to diſperſe, and *Stephen* was left almoſt alone with his ſword in his hand, wherewith he oppoſed his perſon againſt a whole victorious army, nor durſt any be ſo hardy to approach him; the ſword breaking, a citizen of *Lincoln* put into his hands a *Daniſh* battle-ax *, with

* *Sim. Dunelmenſis.*

which

which he ſtruck to the ground the earl of *Cheſter* †, who preſumed to come within his reach. But this weapon likewiſe flying in pieces with the force of thoſe furious blows he dealt on all ſides, a bold knight of the empreſs's party, named *William de Keynes*, laid hold on his helmet, and immediately cried out to his fellows, I have got the king. Then the reſt ran in, and he was taken priſoner ‡.

The king being thus ſecured, was preſented to the empreſs, then at *Gloceſter*, and by her orders conveyed to *Briſtol*, where he continued in ſtrict cuſtody nine months, although with honourable treatment for ſome time, until either upon endeavouring to make his eſcape, or in malice to the *Londoners*, who had a great affection for their king, he was, by expreſs command from the empreſs, laid in irons, and uſed with other circumſtances of ſeverity.

This victory was followed by a general defection of almoſt the whole kingdom; and the earl of *Anjou*, huſband to the empreſs, upon the fame of the king's defeat and im-

† The earl of *Cheſter* lived nevertheleſs to fight other battles, and died twelve years afterwards by poiſon.

‡ *Gervas*,

priſon-

priſonment, reduced without any difficulty the whole duchy of *Normandy* to his obedience.

The legate himſelf, although brother to king *Stephen*, received her at *Wincheſter* with great ſolemnity, accepted her oath for governing with juſtice, redreſſing grievances, and ſupporting the rights of the Church, and took the old conditional one of fealty to her; then in an aſſembly of biſhops and clergy convoked for the purpoſe, he diſplayed the miſcarriages of his brother, and declared his approbation of the empreſs to be queen; to which they unanimouſly agreed. To compleat all, he prevailed by his credit with the *Londoners*, who ſtood out the laſt of any, to acknowledge and receive her into the city, where ſhe arrived at length in great pomp, and with general ſatisfaction.

But it was the misfortune of this princeſs to poſſeſs many weakneſſes that are charged to the ſex, and very few of its commendable qualities: ſhe was now in peaceable poſſeſſion of the whole kingdom, except the county of *Kent*, where *William D'Ypres* pretended to keep up a ſmall party for the king; when by her pride, wilfulneſs, indiſcretion, and a diſobliging behaviour, ſhe ſoon turned the

hearts

hearts of all men againſt her, and in a ſhort time loſt the fruits of that victory and ſucceſs which had been ſo hardly gained by the prudence and valour of her excellent brother. The firſt occaſion ſhe took to diſcover the perverſeneſs of her nature, was in the treatment of *Maude*, the wife of king *Stephen*, a lady of great virtue, and courage above her ſex, who, coming to the empreſs an humble ſuitor in behalf of her huſband, offered, as a price of his liberty, that he ſhould reſign all pretenſions to the crown, and paſs the reſt of his life in exile, or in a convent: but this requeſt was rejected with ſcorn and reproaches; and the queen finding all intreaties to no purpoſe, writ to her ſon *Euſtace* to let him underſtand the ill ſucceſs of her negociation, that no relief was to be otherwiſe hoped for than by arms; and therefore adviſed him to raiſe immediately what forces he could for the relief of his father.

Her next miſcarriage was towards the *Londoners*, who preſented her a petition for redreſſing certain rigorous laws of her father, and reſtoring thoſe of *Edward the Confeſſor*. The empreſs put them off for a time with excuſes, but at laſt diſcovered ſome diſplea-

ſure at their importunity. The citizens, who had with much difficulty been perſuaded to receive her againſt their inclinations, which ſtood wholly for the king, were moved with indignation at her unreaſonable refuſal of their juſt demands, and entered into a conſpiracy to ſeize her perſon. But ſhe had timely notice of their deſign, and leaving the city by night in diſguiſe, fled to *Oxford*.

A third falſe ſtep the empreſs made*, was in refuſing her new powerful friend the legate a favour he deſired in behalf of *Euſtace*, the king's ſon, to grant him the lands and honours held by his father before he came to the crown. She had made large promiſes to this prelate, that ſhe would be directed in all things by his advice, and to be refuſed upon his firſt application a ſmall favour for his own nephew, ſtung him to the quick; however, he governed his reſentments a while, but began at the ſame time to reſume his affection for his brother. Theſe thoughts were cultivated with great addreſs by queen *Maude*, who prevailed at laſt ſo far upon the legate, that private meaſures were agreed be-

* *William* of *Malmeſbury*.

tween

tween them for reſtoring *Stephen* to his liberty and crown. The biſhop took leave of the empreſs, upon ſome plauſible pretence, and retired to *Wincheſter*, where he gave directions for ſupplying with men and proviſions ſeveral ſtrong caſtles he had built in his dioceſe, while the queen with her ſon *Euſtace* prevailed with the *Londoners* and men of *Kent* to riſe in great numbers for the king; and a powerful army was quickly on foot, under the command of *William D'Ypres* earl of *Kent*.

In the mean time the empreſs began to be ſenſible of the errors ſhe had committed; and in hope either to retrieve the friendſhip of the legate, or take him priſoner, marched with her army to *Wincheſter*, where being received and lodged in the caſtle, ſhe ſent immediately for the legate, ſpoke much in excuſe of what was paſt, and uſed all endeavours to regain him to her intereſts. Biſhop *Henry*, on the other ſide, amuſed her with dubious anſwers, and kept her in ſuſpence for ſome days; but ſent privately at the ſame time to the king's army, deſiring them to advance with all poſſible ſpeed; which was executed with ſo much diligence, that the empreſs and her brother had only time with their

their troops to march a back way out of the town. They were purſued by the enemy ſo cloſe in the rear, that the empreſs had hardly time, by counterfeiting herſelf dead, to make her eſcape; in which poſture ſhe was carried as a corpſe to *Gloceſter*; but the earl her brother, while he made what oppoſition he could, with deſign to ſtop her purſuers, was himſelf taken priſoner, with great ſlaughter of his men. After the battle, the earl was in his turn preſented to queen *Maude*, and by her command ſent to *Rocheſter* to be treated in the ſame manner with the king.

Thus the heads of both parties were each in the power of his enemy, and Fortune ſeemed to have dealt with great equality between them. Two factions divided the whole kingdom, and, as it uſually happens, private animoſities were inflamed by the quarrel of the publick; which introduced a miſerable face of things throughout the land, whereof the writers of our *Engliſh* ſtory give melancholy deſcriptions, not to be repeated in this hiſtory; ſince the uſual effects of civil war are obvious to conceive, and tireſome as well as uſeleſs to relate. However, as the quarrel between the king and empreſs was grounded upon a cauſe that in its own nature little con-

concerned the intereſts of the people, this was thought a convenient juncture for tranſacting a peace, to which there appeared an univerſal diſpoſition. Several expedients were propoſed; but earl *Robert* would conſent upon no other terms than the depoſing of *Stephen*, and immediate delivery of the crown to his ſiſter. Theſe debates laſted for ſome months, until the two priſoners, weary of their long conſtraint, by mutual conſent were exchanged for each other, and all thoughts of agreement laid aſide.

The king, upon recovery of his freedom, haſtened to *London*, to get ſupplies of men and money for renewing the war. He there found that his brother of *Wincheſter* had, in a council of biſhops and abbots, renounced all obedience to the empreſs, and perſuaded the aſſembly to follow his example. The legate, in excuſe for this proceeding, loaded her with infamy, produced ſeveral inſtances wherein ſhe had broken the oath ſhe took when he received her as queen, and upon which his obedience was grounded; ſaid, he had received information that ſhe had a deſign upon his life *.

* *William* of *Malmeſbury*.

It muſt be confeſſed that oaths of fealty in this prince's reign were feeble ties for binding the ſubject to any reaſonable degree of obedience; and the warmeſt advocates for liberty cannot but allow, from thoſe examples here produced, that it is very poſſible for people to run upon great extremes in this matter, that a monarch may be too much limited, and a ſubject too little; whereof the conſequences have been fully as pernicious for the time as the worſt that can be apprehended from arbitrary power in all its heights, although not perhaps ſo laſting or ſo hard to be remedied; ſince all the miſeries of this kingdom, during the period we are treating of, were manifeſtly owing to that continual violation of ſuch oaths of allegiance, as appear to have been contrived on purpoſe by ambitious men to be broken at pleaſure, without the leaſt apprehenſion of perjury, and in the mean time keep the prince in a continual ſlaviſh dependance.

The earl of *Gloceſter*, ſoon after his releaſe, went over into *Normandy*, where he found the earl of *Anjou* employed in compleating the conqueſt of that duchy; there he delivered him the ſons of ſeveral *Engliſh* noblemen, to be kept as hoſtages for their fathers

fathers fidelity to the empreſs, and uſed many arguments for perſuading him to come over in perſon with an army to her aſſiſtance: but *Geoffry* excuſed himſelf by the importance of other affairs, and the danger of expoſing the dominions he had newly acquired to rebellions in his abſence. However, he lent the earl of *Gloceſter* a ſupply of four hundred men, and ſent along with him his eldeſt ſon *Henry*, to comfort his mother, and be ſhewn to the people.

During the ſhort abſence of the earl of *Gloceſter*, the empreſs was cloſely beſieged in *Oxford* by the king; and proviſions beginning to fail, ſhe was in cruel apprehenſions of falling into his hands. This gave her occaſion to put in practice the only talent wherein ſhe ſeemed to excel, which was that of contriving ſome little ſhift or expedient to ſecure her perſon upon any ſudden emergency. A long ſeaſon of froſt had made the *Thames* paſſable upon the ice, and much ſnow lay on the ground; *Maude* with ſome few attendants clad all in white, to avoid being diſcovered from the king's camp, croſſed the river at midnight on foot, and travelling all night, got ſafe to *Wallingford* caſtle, where her brother and young ſon *Henry*, newly re-

turned from *France*, arrived ſoon after, to her great ſatisfaction: but *Oxford*, immediately upon the news of her flight, ſurrendered to the king.

However, this diſgrace was fully compenſated ſoon after by another of the ſame kind, which happened to king *Stephen*; for whilſt he and his brother of *Wincheſter* were fortifying a nunnery at *Wilton*, to bridle his enemies at *Saliſbury*, who very much harraſſed thoſe parts by their frequent excurſions, the earl of *Gloceſter*, who watched all opportunities, came unaware with a ſtrong body of men, and ſet fire on the nunnery while the king himſelf was in it. *Stephen*, upon the ſudden ſurprize of the thing, wholly loſt or forgot his uſual courage, and fled ſhamefully away, leaving his ſoldiers to be cut in pieces by the earl.

During the reſt of the war, although it laſted nine years longer, there is little memorable recorded by any writer; whether the parties being pretty equal, and both ſufficiently tired with ſo long a contention, wanted vigor and ſpirit to make a thorough conqueſt, and only endeavoured to keep what they had, or whether the multitude of ſtrong caſtles, whoſe number daily increaſed, made it.

it very difficult to end a war between two contending powers almoſt in balance; let the cauſe be what it will, the whole time paſſed in mutual ſieges, ſurprizes, revolts, ſurrenders of fortified places, without any deciſive action, or other event of importance to be related. By which at length the very genius of the people became wholly bent upon a life of ſpoil, robbery, and plunder; many of the nobles, although pretending to hold their caſtles for the king or the empreſs, lived like petty independant princes in a perpetual ſtate of war againſt their neighbours; the fields lay uncultivated, all the arts of civil life were baniſhed, no veneration left for ſacred perſons or things; in ſhort, no law, truth, or religion among men, but a ſcene of univerſal miſery, attended with all the conſequences of an embroiled and diſtracted ſtate.

About the eleventh year of the king's reign, young *Henry*, now growing towards a man, was ſent for to *France* by a meſſage from his father, who was deſirous to ſee him; but left a conſiderable party in *England*, to adhere to his intereſts; and in a ſhort time after (as ſome write *) the empreſs herſelf

* *Gervas.*

grown weary of contending any longer in a cauſe where ſhe had met with nothing but misfortunes of her own procuring, left the kingdom likewiſe, and retired to her huſband. Nor was this the only good fortune that befel *Stephen*; for before the year ended, the main prop and pillar of his enemies was taken away by death; this was *Robert* earl of *Gloceſter*, than whom there have been few private perſons known in the world that deſerve a fairer place and character in the regiſters of time, for his inviolable faith, diſintereſted friendſhip, indefatigable zeal, and firm conſtancy to the cauſe he eſpouſed, and unparalleled generoſity in the conduct thereof: he adhered to his ſiſter in all her fortunes, to the ruin of his own; he placed a crown on her head; and when ſhe had loſt it by her folly and perverſeneſs, refuſed the greateſt offers from a victorious enemy, who had him in his power, and choſe to continue a priſoner rather than recover his liberty by any hazard to her pretenſions: he bore up her ſinking title in ſpight of her own frequent miſcarriages, and at laſt died in her cauſe by a fever contracted with perpetual toils for her ſervice. An example fit to be ſhewn the world, although few perhaps

haps are like to follow it; but however, a ſmall tribute of praiſe, juſtly due to extraordinary virtue, may prove no ill expedient to encourage imitation.

But the death of this lord, together with the abſence of the empreſs and her ſon in *France*, added very little to the quiet or ſecurity of the king. For the earl of *Gloceſter*, ſuſpecting the fidelity of the lords, had, with great ſagacity, delivered their ſons to the earl of *Anjou*, to be kept as pledges for their father's fidelity, as we have before related: by which means a powerful party was ſtill kept up againſt *Stephen*, too ſtrong to be ſuddenly broken. Beſides, he had, by an unuſual ſtrain of his conduct, lately loſt much good will, as well as reputation, in committing an act of violence and fraud on the perſon of the earl of *Cheſter*, a principal adherent of the empreſs. This nobleman, of great power and poſſeſſions, had newly reconciled himſelf to *Stephen*, and came to his court at *Northampton*, where, againſt all laws of hoſpitality, as well as common faith and juſtice, he was committed to priſon, and forced to buy his liberty with the ſurrender of *Lincoln*, and all his other places, into the king's hands.

Affairs continued in this turbulent poſture about two years, the nobles neither truſting the king nor each other. The number of caſtles ſtill increaſed, which every man who had any poſſeſſions was forced to build, or elſe become a prey to his powerful
1149 neighbours. This was thought a convenient juncture, by the empreſs and her friends, for ſending young prince *Henry* to try his fortune in *England*, where he landed at the head of a conſiderable number of horſe and foot, although he was then but ſixteen years old. Immediately after his arrival he went to *Carliſle*, where he met his couſin *David* king of *Scots*, by whom he was made knight, after the uſual cuſtom of young princes and noblemen in that age. The king of *England*, who had ſoon intelligence of *Henry*'s landing and motion, marched down to ſecure *York*, againſt which he expected the firſt attempt of his enemy was deſigned. But, whatever the cauſe might be (wherein the writers of thoſe ages are either ſilent or unſatisfactory) both armies remained at that ſecure diſtance for three months, after which *Henry* returned
1150 back to *Normandy*, leaving the kingdom in the ſtate of confuſion he found it at his coming.

The

The fortunes of this young prince *Henry Fitz-empreſs* now began to advance by great and ſudden ſteps, whereof it will be no digreſſion to inform the reader, as well upon the connexion they have with the affairs at home about this time, as becauſe they concern the immediate ſucceſſor to the crown.

1151. Prince *Henry*'s voyage to *France* was ſoon followed by the death of his father *Geoffry* earl of *Anjou*, whereby the ſon became poſſeſſed of that earldom, together with the duchy of *Normandy*; 1152 but in a ſhort time after he very much enlarged his dominions by a marriage, in which he conſulted his reputation leſs than his advantage. For *Louis the Young*, king of *France*, was lately divorced from his wife *Eleanor*, who, as the *French* writers relate, bore a great contempt and hatred to her huſband, and had long deſired ſuch a ſeparation. Other authors give her not ſo fair a character: but whatever might be the real cauſe, the pretext was conſanguinity in the fourth degree *. *Henry* was content to accept

* Whether the pretext were affinity or conſanguinity, is not quite agreed among hiſtorians: but it ſeems clear, that the real cauſe of the ſeparation was the jealouſy of the

cept this lady with all her faults, and in her right † became duke of *Aquitain*, and earl of *Poitou*, very conſiderable provinces, added to his other dominions.

But the two kings of *France* and *England* began to apprehend much danger from the ſudden greatneſs of a young ambitious prince; and their intereſts were jointly concerned to check his growth. Duke *Henry* was now

the king, and his impatience under the ſcandal of her amours. The proceedings of a council ſummoned at *Beaugenci*, in the year 1151, for the purpoſe of this divorce, are related by M. *Bayle*, who is never more prolix than when he meets with ladies like *Eleanor*, renowned for beauty, learning, and gallantry. He gives us the harangue of the biſhop of *Langres* in that aſſembly; who took the liberty of inveighing bitterly againſt the lewdneſs of the queen. The archbiſhop of *Bourdeaux*, a more decent man, was for huſhing that charge, and propoſed another more honourable motive for ſeparation, by ſhewing that the king and queen were *related* in a degree wherein marriage is unlawful. The hint was taken; the proceedings changed; and on this ground a marriage, which for fourteen years had been unqueſtioned, was now pronounced void. The queen being told what turn things had taken, ſwooned, fell from her chair, continued above two hours ſpeechleſs: at length, coming to herſelf, and turning her bright and blue eyes on the company preſent, ſhe ſaid, *&c.* *Vid.* *Bayle*'s Dict. article *Louis* VII.

† This *Eleanor* was daughter and heireſs of *William* the laſt duke of *Aquitain* and earl *Poitou*. She made afterwards a great figure in *England*; raiſed rebellion againſt the king her huſband; ſuffered long impriſonment; but ſurvived her troubles, her huſband, and her eldeſt ſon (*Richard* I.) dying in the year 1203.

ready

ready to ſail for *England*, in a condition to aſſert his title upon more equal terms; when the king of *France*, in conjunction with *Euſtace*, king *Stephen*'s ſon, and *Geoffry*, the duke's own brother, ſuddenly entred into his dominions with a mighty army; took the caſtle of *Neumarchè* by ſtorm, and laid ſiege to that of *Angers*. The duke, by this incident, was forced to lay aſide his thoughts of *England*, and marching boldly towards the enemy, reſolved to relieve the beſieged; but finding they had already taken the caſtle, he thought it beſt to make a diverſion, by carrying the war into the enemy's country, where he left all to the mercy of his ſoldiers, ſurprized and burnt ſeveral caſtles, and made great devaſtations wherever he came. This proceeding anſwered the end for which it was deſigned; the king of *France* thought he had already done enough for his honour, and began to grow weary of a ruinous war, which was likely to be protracted. The conditions of a peace, by the intervention of ſome religious men, were ſoon agreed. The duke, after ſome time ſpent in ſettling his affairs, and preparing all things neceſſary for his intended expedition, ſet ſail for *England*, where

where he landed ‡ the ſame year in the depth of winter, with a hundred and forty knights, and three thouſand foot.

Some time before *Henry* landed, the king had conceived a project to diſappoint his deſigns, by confirming the crown upon himſelf and his own poſterity ‖. He ſent for the archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, with ſeveral other prelates, and propoſed that his ſon *Euſtace* ſhould be crowned king with all the uſual ſolemnity: but the biſhops abſolutely refuſed to perform the office, by expreſs orders from the pope, who was an enemy to *Stephen*, partly upon account of his unjuſt or declining cauſe, but chiefly for his ſtrict alliance with the king of *France*, who was then engaged in a quarrel againſt that ſee, upon a very tender point relating to the revenues of vacant churches. The king and his ſon were both enraged at the biſhops' refuſal, and kept them priſoners in the chamber where they aſſembled, with many threats to force them to a compliance, and ſome other circumſtances of rigour; but all to no purpoſe, ſo

‡ The place where he landed is not mentioned by our hiſtorians. It was probably in the weſt of *England*, as the firſt garriſoned town he attacked was *Malmsbury*.

‖ *Gervas*, *Hen. Huntingdon*.

that

that he was at length forced to deſiſt. But the archbiſhop, to avoid further vexation, fled the realm.

This contrivance of crowning the ſon during the life and reign of the father, which appears ſo abſurd in ſpeculation, was actually performed in the ſucceeding reign, and ſeems to have been taken up by thoſe two princes of *French* birth and extraction, in imitation of the like practice in their native country *, where it was uſual for kings grown old and infirm, or ſwayed by paternal indulgence, to receive their eldeſt ſon into a ſhare of the adminiſtration, with the title of king; a cuſtom borrowed, no doubt, from the later emperors of *Rome*, who adopted their *Cæſars* after the like manner.

1153. The king was employed in his uſual exerciſe of beſieging caſtles when the news was brought of *Henry*'s arrival. He left the work he was about, and marched directly againſt the duke, who was then ſat down before *Malmeſbury*. But *Stephen* forced him to raiſe the ſiege, and immediately offered him battle. The duke, although his army was much encreaſed by continual revolts, thought it beſt to gain time, being

* *Mezeray.*

ſtill

ſtill in number far inferior to the king, and therefore kept himſelf ſtrongly entrenched. There is ſome difference among writers about the particulars of this war: however, it is generally agreed, that in a ſhort time after, the two armies met, and were prepared for battle, when the nobles on both ſides, either dreading the conſequences, or weary of a tedious war, prevailed with the king and duke to agree to a truce for ſome days in order to a peace; which was violently oppoſed by *Euſtace*, the king's ſon, a youth of great ſpirit and courage, becauſe he knew very well it could not be built but upon the ruin of his intereſts; and therefore finding he could not prevail, he left the army in a rage, and, attended by ſome followers, endeavoured to ſatiate his fury, by deſtroying the country in his march: But in a few days, as he ſat at dinner in a caſtle of his own, he fell ſuddenly dead, either through grief, madneſs, or poiſon.

The truce was now expired, and the duke began to renew the war with freſh vigour; but the king was wholly diſpirited upon this fatal accident, and now firſt began to entertain real thoughts of a peace. He had loſt a ſon whom he dearly loved, and with him

him he likewiſe loſt the alliance of the *French* king, to whoſe ſiſter the young prince was married. He had indeed another ſon left, but little eſteemed by the nobles and people; nor, as it appears, much regarded by his father. He was now in the decline of his age, decayed in his health, forſaken by his friends, who, ſince the death of *Euſtace*, fell daily from him; and having no further care at heart for his poſterity, he thought it high time to ſeek repoſe for his perſon. The nobles ſoon obſerved this diſpoſition in their king, which was ſo agreeable to their own; therefore, by general conſent, *Theobald* archbiſhop of *Canterbury* was appointed mediator between both princes. All matters were ſoon agreed; an aſſembly of lords was convened at *Wincheſter*, where the king received the duke with great marks of courteſy and kindneſs. There the peace was confirmed by the king's charter, wherein are expreſſed the terms of agreement. But I ſhall relate only the principal.

The king, by this charter, acknowledged *Henry* for lawful ſucceſſor to the crown; in which capacity all the nobles paid him homage: and *Henry* himſelf, with his party, paid homage to *Stephen*. There is likewiſe

a reſervation for *William*, the king's ſon, of all the honours poſſeſſed by his father before he came to the crown. The king likewiſe acknowledges the obedience of his ſubjects to be no longer due to him than he ſhall obſerve the conditions of this charter. And for the performance of theſe articles, the archbiſhops and biſhops were appointed guarantees. There were ſome other articles agreed on, which are not mentioned in the charter; as, a general pardon; a reſtitution, to the right owners, of thoſe lands and poſſeſſions, which had been uſurped in the time of the troubles; that all caſtles built during the war ſhould be razed to the ground, which are ſaid to have been above eleven hundred; that the rights of the church ſhould be preſerved; with other matters of leſs moment.

Thus, by the prudence of archbiſhop *Theobald*, the moderation of the two princes engaged, and the univerſal inclination of the people, a happy period was put to this tedious and troubleſome war: men began to have the proſpect of a long peace; nor was it eaſy to foreſee what could poſſibly ariſe to diſturb it; when diſcovery was made, by accident, of a moſt horrible piece of treachery, which, if it had met with ſucceſs, would

would have once more ſet the whole nation in a flame. The duke, after the peace, attended the king to *London*, to be ſhewn to the people as the undoubted ſucceſſor to the crown; and having made a progreſs together through ſome other parts of the kingdom, they came to *Canterbury*; where *Henry* received private notice of a deſign upon his life. It hath been already obſerved, that the king employed in his wars a body of *Flemings*, to the great diſcontent of his own ſubjects, with whom they were very ungracious. Theſe foreigners were much diſcontented at the peace, whereby they were likely to become uſeleſs and burthenſome to the preſent king, and hateful to the ſucceſſor. To prevent which, the commanders among them began to practiſe upon the levity and ambition of *William* the king's ſon. They urged the indignity he had received in being deprived of his birth-right; offered to ſupport his title by their valour, as they had done that of his father; and, as an earneſt of their intentions, to remove the chief impediment by diſpatching his rival out of the world. The young prince was eaſily wrought upon to be at the head of this conſpiracy; time and place were fixt; when, upon the day appointed, *Wil-*

liam broke his leg by a fall from his horſe; and the conſpirators wanting their leader immediately diſperſed. This diſappointment and delay, as it uſually happens among conſpirators, were ſoon followed by a diſcovery of the whole plot, whereof the duke, with great diſcretion, made no other uſe than to conſult his own ſafety; therefore, without any ſhew of ſuſpicion or diſpleaſure, he took leave of the king, and returned to *Normandy*.

1154. *Stephen* lived not above a year to ſhare the happineſs of this peace with his people, in which time he made a progreſs through moſt parts of the kingdom, where he gained univerſal love and veneration, by a moſt affable and courteous behaviour to all men. A few months after his return he went to *Dover*, to have an interview with the earl of *Flanders* *; where, after a ſhort ſickneſs, he died of the *Iliac* paſſion, together with his old diſtemper the hæmorrhoids, upon the twenty-fifth day of *October*, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the nineteenth of his reign.

* The earl of *Flanders* was a potent ſovereign on the Continent, and had landed at *Dover*, in order to meet and confer with the king.

He was a prince of wonderful endowments, both in body and mind: in his perſon tall and graceful, of great ſtrength as well as vigour: he had a large portion of moſt virtues that can be uſeful in a king towards the happineſs of his ſubjects or himſelf; curteſy and valour, liberality and clemency, in an eminent degree; eſpecially the laſt, which he carried to an extreme, though very pardonable, yet hardly conſiſting with prudence, or his own ſafety. If we except his uſurpation of the crown, he muſt be allowed a prince of great juſtice, which moſt writers affirm to have been always unblemiſhed, except in that ſingle inſtance: for, as to his treatment of the biſhops and the earl of *Cheſter*, it ſeems very excuſeable by the neceſſity of the time; and it was the general opinion, if he had not uſed that proceeding with the latter, it would have coſt him his crown. Perhaps his injuſtice to the empreſs might likewiſe admit a little extenuation. Four kings ſucceſſively had ſat on the throne without any regard to lineal deſcent; a period beyond the memory of moſt men then alive; whereby the people had loſt much of that devotion they were uſed to bear towards an eſtabliſhed ſucceſſion: beſides, the govern-

ment of a woman was then a thing unknown, and for that reaſon diſliked by all who profeſſed to hate innovations.

But the wiſdom of this prince was by no means equal to the reſt of his virtues. He came to the crown upon as fair a title as his predeceſſor, being elected by the general conſent of the nobles, through the credit of his brother, and his own perſonal merit. He had no diſturbance for ſome time, which he might eaſily have employed in ſettling the kingdom, and acquiring the love of his people. He had treaſure enough to raiſe and pay armies, without burthening the ſubject. His competitor was a woman, whoſe ſex was the leaſt of her infirmities, and with whom he had already compounded for his quiet by a conſiderable penſion: yet with all theſe advantages he ſeldom was maſter of above half the kingdom at once, and that by the force of perpetual ſtruggling, and with frequent danger of loſing the whole. The principal difficulties he had to encounter, appear to have been manifeſt conſequences of ſeveral moſt imprudent ſteps in his conduct, whereof many inſtances have been produced in the hiſtory of his reign; ſuch as, the unlimited permiſſion of building caſtles; his raiſing the

ſiege

ſiege of a weak place where the empreſs was ſhut up, and muſt, in a few days, have fallen into his hands; his employing the *Flemings* in his wars, and favouring them above his own ſubjects; and laſtly, that abortive project of crowning his ſon, which procured him at once the hatred and contempt of the clergy, by diſcovering an inclination to violence and injuſtice that he durſt not purſue: whereas, it was nothing elſe but an effect of that haſty and ſudden diſpoſition uſually aſcribed to thoſe of his country, and in a peculiar manner charged to this prince: for authors give it as a part of his character, to be hot and violent in the beginning of an enterprize, but to ſlacken and grow cold in the proſecution.

He had a juſt ſenſe of religion, and was frequent in attending the ſervice of the church, yet reported to be no great friend of the clergy; which, however, is a general imputation upon all the kings of this realm in that and ſome ſucceeding reigns, and by no means perſonal to this prince, who deſerved it as little as any.

I do not find any alterations during this reign in the meetings of general aſſemblies, further than that the commons do not ſeem

to have been repreſented in any of them; for which I can aſſign no other reaſon than the will of the king, or the diſturbance of the time *. I obſerve the word *Parliament* is uſed promiſcuouſly among authors, for a general aſſembly of nobles, and for a council of biſhops, or ſynod of the clergy; which renders this matter too perplexed to aſcertain any thing about it.

As for affairs of the church, that deſerve particular mention, I have not met with any; unleſs it ſhould be worth relating, that *Henry* biſhop of *Wincheſter*, the pope's legate, who held frequent ſynods during this reign, was the firſt introducer of appeals to *Rome*, in this kingdom, for which he is blamed by all the monkiſh hiſtorians who give us the account.

* The riſe and hiſtory of Parliaments had not been cleared up when the Doctor writ in the beginning of this current century. It is certain, that the Commons had as yet never been repreſented.

The REIGN of HENRY the SECOND.

A FRAGMENT.

THE ſpirit of war and contention, 1154
which had for a long time poſſeſſed the nation, became ſo effectually laid during the laſt year of king *Stephen*'s reign, that no alteration or diſturbance enſued upon his death, although the new king *, after he had received intelligence of it, was detained ſix weeks † by contrary winds: beſides, the opinion of this prince's power and virtues, had already begotten ſo great an awe and reverence for him among the people, that upon his arrival he found the whole kingdom in a profound peace. He landed at *Hoſtreham* ‡, about the beginning of *December*, was received at *Wincheſter* by a great number of

* *Henry* was at that time beſieging a caſtle on the frontiers of *Normandy*.

† Five weeks at the moſt; a month, ſaith *Brompton*.

‡ At *Hoſtreham*, ſaith *Gervaſe*. This place is not eaſy to be found; however, it muſt be on the *Suſſex* or *Hampſhire* coaſt, becauſe the king went directly from the place of his landing to *Wincheſter*. *Carte* ſays he landed *Dec.* 8. near *Hurſt* caſtle in the *New Foreſt*.

the nobility, who came there to attend and ſwear fealty to him, and three weeks after was crowned at *Weſtminſter*, about the twenty-third year of his age.

For the further ſettling of the kingdom, after the long diſtractions in the preceding reign, he ſeized on all the caſtles which remained undeſtroyed ſince the laſt peace between him and king *Stephen*; whereof ſome he demoliſhed, and truſted others to the government of perſons in whom he could confide.

But that which moſt contributed to the quiet of the realm, and the general ſatisfaction of his ſubjects, was a proclamation publiſhed, commanding all foreigners to leave *England*, inforced with a moſt effectual clauſe, whereby a day was fixt, after which it ſhould be capital for any of them to appear; among theſe was *William D'Ypres* earl of *Kent*, whoſe poſſeſſions the king ſeized into his own hands.

Theſe foreigners, generally called *Flemings* by the writers of the *Engliſh* ſtory, were a ſort of vagabond ſoldiers of fortune, who in thoſe ages, under ſeveral denominations, infeſted other parts of *Europe* as well as *England*: they were a mixt people, natives of *Arragon*, *Navarre*, *Biſcay*, *Brabant*, and

other parts of *Spain* and *Flanders*. They were ready to be hired to whatever prince thought fit to employ them, but always upon condition to have full liberty of plunder and ſpoil. Nor was it an eaſy matter to get rid of them, when there was no further need of their ſervice. In *England* they were always hated by the people, and by this prince in particular, whoſe continual enemies they had been.

After the expulſion of theſe foreigners, and the forcing a few refractory lords to a ſurrender of their caſtles, king *Henry*, like a wiſe prince, began to conſider that a time of ſettled peace was the fitteſt juncture to recover the rights of the crown, which had been loſt by the war. He therefore reſumed, by his royal authority, all crown lands that had been alienated by his predeceſſor; alledging that they were unalienable in themſelves, and beſides, that the grants were void, as coming from an uſurper. Whether ſuch proceedings are agreeable with juſtice, I ſhall not examine; but certainly a prince cannot better conſult his own ſafety than by diſabling thoſe whom he renders diſcontent, which is effectually done no other way but by depriving them of their poſſeſſions.

1156.

1156. While the king was thus employed at home, intelligence came that his brother *Geoffry* was endeavouring by force to poſſeſs himſelf of the earldom of *Anjou*, to which he had fair pretenſions; for their father conſidering what vaſt dominions would fall to his eldeſt ſon, bequeathed that earldom to the ſecond in his laſt ſickneſs, and commanded his nobles then about him, to take an oath that they would not ſuffer his body to be buried until *Henry* (who was then abſent) ſhould ſwear to obſerve his will. The duke of *Normandy*, when he came to aſſiſt at his father's obſequies, and found that without his compliance he muſt draw upon himſelf the ſcandal of keeping a father unburied, took the oath that was exacted for obſervance of his will, though very much againſt his own. But after he was in poſſeſſion of *England*, whether it were that his ambition enlarged with his dominions, or that from the beginning he had never intended to obſerve what he had ſworn, he prevailed with pope *Adrian* (of *Engliſh* birth) to diſpenſe with his oath, and in the ſecond year of his reign went over into *Normandy*, drove his brother intirely out of *Anjou*, and forced him to accept a penſion for his maintenance. But the

young

young prince, through the reſentment of this unnatural dealing, in a ſhort time died of grief.

Nor was his treatment more favourable to the king of *Scots*, whom, upon a ſlight pretence, he took occaſion to diſpoſſeſs of *Carliſle*, *Newcaſtle*, and other places granted by the empreſs to that prince's father, for his ſervices and aſſiſtance in her quarrel againſt *Stephen*.

Having thus recovered whatever he had any title to demand, he began to look out for new acquiſitions. *Ireland* was in that age a country little known in the world. The legates ſent ſometimes thither from the court of *Rome*, for urging the payment of annats, or directing other Church affairs, repreſented the inhabitants as a ſavage people, overrun with barbariſm and ſuperſtition: for indeed no nation of *Europe*, where the Chriſtian religion received ſo early and univerſal admittance, was ever ſo late or ſlow in feeling its effects upon their manners and civility *. Inſtead of refining their manners by their faith, they had ſuffered their faith to be cor-

* The *Iriſh* had been very learned in former ages, but had declined for ſeveral centuries before the reign of *Henry* II. Vid. *Bede*.

rupted

rupted by their manners; true religion being almoſt defaced, both in doctrine and diſcipline, after a long courſe of time, among a people wholly ſunk in ignorance and barbarity. There ſeem to have been two reaſons why the inhabitants of that iſland continued ſo long uncultivated; firſt, their ſubjection or vaſſalage to ſo many petty kings, whereof a great number is mentioned by authors, beſides thoſe four or five uſually aſſigned to the ſeveral provinces. Theſe princes were engaged in perpetual quarrels, in doing or revenging injuries of violence, or luſt, or treachery, or injuſtice, which kept them all in a continual ſtate of war. And indeed there is hardly any country, how renowned ſoever in ancient or modern ſtory, which may not be traced from the like original. Neither can a nation come out from this ſtate of confuſion, until it is either reduced under one head at home, or by force or conqueſt becomes ſubject to a foreign adminiſtration.

The other reaſon why civility made ſuch late entrances into that iſland, may be imputed to its natural ſituation, lying more out of the road of commerce or conqueſt than any other part of the known world. All the intercourſe the inhabitants had, was only with

with the weſtern coaſts of *Wales* and *Scotland*, from whence, at leaſt in thoſe ages, they were not like to learn very much politeneſs.

1155. The king, about the ſecond year of his reign, ſent ambaſſadors to pope *Adrian*, with injunctions to deſire his licence for reducing the ſavage people of *Ireland* from their brutiſh way of living, and ſubjecting them to the crown of *England*. The king proceeded thus, in order to ſet up a title to the iſland, wherein the pope himſelf pretended to be lord of the fee; for in his letter, which is an anſwer and grant to the king's requeſts, he inſiſts upon it, that all iſlands, upon their admitting the Chriſtian faith, become ſubject to the ſee of *Rome*; and the *Iriſh* themſelves avowed the ſame thing to ſome of the firſt conquerors. In that fore-mentioned letter, the pope highly praiſes the king's generous deſign *, and recommends to him the civilizing the natives, the protection of the Church, and the payment of *Peter-pence*. The ill ſucceſs of all paſt endeavours to procure from a people ſo miſerable and irreligious this revenue to the

* *Rad. de Diceto.*

holy

holy ſee, was a main inducement with the pope to be eaſy and liberal in his grant; for the king profeſſed a deſign of ſecuring its regular payment. However, this expedition was not undertaken until ſome years after, when there happened an incident to ſet it forward, as we ſhall relate in its place. *

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HENRY the SECOND's Character.

Extracted from the MONKS.

Hard to gather his Character *from ſuch bad* AUTHORS.

A WISE prince, to whom other princes referred their differences; and had ambaſſadors from both empires, Eaſt and Weſt, as well as others, at once in his court.

Strong and brawny body, patient of cold and heat, big head, broad breaſt, broken voice, temperate in meat, uſing much exerciſe, juſt ſtature, *forma elegantiſſima, colore ſubrufo, oculis glaucis*, ſharp wit, very great memory, conſtancy in adverſity [and] in felicity, except at laſt he yielded, becauſe almoſt forſaken of all; liberal, impoſed few tributes, excellent ſoldier and fortunate, wiſe and not unlearned. His vices: mild and promiſing in adverſity, fierce and hard, and a violator of faith in proſperity; covetous to his domeſticks and children, although liberal to ſoldiers and ſtrangers, which turned the former from him; loved profit more than juſtice; very luſtful, which likewiſe

turned his ſons and others from him. *Roſamond* and the labyrinth at *Woodſtock*. Not very religious *; *mortuos milites lugens plus quam vivos amans*; *largus in publico, parcus in privato*. Conſtant in love and hatred, falſe to his word, moroſe, a lover of eaſe. Oppreſſor of nobles, ſullen, and a delayer of juſtice; *verbo varius & verſutus* - - - - Uſed churchmen well after *Becket*'s death; charitable to the poor, levied few taxes, hated ſlaughter and cruelty †. A great memory, and always knew thoſe he once ſaw.

Very indefatigable in his travels backwards and forwards to *Normandy*, &c. of moſt endleſs deſires to increaſe his dominions. * *

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Cætera deſiderantur.

* *Brompton.* † *Girald.*

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

FINIS.